

Chatterbox

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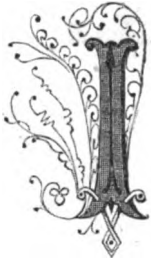
Chatterbox.



The Children on the Window-seat watching for their Father.

SECOND THOUGHTS BEST.

CHAPTER I.



IT was a dark October evening. The rain that had been falling all the afternoon was still dripping, dripping, from the eaves, almost the only sound to be heard, except the rustling fall of the last yellow leaves from the limes on the Common, and now and then the quick step of a workman hurrying home through the cheerless weather towards the 'pleasant home-lights' shining from the windows of the cottages that stood round the village green.

Brightest of all was the light that came from the Martins' tidy little house, where a very old woman was sitting in the full glow of the firelight crooning an old nursery song to a child on her knee.

'Why don't John come home?' said the old woman, stopping her song, as she had done many times before, to ask the question.

'Father is late, Granny,' said a cheerful voice; 'he's got business to-night, you know—he's gone to see about the shop.' And Alice Martin, the eldest of the grandchildren, went to the window to look out into the dark evening for her father's coming.

'No sound of him yet, Granny, and it's too dark to see across the garden,' said the girl, putting two of the children into the window-seat to keep watch, while she went back to her work of getting her father's supper ready; and the old grandmother's weak voice went on with her baby-song, interrupting it again and again with the question, 'Why don't he come home?'

'He'll soon be here, Granny,' was all that Alice could say; she was as anxious as her grandmother to see her father come in with the good news they were all hoping for. For that morning there had been a report that the Smiths, who kept the general shop,—the only one in the village,—were going to leave the place; and John Martin had determined to go to the landlord and secure the house for himself. It was a great event for the dull little village, and little else had been talked of that day than the coming change, while in John's cottage Granny and the children had thought of nothing but the wonderful prospect of going to live in the biggest house in the village, and keeping shop.

The old grandmother had had to ask several times in her half-fretful way, 'Where ever is John?' before the two children jumped down from the window-seat with a delighted cry of 'Here's father!'

Alice ran to open the door for him with the little ones jumping round her, all eager for the first news; and Granny's weak voice called out from the kitchen, 'Come and tell me all about it, my lad!'

'No hurry,' said John Martin, hanging up his hat in the passage, and stamping about to shake the wet from his clothes; 'and get off to bed, you young 'uns. Ally, get them out of the way.'

It was a sad disappointment to the children, and

still more to Alice, who could see, by the unusual gruffness of her father's greeting, that something had gone wrong.

When she had taken the crying little ones to bed, she came down to find the old woman sobbing peevishly, and her father trying to soothe her as well as he could in the state of vexation he was in.

'There, mother, don't go on like that. It comes harder on me than anybody else, as far as I can see, and I don't care; not I!'

He *did* care, very much, as Alice saw but too plainly.

'What is it, father?' she ventured to ask.

'Nothing, child, except that I've lost a tidy chance of getting up in the world through some sneaking, underhand work. That's all; and quite enough, too.'

'How was it, father? did you see Mr. James?' asked the girl; 'I shouldn't have thought he'd refuse you.'

'No more he wouldn't,' said her father, crossly; 'only this fellow, Jermyn, came to him after he'd half promised me the refusal this very morning, and outbid me, and I say 'twas a dirty trick. A dirty trick, I said to Mr. James, in plain words, and he didn't look best pleased.'

'Perhaps he couldn't afford to lose a chance of getting more rent, father,' suggested Alice, soothingly; 'folks say he's not over rich, and he's got a lot of children.'

But John Martin was not a man to be soothed out of any fancy he took into his head; especially when, as very often happened, he thought himself ill used; and Alice's attempt at calming his unreasonable anger did no good.

'What business had that man to come and bid over my head? and he a stranger, and I living here all my days, and always meant to get that shop first time it was vacant? What do ye say to that, child?'

Alice said nothing, only busied herself in getting her father's supper.

'Jermyn!' said the old woman's childish voice; 'Jermyn! Dear me, I know the name well enough! Stephen Jermyn!'

'That's this fellow's name,' said John; 'the very same! How came you to know it, mother?'

'I've known it long enough, my boy; he's about as old as me, Stephen Jermyn is. He used to come here often enough, once upon a time, only that quarrel—your father, my lad, and he had words, and they've never spoken to each other since. And then Stephen went away from the village, and I don't think he's ever been back all this while, all through that quarrel.'

'It's not the same, mother; this fellow's younger than me,' said John, interrupting the old woman's wandering story.

'I was main vexed about it,' went on the cracked voice; 'Stephen Jermyn was a good sort of young chap, and I missed him sorely when he went off. And he's coming back again; dear me, but I'm glad of it!'

'Coming back, mother,' said John's impatient voice, 'how's he to come back? he must have been

dead long enough ago, most like. It isn't every one as has such a long life as you.'

'No more it is, John,' said the old woman, pleased, as she always was to be reminded of her unusual age; 'ninety, next spring. Ah! I've had a better share of it than most. And Stephen Jermyn coming back!'

'What's the use of telling her anything?' muttered John; 'I can't abide to hear her muddling everything up like she does, poor old soul! She'll get making friends with this fellow, next, and fancying he's his own father, or grandfather!'

'Never mind, father,' said Alice, timidly; 'if there ever was a quarrel, she'll like to think it's all made straight again; it will be just to her as if the old times were come back.'

'I won't have any making friends with that Jermyn,' interrupted her father; 'mind that, child! cheating me like he has done.'

Alice did not dare to contradict the unreasonable accusation, but she said gently, 'Father dear, I've been thinking about it since you came in, and perhaps it's better as it is—about the shop, I mean. I mightn't have managed it right; because you know, father, you'd have to be out most of the time, and so there'd only be me to keep shop. Now mother's dead—'

Ally's head bent down on her father's knee.

'Hush, child!' he said, in a very different voice, stooping over her as she sat on her low stool at his feet; 'don't let's talk about that, Ally, nor think about it either. Don't!'

'I'm always thinking about her, father, and I couldn't bear not to. It's just a year ago, and she was alive; oh, father! I couldn't forget her.'

'No, no, child,' said the man, soothingly; 'we don't none of us forget her, only I wouldn't talk about it.'

John Martin was as far from forgetting his wife's death as Alice herself, and he thought of her as often, and as tenderly. Only, while his recollections were full of the bitterness of the gloom of death and the grave, her more child-like love and faith passed through the shadows, and saw a world of peace, and light, and glory,—the world so 'very far off,' where the wearied are at rest in Paradise.

And her mother was there.

'Ally,' said her father, after a long silence, 'what should you say to my setting up on my own account? If that fellow Jermyn keeps on the baking business I shall be out of work.'

The 'general shop' was the only baker's in the village, and John Martin had long been the head-man there.

'Why, father?'

'Why? you don't think I'm soft enough to work under that new fellow, do you? Not I. But I tell you what I'll do for him, I'll spoil his trade for him. He won't get many customers for his bread, I fancy, Ally. I've been thinking how I can get up an oven here; and I'll be my own master, and work for myself.'

'Yes, father,' was all Alice could say. She was very vexed, not only because she could not help feeling that her father was speaking unkindly and

unjustly, but because she foresaw that the end of it would be trouble, and perhaps poverty, for them all. If her father should give up his work, what would become of them? There was no chance of his getting another place of the kind; and even if he should carry out his hasty plan, and set up for himself in opposition to the new man, Alice had little hope of his getting on well: how could he, beginning work in such a spirit?

(To be continued.)

GOING HOME.

WILL you come with me, my pretty one?'

I asked a little child;

'Will you come with me and gather flowers?'

She looked at me and smiled.

Then, in a low, sweet, gentle voice,

She said, 'I cannot come;

I cannot leave this narrow path,

For I am going home.'

'But will you not?' I asked again;

'The sun is shining bright,

And you might twine a lily-wreath

To carry home at night;

And I could show you pleasant things,

If you would only come;'

But still she answered as before,

'No; I am going home.'

'But look, my child; the fields are green,

And 'neath the leafy trees

Children are playing merrily,

Or resting at their ease.

Does it not hurt your tender feet

This stony path to tread?'

'Sometimes—but I am going home!'

Once more she sweetly said.

'My Father bade me keep this path,

Nor ever turn aside;

The road which leads away from Him

Is very smooth and wide;

The fields are fresh, and cool, and green;

Pleasant the shady trees;

But those around my own dear home

Are lovelier far than these.

'I must not loiter on the road,

For I have far to go;

And I should like to reach the door

Before the sun is low.

I must not stay; but will you not—

Oh, will you not come too?'

My home is very beautiful,

And there is room for you.'

I took her little hand in mine;

Together we went on;

Brighter and brighter o'er our path

The blessed sunbeams shone.

At length we saw the distant towers,

But ere we reached the gate,

The child outstripped my lingering feet,

Too overjoyed to wait.

And, as she turned her radiant face

Once more to bid me come,

I heard a chorus of glad songs,

A burst of 'Welcome Home.'



PRINCE ALFRED.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALFRED.

PRINCE Alfred Ernest Albert, the second son of the Queen, was born at Windsor Castle on August 6th, 1844. After the usual education, part of which he received in Switzerland, his royal parents decided that he should enter the Navy, and in 1858 he was admitted as naval cadet on board the *Euryalus*.

In the *Euryalus* first, and then in the *St. George*, he made several voyages, serving on various stations in Africa, America, and in the Mediterranean. In 1863 he passed the examination for a lieutenant, and in 1866 that for the rank of captain, when he proceeded to sea once more, in his new ship the *Raccoon*.

Young as the prince is, he has passed a very active and varied life. When not engaged with his ship, he has been out on his travels by land. He has learned how to spear salmon in Norway, and how to drive a sledge in Canada. His studies have not been neglected either: he passed the winter of 1863 at Edinburgh, and the summer of 1864 at Bonn in Germany, residing at both places in order to pass through their universities.

The Prince was unfortunately absent with his ship when his father, the Prince Consort, died; he received the news when off the coast of South America. It is singular that, while the marriage festivities of his elder brother, the Prince of Wales, were being held at home with such splendour, Prince Alfred was lying ill with a fever in an hospital abroad.

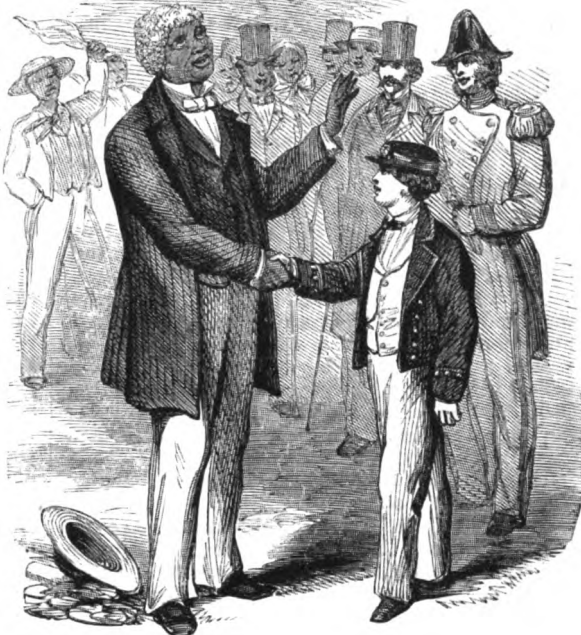
In 1862 the Prince was offered the crown of Greece, which was declined, and in 1866 the title 'Duke of Edinburgh' was given him by the Queen.

We may perhaps now mention one or two anecdotes of the Prince which, although trifling in themselves, tell of pleasant traits in his character.

Shortly after his appointment to the *Raccoon* he left the Royal Christmas party at Osborne House, to attend the funeral of a sailor belonging to his ship, who was killed by a fall from the foretop.

When his ship was in the Mediterranean in 1859, the Prince made a tour through Palestine. At Bethlehem, the people, hearing who he was, 'spread their garments in the way' for him to ride over, but the Prince, remembering probably Who it was that once was so honoured in the same land, turned his horse's head aside and refused to ride over them.

In 1860 the ship *Euryalus* visited Sierra Leone, and the excitement in the black colony when they heard that a son of Queen Victoria was about to visit them was very great. Flags were hoisted and guns fired, an arch decorated with palms was set up, and a thousand black children, all dressed in white, sang 'God save the Queen.' The Prince shook hands with all with whom he conversed. At his departure an aged African of powerful frame approached the Prince, and, taking his hand, invoked the blessing of God on himself and all the Royal Family. The contrast between the giant form of the old man—whose hair was white with years—and



Prince Alfred and the old Negro.

that of the slim blue-eyed prince, as he listened to him, was great. This is the subject of our smaller picture.

Prince Alfred is not the first sailor-prince we have had. The Queen's uncle, King William IV., was a sailor too, and saw much active service. Before his time our princes were mostly soldiers. James the Second, it is true, was an admiral, but he did not know how to steer a ship, and it is said once gave an order for the fleet 'to wheel.'

A WISE AFRICAN CHIEF.

THE following are the concluding sentences of a letter addressed to his tribe and the traders therewith by the chief of the Basutos in Africa:— 'Further, the law which I issued on the 8th of November, 1854, I renew this day, that people may be reminded of it, and conform themselves to it. That law runs as follows:—"The brandy of the whites was unknown to Matie and to Motlomi, and to the ancestors of the tribe as far back as Monaheng. And Mokachane has attained to an old age, drinking only milk and water; for intoxicating liquors do not become a good judge. Drink brings in contention; it deviates the judgment; it cannot uphold the town. The brandy of the whites is fire. Therefore, let it be known that it is not lawful to sell it amongst the Basutos; and any man who brings it, whether he be black or white, to sell it to the tribe, exposes himself to its being spilled on the ground. And that is all.—I am, MOSHEH, his mark, Chief of the Basutos."

A BEAR STORY.

JOHNNY BAKER killed a bear the other day. Johnny is a small boy, but very brave. He used to be afraid of bears. No wonder, they are terrible creatures. Johnny had run away from this one time enough; he resolved to fear him no longer, and he turned round and dealt him a terrible blow, which laid the great creature flat on the ground—dead.

Johnny was surprised: he had not supposed the creature could be so easily killed. He would have turned upon him sooner if he had known how short a piece of work it would be.

You are probably surprised at Johnny's courage, and wonder in what wild region of country he lived. You would not like to be frightened by such an animal.

You will open your eyes wide when I tell you that this kind of bear is numerous in all parts of the land, and that there are doubtless more than one prowling about your own home.

The animal Johnny killed was a *bug-bear*. He belonged to the *I can't* species.

Did you ever see a bear of this kind? Are you afraid of them? You may well fear. They are stubborn, persevering creatures. They will follow your track for days and weeks—sometimes, even for years.

You may learn to consider them harmless. On the contrary, they are very dangerous. They are certain to grasp and smother you in their terrible hug. You do not die all at once, as from the grasp of a great Greenland bear, but their close grasp is no less certain death in the end.

I have seen strong men dying by inches from having been once conquered by a creature like the one Johnny Baker killed.

You have, perhaps, seen such men. They are wretched beings. They are no comfort to themselves or their friends. Often they are harsh and cruel, abusing their own poor, helpless, little children. People call them *drunkards*. They know they are wrong and wretched. They say they wish they could break away from the habit; but the fact is, the tough old bug-bear 'I can't' gave them so strong a hug a while ago, that they will probably never recover.

Another species of bug-bear is called 'What will they say?' This is a smaller, meaner-looking beast than 'I can't,' but he is a terribly strong creature. He likes to get hold of boys (and girls too) who are afraid of him.

If ever you shrink from what is right and noble through fear of ridicule, be sure that this contemptible bug-bear is on your track. The whole tribe of bug-bears are dangerous animals, but they are easily killed. Deal them one strong blow, and you will be astonished to find them dead.

Never allow an 'I can't' or an 'I am afraid of being laughed at,' to live. Kill them before they smother you. Never give in to a 'bug-bear.'—*The Little Corporal, published in Chicago.*

THE MUFFIN-BOY.

THE weather was cold and frosty, and the days were very short, when late one afternoon a number of merry children were romping in the twilight. They did not care for the cold, playing as they were in a warm, well-carpeted room. In an interval of the games, just as blind-man's-buff was over, they heard the tinkling of a bell, and going to the window they saw a small boy coming along the terrace, carrying on his head a tray covered with green baise, and calling out, 'Muffins all hot! Muffins and crumpets all hot!'

The children ran directly to their mother and asked her to let them have some muffins for tea, for in that out-of-the-way place a muffin-boy seldom came. Their mother gave them sixpence, and they knocked at the window to the boy, who was walking as quickly as he could along the slippery path. He seemed cold, and was glad to sell some of his muffins; and when he had done so he took up his tray, and began again to tinkle his bell and call out his wares.

At the window of a house a little farther on stood an old gentleman, who was watching all that passed outside: he, too, tapped at the window, stopped the little muffin-boy, and ringing the bell told his servants to buy some muffins. They were bought and paid for, and the boy passed on his way. By-and-by the tinkle of his bell was heard returning: the old gentleman, whose name was Moffatt, still continued at the window.

The path was slippery. The muffin-boy picked his way along as carefully as he could with the tray on his head, but he had not gone far when Mr. Moffatt saw his foot slip; down he fell; the tray, of course, fell too, and the muffins and crumpets were sent rolling into the road. Now Mr. Moffatt was a hasty though kind-hearted old gentleman, and catching up his hat he ran out of the house, partly to help the boy and partly to scold him for falling. As he approached the lad began, with a rueful face, to pick up the damaged muffins and crumpets.

'What do you mean by being so careless and tumbling down in that way?' said Mr. Moffatt.

'I could not help it, sir, the roads are so slippery,' replied the boy, whose name was Edward Smith. He was a pale, thin little fellow, who seemed hardly strong enough for work.

'Who sends you out to sell things, with a great tray on your head, in this sort of weather?' asked Mr. Moffatt. 'What are your father and mother thinking of?'

'My father is very ill, and has not been able to move his legs for the last three months; and mother works as hard as she can. I take these muffins out because I can find nothing better to do. Mr. Brown, the baker, lets me have them, and I pay him for them when I go back; and now I have only got a shilling—I ought to pay him eighteenpence; and all the rest are spoilt!'

The boy looked almost ready to cry, but he kept back the tears as bravely as he could.

'Where do you live?' asked Mr. Moffatt; 'and what is your name?'

‘Edward Smith; and I live at 23 Archway Lane, down by the railway, sir.’

Mr. Moffatt put his hand into his pocket and gave Edward a sixpence, who was very grateful for this unexpected kindness; then, picking up his damaged goods, he made the best of his way home.

The next day the weather was not so cold. Mr. Moffatt called his page, a small boy with rows of shining buttons down his jacket, and told him to get a basket, and put some cold meat, a loaf, and some tea and sugar, in it. Mr. Moffatt then put on his thick coat and sallied forth. He went first to Mr. Brown’s, to make inquiries about the Smiths, for he was one of those truly benevolent people who take the trouble to find out the truth of the sad stories brought to their notice, and then to relieve the poor sufferers. He was not satisfied with merely giving a piece of money to a poor person, but if he found them worthy objects of charity he did his best to put them in the way of helping themselves.

Mrs. Brown gave him full particulars about the Smiths, and told him that the father was a hard-working cabinet-maker, who had kept his family in comfort until struck down by paralysis; that the mother was a needlewoman, and the son earned a little money by selling the muffins and crumpets with which Mr. Brown supplied him.

Mr. Moffatt, thus convinced of the truth of the story Edward had given, turned down Archway Lane; his page following him with the basket. Knocking at No. 23, Mr. Moffatt asked for Mrs. Smith, and was told to walk upstairs to the first room at the back. Now poor Mrs. Smith was just then in great trouble; her husband required much nourishing food, and she was unable to give it him; for, though she worked hard at her needle, the work was badly paid for, and her boy was very young. He generally brought home a little money, but through his fall the previous afternoon he had been obliged to sell the remainder of his muffins for very little; so that she had only a few pence, and she knew not where to turn for help, for they had already parted with all the furniture and little things that could be spared. But Mrs. Smith was one who had often called upon her Heavenly Father, and never in vain; she was sure that He would take care of her and hers, though how she could not tell. She was trying to finish some work to take home, but she was not sure of being paid for it at once. Just at this moment, when her mind was thus uneasy, while her heart was uttering silent prayers, she heard a tap at the door, and opening it found an elderly gentleman outside.

‘Is your name Smith?’ he asked.

‘Yes, sir,’ she replied.

‘What do you mean, then, by letting your son carry out great trays of muffins on slippery days?’

‘Oh, sir, we cannot help that: it is the only means he has of getting something to buy food with.’

Mr. Moffatt looked round the room. It was very clean; but there was scarcely anything in it besides a bed, a table, and a couple of chairs, on which a sickly man was lying, propped up by a pillow and covered with his wife’s shawl. Mr. Moffatt spoke a few words to the poor man, who was weak and ill;

then he called in his page-boy, and emptying the basket, placed the meat, bread, tea, and sugar, on the table. Mrs. Smith could scarcely believe her eyes, such plenty had not been seen there for a long time, and she silently thanked her Almighty Father for sending such a friend in her time of need; then she turned to the kind old gentleman, and told him how grateful she was for his goodness.

‘The Lord never forsakes those who put their trust in Him,’ said Mr. Moffatt, reverently: ‘trouble may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.’ He made a few more inquiries, and then said that, if Edward must continue to sell muffins, he might bring him some twice a-week. This Mrs. Smith promised he should do, with many thanks for his kindness.

The muffin-boy used to call every Tuesday and Friday at Mr. Moffatt’s, when he was often asked about his father, and many a basket of food was given him. This went on for about six months, when the page left Mr. Moffatt’s service; and as the latter had taken a fancy to Edward, and thought that a boy who had worked so hard for his parents and had been brought up by such a good mother would be sure to make a trustworthy servant, Mr. Moffatt asked him one day if he would take the place. Edward said he should like to do so, but he did not want to leave his father and mother. Mr. Moffatt told him he might go and see them at certain times, that he would be able to take them nearly all his wages, and at the same time would be able to get on with his reading, writing, and arithmetic. Edward soon saw that he might help them much better than by continuing a muffin-boy, so he made up his mind, after a talk with his mother, and went to live at Mr. Moffatt’s; when, instead of a tray on his head, he had a neat black cap; and instead of a shabby, well-worn coat, a jacket studded with brass buttons. Now, as Mr. Moffatt’s servant, he worked hard to please his master, and was strictly honest and truthful, and so continued with him for many years. At last, when Edward was about twenty-two, the kind old gentleman fell ill, and Edward waited on him most carefully for many months, till at length his master died. But he had not forgotten Edward’s faithful service, for he left him fifty pounds for his good conduct during many years; and this sum enabled him to buy a little business, and so to support his father and mother in comfort during their declining years.

NO GOOD FROM PASSION.

WILL putting oneself in a passion mend the matter?’ said an old man to a boy, who had picked up a stone to throw at a dog. The dog only barked at him in play. ‘Yes, it will mend the matter,’ said the passionate boy, and quickly dashed the stone at the dog. The animal sprang at the boy and bit his leg, while the stone bounded against a shop-window and broke a pane of glass. Out ran the shopkeeper, and seized the boy, and made him pay for the broken pane. He had mended the matter finely, indeed! If you have had a loss the chances are that you will only increase it by losing your temper.



The Muffin Boy.

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"Rain, rain, what a pouring rain!"

RAIN.

RAIN, rain, what a pouring rain!
As though it would never be fine again!
Country and town, and hill and plain,
It's one drenching sheet of pouring rain.

It began at the first, as things often begin,
Especially debt and all sorts of sin;—
It began with a little, but went on to more,
And now it's a steady and even-down pour.

The road is a river, the fields a sea,
The market-place surely a pond must be!
The pavements are clean and bright as glass,
And reflect like a lake all that happen to pass.

The gutters are full, and the spouts are pouring,
And the brook comes dashing and rushing and
roaring,
It chokes the bridges, and floods the street,
And splash go the wheels and the horses' feet.

The walkers are few and far between,
For there's nothing but rain—rain—rain to be
seen!

Wet—wet—nothing but wet,
And not the least sign of abating as yet.

Yes—away to the west is a patch of bright blue,
Enough for a coat, and a petticoat too,—
A sign, says the proverb, it soon will be fair,
So "Nil desperandum," we'll never despair!

J. E. C. F.

SECOND THOUGHTS BEST.

(Continued from page 3.)



ALICE MARTIN was almost a child in age, but since her mother's death the home cares had come upon her, and she already knew enough of the difficulty of making the weekly money last the week in rent, food, clothes, and granny's little extra comforts, to understand what the "out of work" would mean. The very thought of it made the poor child unhappy, and she looked forward to the time when Jermyn would take possession of the shop with as much dread as her father himself.

She had some hope that things would go on as usual when her father discovered, unwillingly, that his favourite plan of setting up a bakehouse for himself must be given up.

"Then you'll go on baking for the shop?" she asked, when, one day, he came in, complaining that his landlord would do nothing to help in building the oven and premises he had set his heart on; "do, father, the people wouldn't like for you not to go

on with it; there's nobody makes such bread as yours."

"True enough, child; but they'll have to do without it. This Stephen Jermyn is coming to-morrow to look about the place a bit, and he'll hear my mind about it; and so I tell you."

"Stephen Jermyn coming to-morrow!" said the old granny; "dear me! but I'm glad to hear that. It's a long, long time since he went away, surely."

"There, don't talk like that, mother," said her son; "you have never seen this chap, and I wish you were never going to put your eyes on him here."

"Yes, I'd like to see Stephen Jermyn again," the old woman repeated, not understanding her son's cross attempts at silencing her; "he'll come and see me to-morrow, Ally, that he will."

"He'd better not!" said John, more roughly than he had spoken to his mother for many a day.

But the old woman was right. Alice was in the midst of her morning's work the next day, when a stranger appeared at the little garden-gate, and a cheerful voice asked whether Mrs. Martin lived there.

"Stephen Jermyn, I do believe," said granny; "and so it is!" as Alice brought in a young man, with a face as cheerful and hearty as his voice.

"I've heard of you, many's the time, Mrs. Martin. My people used to live here, years back, and they've talked many a time of the old days when you and they were neighbours, so I couldn't help coming to see after old friends."

"Ah, Stephen! it's a long while since you went; and yet it can't be so long, either. I didn't think to see you such a young man again," said granny, more confused than ever; "how is it, I wonder, Ally?"

"Grandmother's memory is almost gone," said Alice; "she thinks you are somebody she used to know."

"My grandfather's name is Stephen, too, and he lived here once," said Stephen, sitting down close to the old woman, and talking to her in a kind, winning way, that made Alice long for her father to be at home.

"He couldn't have any ill-will at him," she thought, "if he only saw him now."

"And so the quarrel's made up, Stephen?" asked granny; "to be sure it is, or you wouldn't be here. I always wanted my old man to make it up, long ago."

"I hope it will be made right some day," answered Stephen, in a less bright voice. And Alice wondered why he spoke as if the old, long-past disagreement between the Jermyns and Martins were still going on.

She found out, when her father came home to dinner, and the old grandmother began telling him, in great delight, that her old friend Stephen had come back again: while Alice began: "I do wish you'd seen him, father; you couldn't have helped liking him, to see how good he was to granny."

Her father stopped her. "Stephen Jermyn been inside these doors!" he said; "I wish I'd caught him; the impudent, stuck-up young chap! Mind he never puts his foot in my place again, Ally."

The girl was frightened at the passionate words.

"Please don't say that, father," she said, timidly; "granny likes to see him. She's been fancying he was—"

"Ay," interrupted the father with a bitter laugh, "his own grandfather. Just as I said. No, no, mother, you'll have to do without any such visitors."

And the poor old woman, too confused to understand what was wrong, made it worse by her fretful "Don't be cross with me, my boy; it was only Stephen Jermyn!"

"Have you seen him, father?" asked Alice.

"Yes, to be sure I have," was the gruff answer; "seen him, and heard him too."

"Does he want you to go on with him?"

"Yes; he wants me to be his servant."

"And you will, father? oh, do!" pleaded Alice, though she knew how hopeless it was to try to change her father's mood.

"Never say that again, child, or you'll provoke me to say once more just what I said in answer to him, and it's not very pleasant or fitting for you to hear," said her father; and he went out, leaving Alice to grieve at the thought of the angry words she had not deserved, and at the prospect of the trouble that she had been afraid would come, and was now so near. It was almost more than she could do to keep the old grandmother amused for the rest of the day. Stephen Jermyn's visit had excited her, and she talked more restlessly than usual, wearying herself with trying to separate the mingled years of her long life, fading away so quickly into forgetfulness.

"Stephen Jermyn," repeated the old cracked voice, "come back again. I can't make it out, Ally; it seemed like a long, long time before, since they quarrelled; and now, there's my old man dead and gone, and here's Stephen a young fellow like he used to be: it can't be long ago, Ally. It's but a short life, after all."

Ah, yes! it is short, indeed! When compared with eternity, the longest of our lives here is only like a "dream when one awaketh!"

"Only a short life, Ally! And next spring I'll be ninety."

And Alice, rocking the baby to sleep, sang softly words that her grandmother's half-conscious rambling had put into her mind,—

"Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there."

CHAPTER II.

In another month Stephen Jermyn was settled in 'the shop,' now more attractive than ever with new paint and papering, enlarged windows, and stock of goods that seemed, to the simple villagers, equal to any in the market town, while the side window, which John Martin glanced at every morning with a vindictive hope of seeing it disfigured with a bad batch of bread, showed as good an array of loaves

and cakes as ever in the days when he had been head man in the bakehouse.

The Jermyns were already getting up in the world, and he, as he said bitterly, was going downwards as fast.

He was out of regular work, and the difficulties that Alice had foreseen were coming very heavily upon her. With all her care she could not help making her father feel the want of many comforts that he had been used to, but that it was impossible to get with only the uncertain wages he gave her now, in place of the regular weekly allowance; and it was very hard to have to stint the old grandmother of even the trifles she thought luxuries. And it was almost worse to her than her money troubles to see how her father's bitterness against the Jermyns grew worse, and to be obliged to give a cool return to the friendliness that they persisted in showing, "just for the sake of old times," as Stephen's young wife said when she came—fortunately in John's absence—to delight the old granny with her pleasant face and cheerful chat.

"Will you come and make friends with me, Alice?" she said, as she took leave; "it must be a sore burden for you, such a child as you are, dear, to have all the house to look after, and father and all. And if you would just run in and see me now and then, and ask me to help you in anything, I should like it so much; I should, indeed!"

Poor Alice longed to be able to do it. Nothing would have been so pleasant as to be able to run across, in any difficulty, to the little shop-parlour, now the very neatest and prettiest room in the village; the very sight of it would cheer her up she thought. But she only said, awkwardly, "I'm afraid I can't come very often, thank you all the same," and Mrs. Jermyn understood her, and only grew more friendly, and came in oftener to see granny, with little presents from the shop; a packet of snuff for the old woman, or some sweets for the children, or now and then a hot tea-cake that John Martin would never touch, but that, as the children said, was "as good as father's cakes used to be."

And all this, in spite of John Martin's open ill-will and bitter words! Surely Alice used to think they *will* "overcome evil with good" some day! and granny, singing her old, old nursery songs to the little ones, and never quite happy unless little Willy Jermyn's curly head was at her knee, said oftener every day,—

"Dear me, Ally, but it was a lucky day for me when Stephen Jermyn came back again!"

"I'm very glad, granny," Alice answered, very sad to think how true the old woman's words might have been; how the coming of the Jermyns would have been a fortunate thing indeed for them all, and had been made instead the beginning of all their troubles.

She was learning that of all sorrows none are so difficult to bear as those that, in our weak judgment, have come heedlessly; and the thought that these might have been prevented weighed her spirits down more than the actual troubles themselves, great as they were now becoming.

(To be continued.)



Watercress Girl.

WATER-CRESSES.

WATER-CRESS selling is, strictly speaking, a branch of the costermongers' business, but it is generally left to the younger members of the family, or it is the speculation of poor folk, who trade on their own account, for a few half-pence and a worn-out tin tray, or broken-down basket, are all that are needed to 'fit out' the intending seller of water-cresses.

The selling of water-cresses in the streets is chiefly confined to the very young and very old. Homeless girls, boys in the same unhappy plight, and aged men, whose failing limbs will just permit them to totter from one street to another, naturally turn to a trade which requires but little 'stock money' at starting. Whilst, however, the older folk have their own narrow rounds, the young water-cress sellers, both male and female, have need of a good deal of strength and perseverance, especially if they are 'in business on their own account.' 'Cresses' can only be procured at one of the early green-markets, and therefore those who retail them in the streets must be up betimes. After the purchase is completed (and there is often a struggle for the best green bunches), the water-cress seller starts upon his morning rounds; and the familiar cry, 'Wo-orter-cresses,' is heard in suburban streets before the 'working-man' is ready to go out to his daily labour. The rate of 'four bunches a penny' is not a high price to give for this luxury to deck the breakfast-table, which gives a finish to the board as well as a relish to the appetite.

However, when the morning supply is sold out, the toil of these lads or maidens is not ended. Again, as evening steals on and the muffin-bell is heard, the cry of the water-cress seller resounds through the streets. The tea-table, as well as the breakfast-table, demands the luxury of 'cresses.'

Mr. Mayhew calculates the receipts of the water-cress sellers of London and the suburbs at £13,349 a-year. This looks a handsome sum, but when divided among its many thousand claimants it scarcely leaves a bare subsistence for each.

The boys and girls engaged in this trade chiefly belong to the lowest class of "Street Arabs." Still it is to their credit that they prefer having some honest work to 'living by their wits,' which is merely a polite name for thieving.

A CHILD'S ANSWER.

I MET a fairy child, whose golden hair
Around her face in many clusters hung;
And as she wove her king-cup chain, she sung
Her household melodies—those strains that bear
The hearer back to Eden. Surely ne'er
A brighter vision blest my dreams. "Whose child
Art thou," I said, "sweet girl?" In accents mild
She answered, "Mother's." When I questioned, "Where
Her dwelling was?"—again she answered, "Home."
"Mother!" and "Home!"—O blessed ignorance!
Or rather blessed knowledge! What advance
Further than this shall all the years to come,
With all their lore, effect? There are but given
Two names of higher note, "Father" and "Heaven."

A BEAR-HUNT IN RUSSIA.



THE opposite shores of the river Volga form, in many points, a striking contrast. On the right bank where the Tschuwaschen live, a romantic chain of hills crowned with oak forests extends for a long distance, but on the left, barren deserts of sand stretch out as far as the eye can reach, only interrupted here and there by patches of dark pine-woods and the low brushwood which grows around the marshes. In summer, these dreary wastes are avoided by almost every living creature. A sultry air hovers over them, and poisonous vapours arise from them. Myriads of gnats fly around in cloud-like swarms. In winter, on the contrary, there is plenty of busy animal life in this plain. Warm springs in the marshes spread a milder temperature around, and wild animals of all kinds flock hither to be sheltered from the severe cold, and to find food. Elks encamp in herds in the warm spots in the marshes, birds of all kinds flock to the neighbouring woods, and bears seek for comfortable holes wherein to pass their winter sleep.

On the western extremity of this inhospitable region dwell the Tscheremissen, a tribe nearly related to the Tschuwaschen. They are bold hunters, and are as clever in snaring the elk as they are in stirring the bear out of his hole, and fighting with him face to face.

During my residence of about five years in this country (says a German settler) I made friends with a Tscheremissen who had great reputation as a bear-slayer. With an axe and hunting-spear, whose twelve-inch blade was furnished at the handle with an iron cross piece, and with the help of his two faithful wolf-dogs, Belka and Morka, he sought out the bears in their holes and slew from ten to twelve in a year. Some time ago he discovered a bear's den, and pointing it out to his little son Ivan, a boy of twelve years old, he expressed his determination of going the next day to turn out the grizzly beast. But as he knew I wished to take part in a bear-hunt, he sent to tell me that he would give the bear over to me and be my guide in the expedition. We settled to meet at his cottage the next morning, and from thence to start in his sledge for the hunt. I could scarcely sleep for thinking about the expedition, and the earliest dawn found me on the way to our place of meeting. As I did not indulge the bold idea of piercing the bear through the body with the hunting-spear in Tscheremissen fashion, I had provided myself with a good double-barrelled rifle, which I could rely upon at five hundred paces distance.

On my arrival I found the bear-hunter already outside his cottage, occupied in harnessing the sledge, but in a state of great excitement. He had got up early to fell some wood and had just come home to await me. But when he came to look for his hunting-gear, he found it had vanished, as well as his son and the two dogs. His wife knew nothing

about the absence of the boy, she had not seen him go out. A terrible suspicion arose in the father's mind, which became a certainty when he looked for footmarks. They led in the direction of the bear's den — the rash boy had gone thither with the dogs!

When the anxious and afflicted father had told me this in hasty words, we jumped into the sledge, and drove at a furious gallop to the hole. The poor man did not speak a word on the way, but great drops of sweat rolled down from his forehead, and he pressed his horse to its utmost pace.

We approached nearer and nearer to the fatal spot. "There are the dogs," said the Tschermisse, with bated breath, while a deadly pallor overspread his countenance. I too felt icy-cold in my heart — the dogs sprang howling upon the sledge — but they were spotted everywhere with blood. Scarcely conscious of what he was about, my guide hurried on; here, at last, is the dreaded place, he brings the steaming horse to a halt, we spring out of the sledge and dash on farther. One look showed us what had happened. The snow was trodden down to some distance and deeply stained with blood, the bushes were bent and torn down, everything proved that a desperate struggle had taken place here. There, farther back, lay the bear dead upon the snow. The hunting-spear stuck in his throat up to the shaft, and the axe lay by his side; but the wretched father took no notice of any of these things, he looked only for his son, his one, his darling child. He had not long to search; there, from under the dead body of the bear he saw a human leg project. His heart beat violently with grief, the tears streamed down his cheeks, and still imploring for consolation he looked up to Heaven. I could not disturb him, for I, too, shuddered at the sight, and could well understand his feelings. But shortly after, he seemed to take courage, his grief was changed into fury against the wild beast, he seized it by its hind feet, and with a giant strength, hurled it on one side; then, suddenly, the boy jumped up, seized the bear with both hands, and said with the most serious earnestness, "That is *my* bear, father; you must not have him!"

We both stood as if petrified at this unexpected sight. The Tschermisse could not utter a single word. He again looked up to Heaven, and tears again ran down his face, but this time they were tears of joy and gratitude; his child, his Ivan, was not dead, he was restored to him, and a "Praised be Thou, O God," rose up from his breast. Then he wished to press the boy in his arms, but the bold lad had already run off to the sledge, taken the horse out, and was shouting "Help me, father, to carry off my bear."

The Tschermisse looked at me, he did not say a word, but I read in his eyes what was passing within him. All sorrow and anxiety were forgotten, the pride of a father at the bravery of his son might now be seen in his look. When the bear had been placed upon the sledge and we were on our homeward road, the Tschermisse asked Ivan about the circumstances of the combat.

"When you went out this morning," said the bold lad, "I could no longer rest, I had been dreaming all

night about the bear whose den you showed me, and I was strongly impelled to seek him out and slay him. I slipped out of the room without my mother remarking it, took your hunting-gear and the dogs, and went towards the lair. I found the bear who was licking his paws and grunting gently, I glided down sideways and stuck the spear in his throat instead of in his breast, because I did not dare to attack him in front. He sprang up, seized the handle of the spear and bit at it in a fury, without at first troubling himself about me. Now I called the dogs, and they seized hold of him, Belka had him by the ear, Morka by the nose. All three rolled over and over, howling and barking in the snow, so that I felt quite frightened and thought of running away. Then Morka gave a loud cry, the bear had seized and scratched her. I wished to help her, so I set upon him with the axe, but he got up and now attacked me. I ran off, but turned round again when I heard Morka cry out a second time, that I might set her free. When I got hold of her, the bear fell over and dragged me down under him. There I lay, as you know, dear father, till you came." The brave boy ended his story with the words, "And now the bear is mine, and I shall have the money for it."

This happened, for I bought the bear of him that I might bring home some memorial of the expedition. I soon after left that part of the country and have not seen Ivan again, but I have often since heard of him. He has now grown up to be a youth, and he is as bold and successful a huntsman as his father, who is no longer anxious when he knows that his son has gone to a bear-hunt all alone.

J. F. C.

GOOD SEEDS AND THEIR FRUITS.

GENIUS does not depend on rank or birth. As a rule, it will be found that more *true* genius comes from the cottage than from the palace. The following list affords proof of this:—

Homer was a beggar.

Virgil was the son of a baker.

Horace was the son of a freed slave.

John Bunyan was a tinker.

Linnaeus was a shoemaker.

Wolsey and Shakespeare were sons of butchers.

Livingstone was once a factory boy; and

Sir Joseph Paxton a gardener.

How much of what the world calls 'genius' depends on little incidents! How many of the discoveries and inventions that have made the name of many a man a household word have had their origin in 'little things'!

Just as in the great universe we find that the Creator of all things always chooses the simplest means to effect His purpose, so it is that the grandest human inventions have had their origin in the simplest principles.

About an hundred years ago a quiet, pale-faced looking boy was observed by his friends for many days to watch the tea-kettle, and to take intense delight in the movements caused by the action of

the steam on the lid. Little did his friends then think that before many years had passed he would have told the world how to conquer steam, and that the whole of the civilised world would have to own that to James Watt they were indebted for many of their comforts and enjoyments.

The fall of an apple was apparently a trivial circumstance, but it produced great results; for, being observed by one who had a powerful mind, it became the stepping-stone to that science which has rendered the name of Sir Isaac Newton world-renowned.

The attention of Dr. Jenner was first drawn to the subject of vaccination by observing the actions of a young milkmaid.

Columbus would have been compelled to return without discovering America if a piece of sea-weed had not caught his eye.

One winter's morning, a boy on his way to school found that a bridge over which he had to pass was broken down, and he had to take a roundabout way. This little circumstance drew his attention to bridges and their mode of construction. The results of his deliberations were made known to the world, and now there is scarcely a part of the United Kingdom where some monuments of the skill and genius of John Rennie are not to be found.

A boy of eight years of age, whose time was occupied by keeping cows, employed his spare hours in making clay models of engines that ran on a wooden tramway not far from his father's door. A short time after he went to aid his father at a coal-pit, and here he carried out his plans more usefully. Step by step he went on until he had earned for himself a world-wide reputation, as George Stephenson, the self-made engineer.

About a hundred years ago one might have found written over a cellar in the town of Bolton—

"THE SUBTERRANEAN BARBER, WHO SHAVES FOR 1d.
Opposition is the life of trade."

The signboard was a new one; the price was a low one, consequently it produced a sensation in the shaving circles, and the barbers reduced their price to 1d. However, No 1 was not to be outdone, and so he issued in place of his first placard another, with the following inscription:—

"A clean shave for ½d."

As a matter of course, his customers increased. One day, in walked a cobbler with a very dirty chin, which he required to be shaved. This drew forth from the barber the remark that a half-penny would hardly suffice for the wear and tear of his razor. The cobbler insisted; the barber consented. From this day a firm friendship sprang up between them. Very soon after, the cobbler introduced to the notice of his friend a man who had invented a "sort of machine." The barber learnt its use, improved on it, and soon after brought before the world the "Spinning Frame," and before many years had passed over his head, he was called by his sovereign Sir Richard Arkwright.

From the lives of such men we learn that if we wish to succeed we must not walk through life with our eyes shut, our minds not thinking, and our hands in our pockets.—*Every Boy's Magazine.*



TERRIER AND JACK-DAW.

HILE at work on the portraits of some horses—about which you will hear some day—at Bicester, in Oxford, I had to take up my abode at the hotel. One morning I got into conversation with a gentleman in the coffee-room. I forget how we began the subject of pets and the sagacity of animals, but he told me of a jackdaw which is kept by some

friends of his in Warwickshire.

Out of the five children of the family, Jack allows only one of the boys to catch and handle him, nor will he obey anybody else's call. But when Tommy, its little owner and former nurse, calls and pats his knee, the bird hops on it at once, though he takes no notice of the invitations of other persons. One reason for this preference is, that Tommy never teases his bird. The grey round its neck gives Jack an old-fashioned appearance, and he is not impudent like a magpie. He has learned many words, which he uses in the right way, and as if he understood them. Out of the many names which he must necessarily hear, *Tommy's* is the only one besides his own which he ever calls.

Jack has a cage, and might be in the warm house; but he prefers to live in the kennel of a small rough Skye terrier, with whom he spent all the nights of the last severe winter. While in the kennel, the dog is master; but out of it, Jack lords it over his friend. He sometimes falls out with him, and fastens his beak on the dog's nose, holding on like a bull-dog. *Rough* shakes him from side to side in vain, till at last he is obliged to use his paws. Then Jack is on his back, and thinks the game is lost. A volley of confused sounds come from his beak, and his spluttering and fright are equally ridiculous. One would think *Rough* would have killed him long ago by his shaking; but he evidently knows that one must not be too violent with such a little fellow. A lesson which some big schoolboys would do well to learn.

When at last Jack lets the nose go, and is free from the paws, he gets up, shakes his feathers, and says, in the most impudent way, "What's the matter?—what do you want?" His master, Tommy, having often used these sentences to him.

Jack, like all the members of his large family, is very fond of adorning his little parlour, as the children call the dog-box, and I am afraid he *steals* all he can get that he thinks likely for that purpose. An aunt of Tommy's, who did not know of Jack, when staying on a visit at the house, missed her watch. On inquiry, Tommy at once said, "Oh, I know," and brought it out of Jack's parlour, unfortunately broken by Jack's ignorance. In spring, many jackdaws come to see Jack, who greets them with his natural note, but the moment he shows his accomplishments they take fright, and fly away from this unnatural companion, as they think him to be.



Rough and Jack.

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Chatterbox.



Goat and Kids.

GOAT AND KIDS.

IN London we know little about goats, except as an addition to the cow-shed or the livery-stables. They are put in such places from a notion that horses and cows are benefited by their presence, and that it keeps illness away from them. Whether this has its foundation in these animals being made more amused and contented by the presence of these self-satisfied, cheerful, and somewhat whimsical creatures, whose very name has become a by-word; since we speak of caprice, capricious, and cutting capers—words all of which refer to the Latin name of the goat, and have their origin in the aforesaid peculiarities of its character.

The goat is chiefly found in hilly countries; as, for instance, in Wales and Scotland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain; goats in France and Germany form the live stock of the poorest class of villagers. There is a saying in Germany among the richer peasantry, that if people of that class have seven florins in the house the goat always dies; meaning, that the good fortune of possessing so large a sum as twenty times seven pence is so great, that it is sure to be followed by a disaster, which can only be remedied by forfeiting their wealth, seven florins being about the price of a goat. In some parts of Scotland there are goats which have become perfectly wild, as wild as the red deer, as wary and as difficult of approach; their scent is very acute, and it is very difficult to get a shot at them.

A friend of mine had a most exciting day's sport in trying to stalk a old black he-goat. He at last succeeded in shooting him, but it was late in the day, and his friends had sat down to dinner; he joined them, but the banquet had a disagreeable interruption from the strong smell which heralded the arrival of the dead goat, as his carcase was brought to the gates of the domain. The milk of the goats is rich, but liable to have a rough and rank taste; which, however, can be remedied by careful feeding, and a handful of sweet almonds given over-night to a pet goat are said to give a delightful flavour to the milk in place of the rather nasty one. Kids will get very tame, and follow their masters like dogs. In fact, the goat shares its attachment to man with the sheep, being, which it much resembles in habits and nature, only a little more capricious.

SECOND THOUGHTS BEST.

(Continued from p. 11.)

WHEN the middle of December came, with hard frosts and chilling east winds, real actual poverty had come to the Martins, and Alice knew that greater want might soon follow. Her father's "odd jobs" of gardening work were at an end, and the money that had to buy food and firing had been getting smaller for the last three weeks; next Saturday, if the frost continued, there might be none at all.

"Father dear," said Alice, taking courage, "we haven't hardly food enough in the house; may I go to Mrs. Jermyn's?"

"If you've got money, child; I've got none for you," was the answer, sounding cross in its sadness.

"I mean, father"—began Alice—"Mrs. Jermyn told me to have what I want, and we can pay her when you get regular work again; do let me, father; she's a good, kind woman, let me go to her!"

"Go in debt to Stephen Jermyn! be obliged to him for the worth of a farthing! not if I know it, Ally. I'd starve first!"

And Alice could do nothing but sit down and cry, like a child as she was, at the thought of her helplessness.

"What shall I do?" she said to herself, giving way at last; "I've got no one to go to; no one to help me!"

A quick knock at the door roused her, and she ran to open it, trying in vain to keep back her tears and sobs.

Mr. Lewis, the vicar, was there.

"I came partly to ask why you were away from the evening school, Alice," he said, kindly. He knew Alice Martin had not stayed away without good reason. "You were not ill?"

"No, sir," she said, trying to speak as usual; "but—"

"But what? Nothing wrong, I hope?" said the clergyman; "tell me about it."

Alice hesitated; she could not bear to give the real reason, that she had no money in the house; but if she were to say anything else in excuse would it not be false? and, crying again, she stammered out,—

"I couldn't come, sir; father's been badly off lately, and there was no money."

The payment was only a penny!

"Poor child!" said Mr. Lewis, sadly; "I never knew it was as bad as this. Has your father been so badly off for long?"

"It's been worse lately," said Alice; "this last week has been the worst of all. And, oh, sir, I do think sometimes that I can't bear it any more! We've been used to being pretty comfortable, and we might have been now—"

"Yes, it is very bad for you, Alice; and I don't at all wonder that you feel quite unable to go on much longer. But don't you think that one reason for your feeling so very disheartened is what you told me just now, that you keep on thinking 'it might have been different,' and so you get to look upon your trouble as something that had come without any need for it?"

"Yes, sir; I know this might have been helped," said Alice, a little comforted at finding that her real sorrow was understood.

"Just what we are all tempted to say when we look to what are called 'secondary causes,' and forget that there is a Power above them. Now could you have helped this?"

"No, sir."

"And you have done all that you could to make it better?"

"Indeed, I have been trying to, sir!"

"Then the causes of your trouble are not in your own hands, and you cannot remove them. Who can, Alice?"

"I know what you mean, sir," said Alice, in her tears; "but I can't make out that it's God's doing; it seems to me that it's something worse than that."

"You can't understand that anything that happens through some wrong-doing of men can have anything to do with His Providence. But could not God put a stop to our sorrows, in spite of anything that men could do? His Power is great enough for that, Alice."

"Of course, sir."

"Then, if He does *not* put a stop to them, they must come to us by His permission. Do you see this, Alice? I know it is very difficult to feel it so, but no one can bear sorrow well till they have learned that it comes straight from God's hand, and that is a gentle, loving hand! You will find it so some day, though now it does seem so hard."

"I'll try and put up with it better, sir," was all Alice could say; and her difficulties did indeed seem easier to bear now.

And, besides the help of his advice and sympathy, Mr. Lewis left with her—a Christmas gift to herself he called it—enough money to enable her to get on more comfortably through another week, and even to leave her enough to buy the Christmas dinner.

CHAPTER III.

John Martin was coming home, in the bright frosty afternoon of Christmas Eve, from a fruitless walk in search of work; and he tramped quickly on through the village street, too bitter with the disappointment of this last hope of employment, and with the thought of the poverty he had brought on his home to have any share in the gladness of the festival. What pleasure was Christmas to him? he thought; it brought *him* nothing but want and trouble: there was he, with hardly food enough for his children to eat, and there was his enemy, the man that had taken the bread out of his mouth, living in the very house that ought to have been his, and getting richer every day!

And John gave his usual scowling look at the well-filled window of Jermyn's shop, and walked by all the quicker when he saw that Stephen himself was leaning over the half-door, talking to a woman in the road.

"The little one's taken very bad with croup," John Martin heard as he passed by, "and I can't find any one to send for the doctor. I daren't go myself, Mary she's so upset, and there's not a man that isn't busy, and it's too lonesome a road to send a boy this time of day."

John heard no more, but walked on to his cottage more uncomfortable still.

A momentary impulse had made him almost stop and tell Stephen Jermyn that he would go for the doctor, and he had resisted it, and now he was more miserable than he had been in his whole life before.

"Where's Ally?" he asked, going into the cheerless kitchen, where granny was trying to warm her shaking hands at a small fire, and the children were playing or quarrelling, as they liked, on the floor.

"She's gone to Stephen Jermyn's," said granny,

crying fretfully; "their little boy's took bad, and she's gone to see him. Dear, dear Stephen's pretty little child; he was an old friend of mine, Stephen was, long ago."

"Have done with Stephen Jermyn!" was the rough answer, that made the old woman cower over the fire in silence; "Alice had no business to go near the place. I've a good mind to send for her this minute."

"'Tis only Stephen Jermyn's little child," said granny; "don't be cross, my boy! she'll be home soon; she said she'd come and tell me how Stephen's little child is."

"Do leave off, mother!" muttered John; and sat down to wait, as patiently as he could, for Alice's return.

An hour passed—an hour of wretched self-reproach and useless attempts at self-justification—before Alice appeared. She came in, her eyes red with crying.

"He's worse," she said, "and his father's looking about, half mad, for some man to go for the doctor. If he don't come soon he'll be too late. Father——"

Before she could finish her sentence, her father had taken his hat and gone out. Walking quickly towards the shop he met Jermyn.

"Have you sent for the doctor?" said John, in his gruffest tone. It was the first time he had spoken to Stephen since he had refused his offer of work.

"No," said the young man, stopping in surprise; "I was running down to look for someone, but——"

"I'm going," said John; and without waiting for answer or thanks he set off on the solitary walk to the village where the doctor lived.

(Concluded in our next.)

FLOWERS.

A CHILD'S FANCY.

HOW sweet the flowers beside the rills!
 Dame Nature's children they;
 And in the laps of her great hills
 She nurses them all day.

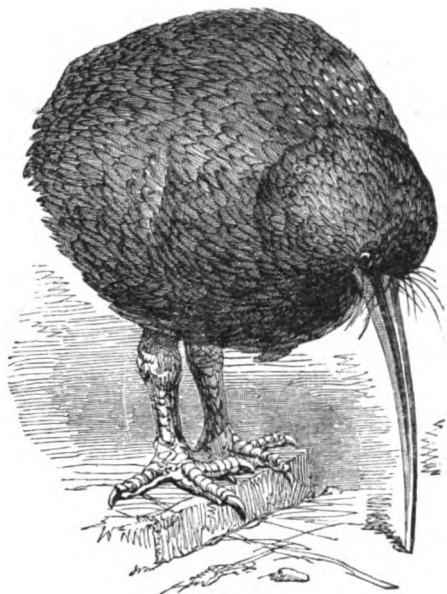
With rosy fingers she, when morn
 And night have bid adieu,
 Their lips soft opens to the dawn,
 And feeds them with the dew.

And o'er them smiling all day long,
 Her care is like a mother's;
 The birds, too, sing to them their song,—
 The birds their little brothers.

And when the twilight breezes sigh,
 She bids their eyelids close,
 And in the brooklets' lullaby
 She sings them to repose.

And when night's sable curtain lowers,
 She bids the stars above
 Be guardian angels of her flowers,
 So constant is her love.

A. EWEN F.



The Kiwi.

A FEW NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

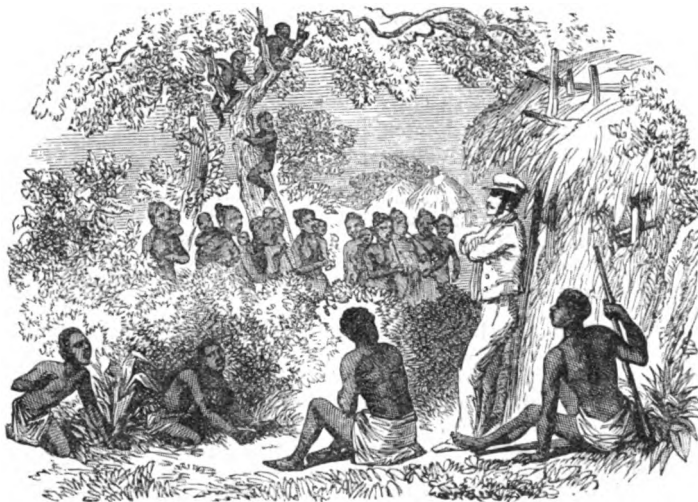
FIRST, the *kiwi*, a singular bird found only in New Zealand. The kiwi is about the size of a common barn-door fowl, but it has neither wings nor tail. When it is at rest it supports itself, as you see in the picture, by its long beak. It is a night bird, and goes about piercing the ground for worms. It does not sit upon its eggs like other birds, but deposits them in the woods at the root of the *rata* tree, leaving them to be hatched by the sun. Some-



The Walking Leaf.

times roots grow over the place where the eggs lie, and when the young bird comes out of its shell, it often perishes because it cannot make its way out of the hole. Hence the kiwi is rather a rare bird. Its feathers are highly prized by the natives, who make cloaks of them when they can get them.

In South Africa there is an animal still more singular than the kiwi—this is the Walking Leaf—a curious insect almost exactly like the leaf of the tree on which it lies. Animals are frequently of the same



Dr. Livingstone with Natives.

colour as the place they inhabit; birds in England are mostly of the colour of the branches of trees,

which are bare of leaves for many months in the year; while birds of tropical countries, where the



The Esquimaux astonished at seeing a Bonnet.

woods are always green, and where flowers grow of dazzling hues, are coloured green, blue, yellow, and scarlet. So, too, with fish: a fish out of water is silvery, but in water its back is nearly the same colour as the bottom of the pond or river where it swims. Grasshoppers are green, to correspond with the grass; and even frogs, toads, and snakes, are of the same colour as the place where they live. The reason for all this is, doubtless, to prevent animals being seen, that so they may fulfil the purposes of their creation. The Walking Leaf has, however, a double protection: not only is it of the colour of a leaf, but it is of the same shape also—even its legs look like small leaves fastened on to the stem of the larger one.

Our next picture shows a natural curiosity of quite a different kind, and represents an incident in Dr. Livingstone's first tour in Africa. The doctor himself is here the curiosity. He had been travelling alone all one hot morning, and was resting himself against a native hut, the inhabitants of which were unconscious of the wonder outside. When he was spied, it was as if the sky had fallen! First fear took possession of the people, but, when this abated, the doctor good-naturedly allowed himself to become a spectacle for an hour or two, and when he left, on his way to the next village, the people felt as if the crowning event of their lives had happened.

In like manner, not long ago, a lady was the wonder of some poor Esquimaux people in Greenland. A white man they had seen before, but a lady was indeed something new. They examined her dress closely on all sides, but at her bonnet their surprise had no bounds. Did it grow on her head? or if not, how did it get there? Such were their thoughts. Perhaps they thought it ugly, and much less useful (as it certainly was in Greenland) than one of their own warm hoods of fur.

These things may seem to be natural among savages, but what if we can match them with events

which happened only last year in Great Britain itself? The Lighthouse Commissioners in 1867 visited the Shetland Islands, a group lying in the north of Scotland. At one of these islands named Foulah, as the steamer bearing the Commissioners approached, the women were seen leaving their houses and running to the hills. There had never been a steamer at Foulah before, and even the men were frightened when their visitors landed. As to the children, they had all actually been hidden by their mothers in the holes and corners of their huts before they ran away! Foulah is eighteen miles from the main Shetland group, and there is no regular communication. A letter was posted in Edinburgh for Foulah in October, 1866, and it reached there six months afterwards.

This British Foulah is almost as unknown to us as its namesake, the African Foulah, which Mungo Park visited fifty years ago in search of the river Niger.

ALICK GRAHAM.

I WISH to tell you a true story of a boy who was able to bear pain better than most people can.

In a large manufacturing town in Scotland there lived a widow woman, who had two children, a boy and a girl. Her husband had been drowned at sea when they were very young, and poor Mrs. Graham was left with Alick and Jessie to support and bring up. She worked hard as a charwoman, and being compelled to go often away from home, she left her children during her absence under the care of a good neighbour; and on Sundays took them, when they were old enough, to a place of worship to hear the word of God, and often talked to them of that heavenly home to which their father had gone. They both loved their mother dearly, and Alick often longed to work for her when he saw her come home sadly tired after a hard day's work. He would fetch a box for her to rest her tired feet upon, while Jessie made the kettle boil, and poured out a cup of

tea for her. Then, looking up in her face, he would sometimes say, "When shall I be able to earn some money for you, mother dear?"

"When you are stronger and bigger, my boy; meantime you must learn to read and write well at school, and then you will be ready for any good place we can find. The Lord will help you to do it, my son, if you strive to do His will, and are honest and truthful."

A few days after this, Alick did not return to his dinner, and his mother, who went home in the middle of the day to get the food ready, was obliged to go back to her work. It made her uneasy, for she knew he had no money, and that something strange must have happened to make him go without his meal. In the evening he met her with a very cheerful face, and holding out his hand showed a silver sixpence.

"Where did you get that from, my son?" she asked anxiously.

"O mother! just as I was coming out of school with the other boys this morning, a gentleman rode past on a beautiful horse. He did not go far, and stopped at a warehouse a little way up the street. Just as I came up, he said, 'I want my horse held; I think you can manage him, my boy; he is very quiet and good-tempered with children.' He had such a pretty head, and his eye looked so kind, that I did not feel a bit afraid of him; so I said, 'Yes, sir, I will take care of him.' The gentleman showed me how to hold the bridle, and went into the office, and he stayed there a long time. The horse was of a beautiful brown colour: he liked to be talked to, and held down his soft velvety nose for me to stroke, and I liked taking care of him very much. When the gentleman came out he said, 'I have kept you a long time, my lad. Here is a sixpence to get some dinner with.' But I did not want any dinner, and I wanted to give the money to you, dear mother. The school-bell began to ring, so I went back there."

"How hungry you must have been, my boy!" his mother replied, her eyes glistening with pleasant tears at his thoughtfulness for her, as she stooped to give him a kiss.

"Yes, I was very hungry, and I soon ate up the potatoes and milk when I came home, and I could scarcely do my lessons for looking at the money."

Two or three times after this Alick brought home money which he had earned in this way. He and the horse, which was named Hector, learned to know each other quite well; the horse seeming to recognise his little friend with much pleasure, rubbing his soft nose against his shoulder, and stooping that Alick might pat his strong brown, satin-like neck. One day when the gentleman came out he stood for a minute putting on his gloves, and asked Alick his name.

"Alexander Graham, sir," he replied.

"What is your father?"

"He is dead, sir."

"Who keeps you and sends you to school then?"

"My mother, who lives in Golden Court, No. 3," answered Alick.

"You look tidy and clean, as if she took good care of you, Alexander?"

"Yes, sir; she is a very good mother, and works very hard, and I want to work too, to help her."

"Do you? Well, I will see some day if I can help you to something."

"Oh, thank you, sir! I should be so glad if you would, sir."

Then Mr. Claxton—that was the gentleman's name—mounted his horse and rode away.

The next time he saw Alick, he said, "When I come out of the office, you are to go with me to a factory to see if you will suit."

Alick's heart bounded with joy at the hope of going to work for his mother, and he was quite ready to start with his kind friend, who did not keep him long. They had not far to go, and soon turned into a large yard where a great many men and boys were just going in from dinner. Up a few steps on the right side of the entrance, over the top of which was written in large letters, "MacNab and Moffatt, Sugar-boilers and Confectioners," was a small room, with a door marked "Office." Mr. Claxton went in there. Alick was soon called. He walked in and made his bow. A gentleman who was standing by Mr. Claxton, said to Alick,—

"Can you read this paper and copy this letter?"

Alick did his best, and the gentleman then said, "Well, I will take you on trial. We have inquired about your mother, and find she is an honest, industrious woman. If she will let you come here to run errands, and make yourself useful, for three shillings a-week, you may begin next Monday."

"Oh, thank you, sir," replied Alick; "I will go home and ask directly."

He seemed so anxious to get his mother's leave that Mr. Claxton gave him twopence and told him he might go at once. As he passed through the yard, Hector put his head forward to be patted. Stroking his smooth, arched neck and strong shoulder, Alick said, "Good-bye" to his four-footed friend, who had been the means of helping him to obtain his greatest wish. Mrs. Graham willingly consented, and Alick went to his work, with a well-washed face, early on Monday morning.

He found a porter just taking down the shutters, who soon set him to sweep the floor. He worked hard all the week, and on the Saturday evening he brought home three shillings, his first wages; and his mother again thanked God for giving her such a good son. Day after day Alick was punctual at his post, and his master soon learned to know and like him; and gradually he was advanced to one place after another, till at last he was put on the works. The factory was a strange place. Great vats of boiling sugar were bubbling and steaming over furnaces; the heat was great, and the workmen wore very thin clothing. Vast quantities of sugar-plums were made, and great care was required in baking them. Alick's chief duty was to attend to the boiling of the sugar, and when it had reached a certain stage, to place some tubes, and draw it off; for if it were allowed to boil for even a few moments too long, the whole quantity would be spoilt. It required skill and practice to arrange the apparatus correctly, and for some time Alick had done his task very well, so that the foreman

could depend upon him. Of course his wages increased with the importance of his work, and he now took nine shillings a-week home to his mother, so that she was able to have many comforts that she had been without for several years. And now comes the incident which is the main part of my true story. Alick had been watching a large vat of sugar that was bubbling and frothing, when a workman called him to come and help him with a pan of boiling sugar. Alick ran quickly, and was taking hold of the pan, when the man gave it an awkward turn, and upset the scalding sugar over poor Alick's shoulder. The burning fluid ran over him, and a shriek of agony burst from his lips. His fellow-workmen ran to his assistance, and seeing his condition, said he must go at once to the hospital; but Alick, though suffering intense pain, refused to do so, until the sugar was ready for him to set his tubes, as there was no one there who knew how to do it. The men tried to persuade him, but to no purpose; he insisted on crawling to the place, and with great difficulty did what was necessary; then, when his exertions were no longer needed, he fell back, faint, into the arms of a man who was standing by him.

He was quickly carried to the hospital, his clothes were stripped off, and the surgeon dressed his wounds, which were very severe. His poor mother soon came, and wept bitterly at the sight of her boy in such a state. For a while it was not certain whether he would recover, and strong were her prayers that, if it were her Heavenly Father's will, her dutiful son might be spared to her. Her prayers were granted, and after a few days the doctor said he would get better. His masters heard of his bravery from the workmen who were present at the accident, and they continued to pay his mother his wages during his illness; and then, when he was able to leave the hospital, they placed him in a better situation in the works, and as he grew older, advanced him from one place to another, till his mother was able to leave off working altogether—her good son providing entirely for her support.

ISABEL THORNE.

SPEAK NO BAD WORDS.

HOW is it I don't hear you speak bad words?" asked an old salt of a sailor-boy on board ship.

"Because I don't forget my Captain's orders," answered the boy, brightly.

"Captain's orders!" cried the old sailor. "I didn't know he gave any."

"He did," said Jem, "and I keep them safe here," putting his hand on his breast. "Here they be," said Jem, slowly and distinctly: "I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." (St. Matt. v. 34-37.)

"Them's from the good old log-book, I see. You're right, youngster," said the sailor.

THE BREAD-SELLERS of ST. PETERSBURG and the GREAT BAZAAR.

By James F. Cobb, Esq.



AWALK through the streets of St. Petersburg is at all times very amusing. I know no city where there are so many itinerant tradesmen, so many stalls for selling all sorts of things in the open air, as in the Russian capital. The Nevski Prospekt is the broadest, longest, and, in some respects, the finest street in Europe. The churches, palaces, and various public buildings which it contains, are most magnificent. About half-way up the street, close to a little chapel, which within is a perfect blaze of brilliant sacred pictures and burning tapers, we come to an extensive building, with a broad colonnade in front, round which are omnibuses, cabs, market-carts, and a motley throng of people of all classes, in the varied and picturesque costumes which strike one so much in St. Petersburg. This building is the Gostinnoi Dwor, or Great Bazaar, one of the most amusing and interesting places to visit in the city. Our picture represents one of the entrances to this vast bazaar. Here are the stalls of the bread-sellers, who carry on a very good and profitable trade all day long: not only poor people, but even the grandees, come and purchase the rolls, which are made of extremely fine flour. The best bread I have tasted in Europe was in Russia; for sweetness and whiteness I have seen none which can be compared to it. Some of the rolls are made in the shape of rings; others are flat, like our buns; others round or oblong. The seller to the left is dressed in the long blue cloth caftan and high boots, which give all the Russian peasants, when arrayed in their best, together with their long hair and beards, such an imposing and almost ecclesiastical appearance: he is holding up and praising his wares. The peasant to the right, who is making such a polite salute to the nurse with the little boy, has on the ordinary summer costume of the Russian poor people,—a long pink calico shirt and blue calico trousers, over which his high boots are drawn. The little boy is dressed much in the same way, but he has a tunic over his shirt. The lamp behind hangs before the sacred picture which is to be found in every room of every building in Russia.

We will take a walk through the bazaar itself. It is a large square building, full of arcades, containing shops, where any article which any one can want may be purchased. The arcade which faces the street is by far the most bustling and animated. Here, too, are the best shops; those of the jewellers and furriers are about the most showy in the bazaar. As a rule, the different trades have their establishments in separate rows: there is a row for tailors, another for shoemakers, another for linendrapers. The boots are very varied and superb, some being embroidered in a most costly manner. The trades-



The Bread-sellers of St. Petersburg and the Great Bazaar.

men are not content with waiting till you come into their shops, but come out to you, and earnestly beg you to enter and buy. The prices are very high for almost everything, and they always ask more than twice the sum which they will take.

Amusing as the Gostinnoi Dvor is, it is nothing to the Apraxin Dvor just behind it. The Gostinnoi is for the gentry, the Apraxin for the peasants. It is filled with long rows of stalls or booths, like a fair. Here not only clothing of every kind, but provisions also, are sold. The tradesmen are most energetic in their endeavours to tempt strangers to enter their shops; they gesticulate violently, and pour forth volleys of the most unintelligible Russian into our ears. Curiously enough, once they get us into the shop they are very quiet, and do not seem to care whether we buy or not. About the most interesting department here is that devoted to the sale of holy pictures, of all sorts and sizes, from the magnificently framed, gilded, and painted portrait

of the Blessed Virgin, with the Holy Child, for the rich, to the tawdry little print of St. Sergius or St. Alexander Nevski for the poor peasant. As every Russian must possess one or more of these pictures, they are profitable articles of sale, and very dear. There is not a place in Russia where we do not meet with a holy picture,—in every house, from the palace to the hovel; in every shop, at the entrance of all public buildings, in the railway stations, in the steamers, and at the corners of the streets, where they always have lamps or candles burning before them.

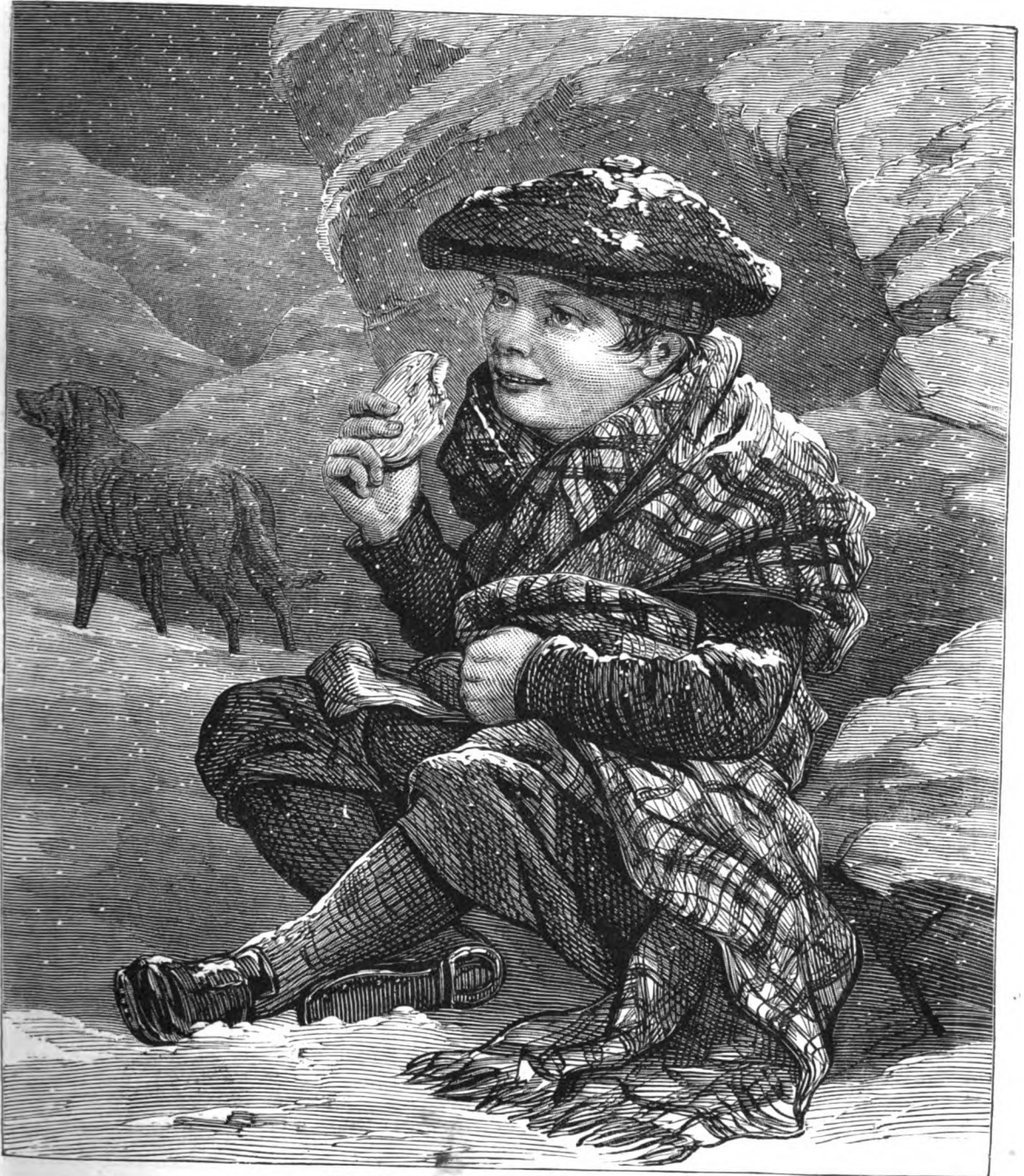
The further we penetrate into the Apraxin Dvor the less agreeable does it become, till at last we are fairly driven back by a whole market devoted to the sale of very old and very dirty clothes, the owners of which seemed to be determined to make us buy some of their very unsavoury garments. So here we turn back, and conclude our ramble in the Russian bazaars.

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Chatterbox.



The Shepherd-Boy's Christmas Dinner.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.



HE two chief ways in which Christmas gladness shows itself are in *meeting* and *eating*!

Homes, whether high or humble, seek to gather friends— young and old—round the table and the hearth. What merry meetings of parents with their boys and girls from school the bustling, matter-of-fact railway stations see at Christmas time!

How many a pleasant meeting there is in the village cottages—of sons come back from work in London, or girls come back for the day from place of service! What a mine of pure and holy pleasure lies in the words, "Christmas meetings and greetings!"

And even vulgar *eating*, too, gives a great deal of special pleasure at Christmas. There are those who fare so sumptuously every day that they think nothing at all of roast-beef and turkey, of plum-pudding and mince-pies. But we are not speaking of those very grand people. We are speaking of those who fare simply, sparingly, perhaps very scantily, most of the year, and who enjoy Christmas cheer with a digestion which many rich folk would give much gold for, if it could be bought. If you want to know whether *eating* gives special pleasure at Christmas, you should see the group round the bit of beef in many a workman's home—or round the plum-pudding, the ingredients of which have been talked of for many a day, and have been carefully laid in weeks before, as they could be afforded. Or, if you would see *eating* giving utmost pleasure, you should look in on the children of some Ragged School, or on the old folk in some work-house having "the Christmas dinner" which, happily, is almost always provided now-a-days even for those who are poorest or are homeless.

It is not wrong to take pleasure in eating. God has given us the palate which makes healthy persons enjoy their food. It is wrong to be greedy, and guzzling, and gormandising, at Christmas or any other time; but there is a way in which we may enjoy the special good things which Christmas *meetings* lead us to provide, and which is no sin, if we accept them with thankfulness to the Great Giver of them all, and if we remember *Whose* human birthday it is that we mark by meeting and eating in our home—as we celebrate it in church by meeting for holy service and by eating of a Sacred Feast.

But if *meeting* and *eating* go to make up Christmas festivities, let us not be selfish in our mirth: while we eat the fat and drink the sweet let us send a portion to some for whom nothing is prepared. (Neh. viii. 10.) Let us think of those who are obliged to keep their Christmas in solitary fashion, like the shepherd in our picture, watching his flock on the hills, munching a comfortable crust, while smoking joints and exuberant puddings are giving pleasure, in their *eating*, to ten thousands in towns and villages round about—sitting in silence and solitude, while in all the land there are merry *meetings* of young and old in thousands of happy homes.

Oh, then! as Christmas joy-bells ring out, and Christmas logs are piled upon the hearth, and Christmas cheer smiles upon the table, forget not the one cause of Christmas mirth—remember the good news which the herald angels sang at Bethlehem—and seek to use God's gifts as His children should, and to share them to others as freely as He, in His great love, hath given of His gifts to you!

J. E. C.

SECOND THOUGHTS BEST.

(Concluded from p. 19.)

IT was a long tramp for him, and before he had crossed the common, across which the road led, the sunset died away, a few of the brighter stars rose in the clear eastern sky, and then the whole level plain lay bright before him in the moonlight. He did not mind the lateness; from all sides the music of Christmas bells rang up from the churches in the valley, now clear, now dying away into indistinctness, and listening to the sounds, he knew that the Christmas feast had come to bring even to him the joy that a little while ago had seemed so far off. For the worst part of his sorrow had left him; the bitterness was gone, and though he tried to convince himself that he had been acting out of no friendliness, and had done nothing but what one man must do for another, yet, from the moment when he had said "I'm going," the enmity to Stephen Jermyn had been dying out of his heart, and the very act of doing a kindness to the one whom he looked upon as a foe was teaching him that one day they might be friends.

When, late at night, John Martin came home, the old grandmother was sitting up for him with Alice.

"He's no better, John," said the old woman; "Stephen Jermyn's pretty little boy's getting worse. Dear me! getting worse."

"Sorry for it, mother," said John, with a painful recollection of the hour he had wasted before setting off for the doctor; that one hour might have made all the difference.

"Never mind, father," said Alice; "you've done all you could. I'm so glad, father, to think of your going! even if the poor little chap shouldn't get well, it will be a comfort to think of your doing that for him."

"Will it?" said her father; that hour's delay was vexing him terribly. Whatever Stephen Jermyn had done, it was a shame to make the child suffer for it; ay, a shame, indeed! And when the first news on the Christmas morning from the Jermyns' house proved to be good news, and granny was able to rejoice that Stephen's boy was likely to do well, not even Alice knew the relief that her father felt.

"If you hadn't gone, father, he might have been worse!" said Alice, ready to forget all the past troubles in the Christmas brightness: "Stephen Jermyn is so thankful to you, father; you don't know how he took it last night. And, father dear, he's coming to tell you so himself some time; you'll be friends with him then, won't you? It's Christmas, you know, father!"

"I don't know that he'll come yet, child," said

John, remembering certain words he had used in his passion, which he thought no man could be expected to forget. "I don't fancy he will."

But he did come.

Alice was just putting the Christmas dinner on the table when Stephen Jermyn's pleasant face appeared, for the second time, in John Martin's house.

"May I come in?" asked the cheerful voice; "it's bad manners to interrupt your dinner"—and Alice noticed how he just glanced at the small, bony piece of beef, and turned away, as if vexed to see what a poor Christmas dinner it was—"but, for one thing, I've just run down with a cake to your little ones—a Christmas-box, children! and, besides, I wanted to thank you for last night, though I really don't know how to!"

John had stood up awkwardly when Jermyn came in, and said nothing; while the children, with cries of delight, were undoing the big, round parcel; and when Stephen had finished his sentence, and held out his hand, with "A happy Christmas!" he still stood undecided what to do or say.

"I shall never be able to thank you!" repeated Stephen, not seeming to notice John's backwardness. "I know you saved the little one's life; I believe you did!"

"Then he's better," said John, at last; "I'm glad of it," while old granny chattered on,—

"A merry Christmas, Stephen! and many of them. Dear me, we've had many a Christmas together, Stephen, before that quarrel; haven't we now? And the dear child's getting well, Stephen!"

"Thanks to your son—under God—for it, Mrs. Martin," said the young man, turning to the grandmother; "if the doctor had been a little later, he'd have been too late; he told me so."

"I'm glad I didn't put it off longer," muttered John to himself, thinking, thankfully, how nearly that one hour of delay had been doubled.

Stephen went on, "He was dreadfully bad the first part of the night; it seemed so hard to sit watching the poor little chap in such pain, with the bells all ringing merrily for Christmas, and the little carollers under the window singing their hymns out in the moonlight. No; we never thought he'd see another Christmas morning here; but, thank God for it, he took a turn for the better, and the blessed Christmas day seems just a thousand times brighter and happier than ever it was before our trouble."

"I'm very glad of it; that I am!" said John, heartily; and when Stephen stood up and said that he must really go, John Martin gave him his hand, and all the past ill-will and envy were forgotten in that Christmas greeting.

"There was one thing more I had to say," said Stephen, as John followed him out into the little cottage porch; "the man I've had to help me wants to go off; I'd sooner you came than anybody else. We should get on well together, you and I would."

John hesitated; after all he had said, it was not easy to make up his mind to this; but the weeks of poverty he had passed through humbled him, and he said,—

"I'll come."

"So it's all made up at last!" said granny, in great delight; "it's been going on this many a year, ay, ever since my old man was alive; but I always liked Stephen through it all, and I'm right glad it's all come straight at last; that I am."

John could hear his mother's rambling talk without self-reproach now; and he did not interrupt her confused recollections as he had sometimes done.

The poor old woman's mingled stories of the past and the present had ended, as all human wrongs and bitterness should end, in the peace and goodwill that breathes out for the sweet Christmas story.

"Still the Child, all power possessing,
Smiles as in the ages past;
And the song of Christmas blessing
Softly sinks to rest at last."

THE FIRST SNOW-FLAKE OF WINTER.

"Waste not, for many want."

A New Proverb.

THE first snow-flake of Winter! How much it implies!

Yet, 'tis strange that its meaning depends on our size!

Are we young? are we old? are we rich? are we poor?

Does Want or does Luxury sit at our door?

Are we gay, thoughtless schoolboys, or sad, thoughtful men?

Are we hard-working women, or children of ten?

The first snow-flake of Winter but meaneth to some Mirth, gladness, and gaiety, all will soon come—The roast-beef and plum-pudding, and school-boys at home.

To another, alas! the same snow-flake but saith, "Here's the cold Winter coming to chill with his breath

Yourself and your babes round your fireless grate; While rising up early and lying down late, You vainly have sought to improve your poor state."

To the gay and the happy, oh, then let us say, "Let the last rose of Summer remind of the day When the snow-flake of Winter shall be on your way."

I know what some think—what they say is quite true,

"Thoughtless, careless the poor are,—improvident too;"

Then you can think for them, and thankfully say,

"I have more than enough for this many a day.

Not only my money, but more I will give,

For my care and my thought shall help others to live.

I will save my old garments, sew, cut, and contrive: Such care on my part may save some one alive."

Then what is the message the snow-storm will bear? What whisper of peace will it bring to your ear?

The first snow-flake of Winter will say, "O be glad, By the care you have taken Christ's poor have been clad!"

J. E. C. F.



The Farewell.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA.

I.—FROM ENGLAND TO EGYPT.

ON the 4th and 20th of every month throughout the year, a large steamer leaves Southampton to carry passengers to India and China by what is called the 'Overland Route.' The name *overland*, however, is hardly a right one, for except in one small part, the passage is made by *sea*; but it was called so to distinguish it from the other way to India, round the Cape of Good Hope, a long voyage of three or four months; while the journey by the overland route is made in one month. The steamers are fitted up very handsomely, with everything on board to make the voyage pleasant.

The passengers go on board at Southampton, and the vessel moves out of dock amid cheers, and some-

times the tears of friends whom they leave behind, and proceeds slowly down the Southampton Water towards the Isle of Wight, turning to the westward through what is called the Solent Sea. The passengers generally look out here for the Needle rocks—the last spot of Old England they will see for a long time.

Now the head of the ship is put towards the south, and she steams at a good pace across the Channel towards the Bay of Biscay. In a day or two new land is sighted, which is Cape Finisterre, in Spain. This the steamer rounds, and then sails along in sight of the coast of Portugal, passing Oporto, Cintra, Lisbon, and Cape Trafalgar, where Nelson fell, till she nears the Straits of Gibraltar, when the course

is changed and she sails easterly, entering the Mediterranean between the Spanish town Tarifa, and the African coast opposite. We give a view of Tarifa as it appears from across the straits, here only fifteen miles wide.

At Gibraltar, which is a great fortified rock, and which belongs to England, the steamer puts in 'to coal,' giving the passengers a few hours to land, and opportunity to visit the town and fortress. Grapes and other fruits of luscious flavour are cheap in 'Gib,' as it is familiarly called, and the arrival of the steamer always causes a great sale of them. The people are of many nations, and many of them being rather sharp in dealing with visitors, have got themselves the nickname of 'rock scorpions.' The coaling being completed, the steamer is soon under



Eastern Inn.

weigh again steaming for Malta, and sighting Algiers and other African places on the way.

At Malta, which is also an English fortress, another stoppage is made, and the passengers, if they please,



Tarifa.

can again land. Here the steamer is joined by other passengers who have come through France by rail to Marseilles, and thence by sea to Malta. By this arrangement it is possible for those who wish to stay a little longer in England, to do so, and yet be in time to catch the same steamer at Malta, which left Southampton some days before they crossed to France.

These being taken on board, the vessel is off once more for Egypt, and in two or three days reaches the low grounds of Alexandria. Here all have to land, as the steamer can go no farther. The baggage is put on shore to be conveyed with the passengers across the Isthmus of Suez to the Red Sea, where they will find another steamer waiting to take them on; the steamer which they have just quitted, having to go back again to England with passengers on their way home from India.

Here in Egypt, is a great change of scene. From the deck of a steamer to a boat; from blue water below and blue skies above, to a yellow desert of sand and a blinding sky, and a very badly managed railway, on which the trains stop about a quarter of an hour at each station to cool the wheels, and the first-class carriages have double roofs to diminish the intense heat of the sun. The passengers for Suez stop at Cairo, sometimes only one day, sometimes two or three, according as the telegraph wires tell that the steamer from India is at Suez or not.

From Cairo, if there is time, they can make a journey to see the Pyramids, but in Cairo itself, with its strange houses, mosques, streets, and people, there is more than enough to interest the passengers while they stay. The inn at which almost all English travellers stop, is called 'Shepherd's,' and about an hundred of our country people sojourn in it every week passing to and from India. But there are other inns of a more Oriental kind, such as the one in our picture.

(To be continued.)

THE CUNNING FOX OUTWITTED.

By Rev. John Horden, Missionary at
Moose Fort.



ELL, Jane, and what is that hanging to your back?" said I to a young Indian woman, a member of my congregation, on a bitterly cold morning, at Moose Fort.

"Mukāseu ka mukutāweset," she replied, laughing; which being interpreted into the language of the readers of *Chatterbox*, means "a black fox." And

well she might laugh, as the skin of the black fox

is the most valuable of all skins ; a pair of the first quality in England will fetch the price of eighty guineas.

"I have caught him at last," she continued : of course in her own language. "He has given me much trouble ; and he was so cunning, I was afraid I should not get him at all."

"How so, Jane?" I asked, and this was the story she told me in answer :—

"A few mornings ago I went to look at my rabbit-snares, of which I had set a large number, and I found that a fox had been at them, and had eaten several rabbits. I again trimmed my snares, and on the morrow brought with me a steel fox-trap, strong, and with a good spring to it. I fastened the chain attached to the end of it to the stump of a tree, and then carefully set the trap, covering it afterwards with snow ; for if I had not done so, I should have had no chance of a fox, for he knows a trap just as well as either you or I. I then placed a large piece of meat in the centre of the trap, scattered some smaller pieces around, and came away, hoping on the following morning to find the thief lying dead. But no ; he had been there, and had obtained a good breakfast at my expense. He was not to be deceived ; the trap might be covered up with snow, but the meat told Reynard the tale well enough for him. Yet the meat must be eaten, and eat it he did ; first, all the pieces scattered about, and then the piece in the centre of the trap's mouth. But careful, careful Reynard ! you are on dangerous ground : and careful he was, for approaching the trap, he lifted one of his forefeet and very gently drew forth the tempting morsel, and consumed it : there was no doubt about his proceedings, the snow bore every footprint. Well, I could do nothing more than set the trap again, and the fox could do nothing wiser than come and eat the second breakfast I had prepared : I now determined that on the morrow I would bring another trap with me. The fox had again been there, and for the third time repeated his trick. I set my trap once more with the large piece of bait in the centre, and the smaller pieces strewn around ; then, carefully marking Reynard's footprints, I set my second trap directly behind the first. I covered it with snow, but put no bait near it, and you now see the success of my plan ; for, coming soon after my departure, the fox went through his task very successfully ; the small pieces were devoured, the large piece was in his mouth, he was moving joyously backwards. But very shortlived was his joy now, the concealed trap is not dreamt of ; his foot touched the plate, snap went the trap ; the last meal was eaten, for I this morning found the beautiful creature lying dead, and frozen hard, with his leg still in the no-longer-hidden trap."

A fox may be cunning, but he has no chance with the far more cunning American Indian.

OLD CHRISTMAS.

NOW he who knows old Christmas,
He knows a carle of worth ;
For he is as good a fellow
As any upon the earth.

He comes warm-cloaked and coated,
And buttoned up to the chin,
And soon as he comes a-nigh the door
We open and let him in.

We know that he will not fail us,
So we sweep the hearth up clean ;
We set him the old arm-chair,
And a cushion whercon to lean.

And with sprigs of holly and ivy
We make the house look gay,
Just out of an old regard to him,
For it was his ancient way.

He comes with a cordial voice
That does one good to hear ;
He shakes one heartily by the hand,
As he hath done many a year.

And after the little children
He asks in a cheerful tone ;
Jack, Kate, and little Annie,
He remembers them every one !

What a fine old fellow he is !
With his faculties all as clear,
And his heart as warm and light
As a man in his fortieth year !

What a fine old fellow in troth !
Not one of your griping elves,
Who, with plenty of money to spare,
Think only about themselves.

Not he ! for he loveth the children,
And holiday begs for all ;
And comes with his pockets full of gifts
For the great ones and the small.

With a present for every servant :—
For in giving he doth not tire,—
From the red-faced, jovial butler
To the girl by the kitchen fire.

And he tells us witty old stories,
And singeth with might and main ;
And we talk of the old man's visit,
Till the day that he comes again.

Oh ! he's a kind, old fellow,
For, though the beef be dear,
He giveth the parish paupers
A good dinner once a-year !

And all the workhouse children,
He sets them down in a row,
And giveth them rare plum-pudding,
And twopence a-piece also.

Oh, could you have seen those paupers,
Have heard those children young,
You would wish with them that Christmas
Came often and tarried long !

He must be a rich old fellow,—
What money he gives away !
There is not a lord in England
Could equal him any day !

Good luck unto old Christmas,
And long life let us sing,
For he doth more good unto the poor
Than many a crowned king !

MARY HOWITT.

THE HARD WINTER.



HE winter was unusually severe in the little village of Isis. The land would not yield to the ploughshare, the gardens were like the solid rock, and most labouring men were out of work, and so without wages. Fortunately coals were cheap, for Isis was situate in the north of England, not very far from coal-mines. But coals, although cheap, cannot be got without money, and Mary Preston found it hard work to get coals or food for her large family. With eleven children under sixteen years old, two of these being twins of six weeks, and their father, even when in full work, earning only twelve shillings a-week, there was not much left to put by for winter.

At this time the father was away, he had been seeking work in a distant part, and nothing had been heard of him for three weeks. Johnny, the eldest boy, a lad of twelve, and Susan, his sister, fourteen years old, had gone into the wood to gather sticks, but their fingers were so numbed with cold that they could hardly pick them up. As they were piling a little bundle of wood they saw two boys going past them whom they knew to be the sons of the Squire. Herbert and Sydney Manton had just returned from school for the holidays. Herbert was about fourteen, and Sydney about thirteen years old. They were each carrying a pair of skates, and looked as happy as boys could be.

"I do like a good sharp frost," said Sydney; "I should think the river would bear very well to-day. We shall have plenty of time to skate up to Laxton and back before dinner,—nothing like skating to bring a good appetite."

"I could eat a good dinner without skating," said Johnny to his sister, as he heard the last remark, "couldn't you?"

"Oh, dear, yes," said Mary, "and I do not think this is the best of weathers, but I suppose rich folks' children are not troubled with chilblains, and I am sure I should be glad enough to eat what they throw to the dogs up at the Hall. Last week I went there and asked the cook if the master or mistress would give us a bit of bread, or any scraps they might have left."

"Well, and what did she say?"

"She said, 'Get along with you, lazy girl, why don't you get some work and not come idling about here?' When I told her how bad mother was, and how we had two little babies in the cradle and father was away from home, and we had nothing to eat, she called me an impudent hussy, and said I was telling lies."

"Well, and what then?" said Johnny.

"Why, just as I was going away I saw a little dog come running into the kitchen, and the cook took him up and patted him, and cut a beautiful bit of roast beef, such as made my mouth water, and told the dog to stand up and beg. So he stood on his hind-legs and begged, and every time he

begged she gave him a bit of meat. She called him a capital beggar, and said he well deserved his dinner."

"And she called you an impudent hussy because you stood and begged," said Johnny. "Well, I suppose a squire's dog is a good deal better off than a poor man's child."

While they had been talking they had gone on picking up sticks, and had not noticed the two boys come back again. The fact was, that Herbert and Sydney had lost their way and came back to ask the labourer's children to show them the road, and had stood by and heard most of their conversation. However, they said nothing until they got to the river, and then Herbert said, "Well, now I do call that a downright shame. I am sure I have often heard mother tell cook to give broken meat to the poor folk, and to tell her if she knew of any one very badly off. Let us just watch where this boy and girl go, and see if we can do something for them; that will be capital fun, won't it?"

So the boys had a little skating; having called Johnny to help them to put on their skates and take them off, they gave him sixpence for his trouble, for which he was very grateful. They then saw the cottage where the children lived, and walked home. When they got home they told the story they heard to their mother, who was very vexed with the cook, for Mrs. Manton was a kind-hearted lady, and wished to do good, and quite thought the cook had obeyed her instructions. Whereas the cook hated to be bothered by poor people coming to the kitchen, so she threw away all the food that she and her dainty fellow-servants did not care to eat, whilst the poor were starving around them. There was good food wasted every day in that kitchen more than enough to keep poor Mrs. Preston and her family. The boys, however, soon returned with a basket of good things; but when they got as far as the village pump they saw a poor girl, very much like the one they had seen in the wood. This was Alice Preston, the eldest sister. Alice was standing before the frozen pump looking troubled and sad. Her empty pail was in the stone trough, and a thick icicle hanging out of the spout of the pump. Not a drop of water could she get.

"What is the matter?" said Herbert.

"I cannot get any water, sir," said she, without looking up. "Some young gentleman has given my brother sixpence, and he has bought a piece of mutton to make broth for poor mother, and now I cannot get any water to cook it with."

"Never mind," said Herbert, "here is something good in this basket for your mother, take it to her, and tell her we brought it from the Hall for her; and lend us your pail, we will get some water."

So the good-natured boys ran back home and filled the pail with water, and took care that the Prestons needed neither food nor drink until their father had plenty of work.

W. M.





Alice at the Pump.

P. 31.

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Chatterbox.



LOOKING OUT FOR NUMBER ONE.

I ALWAYS look out for number one,' said a greedy boy one day as he stuffed enough turkey and mince-pie into his stomach to feed two boys of his age.

Four hours later that boy was so sick he could not hold up his head. Did that greedy boy really take care of number one?

One day, at a certain school, a boy contrived to get to the head of his class by reading his lesson from a slip of paper which he held on the cover of his book. After school one of his companions said, 'Sam, you got up in the class this morning by cheating.'

Sam laughed and replied, 'Oh, I only looked out for number one.'

Did Sam look out wisely for number one? Let us see. He deceived his teacher, and cheated his companions out of places that of right belonged to them. In doing this he made himself unjust, false, and selfish; he offended his conscience; he sinned against God. Was that taking good care of number one?

No, no, my children. Number one is never benefited by doing wrong. The best thing you can do for number one is to do right. That will make number one manly, beautiful, and happy. In this way I counsel you all to 'look out for number one.'

SNOW AND HAIL.

LOOK at the snow, as so gently it falls,
Hiding the garden, and whitening the walls;
Smoothing the paths, and the box, and the beds,
Loading the evergreens, bending their heads;
Painting the tree stems, the posts, and the rails,
And the patient farm-horses, with down-sweeping tails;

Snoothing all roughnesses, hiding each fault,
Steadily, noiselessly, never a halt;
Hiding all blemishes, dirt, or disorder,
With its mantle of charity, not 'made to order.'
The eye aches with watching, the head seems to reel,
Yet the strange fascination we each one can feel,
And we turn round to watch it from warm cosy homes,

As gently and slowly yet surely it comes.
See how like feathers it softly floats down,
Covering the country and covering the town;
Crossing and twisting and coming on still,
Flakes larger and faster—it 'comes with a will!'

Or you sit by your fire,

With curtains drawn round;

You go to your bedroom,

There's not the least sound;

You look from your window,

Perhaps in the night,

O' not till the morning

In broadest daylight,

And you start when you see

That the world's all in white!

J. E. C. F.

LOSING THE HAPPY OUT OF A HEART.

A MOTHER, who was leaving her home on a visit, told her little boy and girl not to go through a gate at the bottom of their garden which opened into the wood. The children were very happy for a long time after their mother had been gone, but at last, in their play, having reached the gate through which they were not to pass, the little boy began to feel a strong desire to go into the wood. He persuaded his sister to follow him. After some rambling and playing about, they returned, and agreed not to tell their mother where they had been unless she asked; but she had not expected them to disobey, and never thought of inquiring. Notwithstanding this, the little boy did not feel comfortable. He knew that he had done wrong, and he could not help feeling unhappy.

When Sunday night came, after the little boy had been washed for bed, he and his mother began to have a pleasant talk, as they usually had at that time. James could not keep his sad secret any longer from his kind mother, so he told her what he and his sister had done; and then, to show that her command was not really needful, he said that nothing had happened to them. The mother let them know that something did befall them, and that they had lost something, and urged her little son to think what it was. The little boy could not think for a long time of anything he had lost. He knew that he left his ball safe, that his knife was in his pocket, and that his slate-pencil was at hand when he wished to use it. But as he continued to think, he remembered how uncomfortable he had been all the week, and at last in a low, sorrowful voice he said, 'Mother, I did lose something in the wood, I did; I lost the happy out of my heart.'

MARK NORTHWEST.

A TWENTY YEARS' TALE.

JONAS NORTHWEST rented a bit of land, a very few acres, on Beddington Heath. He kept two cows, a few sheep, and an old pony; and the labour and anxiety of making both ends meet were as great to the small farmer then as now. Nay, they were far greater; for the ways and means of improvement were confined to the few who had sense to value, and capital to copy the successful experiments that thirty or forty years ago began to be made in agriculture.

Nothing of that kind came in the way of poor old Jonas; and he was disposed to remain contented with what he knew of farming. Those were not the days when most men took in a newspaper regularly so as to see what everybody else was doing; not railroad days, when a journey from one end of England to the other could be performed in twenty-four hours, or a letter be carried as far and as quickly for a penny. They were very quiet days compared with these in which we live. People in Jonas' station of life rarely went out of their own neighbour-



hood. A visit once a-year to the county fair in autumn was probably the greatest piece of excitement in Jonas Northwent's life, as well as the longest trip he ever took.

He had married late in life, and within five years became the father of three sons, Benjamin, Mark, and William. Then just as these boys had grown to a troublesome age, a little girl was born, and the mother died. The child, thanks to a kind neighbour who nursed it with her own little one, struggled through its motherless infancy, and at three years old was brought home to the tender mercies of father and brothers. With that extra charge they still muddled through without a woman's help in their daily household doings. But selling milk was less profitable than making butter, and buying new clothes was more wasteful than mending old ones; and when Ben, the eldest and gentlest hand among them, 'listed for a soldier, and little Mary fell sick from very negligence, things began to look pitiful enough about the Heath Farm.

Ben's going was a sad blow to his poor old father. He 'prized Ben,' he said—as men do sometimes prize their eldest-born—'above Mark, and William, and little Mary, all put together.' He never blamed his son for going. 'Had he been a lad,' he said, 'with as much pluck as that lad, such a miserable home as theirs would have sent him away sooner even than Ben went.'

Yet it would have been well if Ben had thought a little longer, or had looked for some friend and adviser, before he took that important step; for each year that Mary grew older, things mended in the household, while Jonas, from the time of Ben's departure, was a broken-down, perhaps a broken-hearted, old man.

Mark, the second son, went his own way. He was very unlike the others, stout, sturdy, short in stature, with a square-shaped face, light grey eyes, and curly hair of rather a yellow shade. Ben and Will, on the contrary, were slight, tall, and dark; while the difference in character was quite as strong as in appearance. Mark's early life was a series of scrapes. He lived in them; to be out of everybody's black books was quite an event. But where he got into trouble once on his own account, it was a dozen times for others. He would fight, or argue to any length, to see a comrade righted; and sometimes—for Mark's principles were not the result of good teaching or high example—sometimes Mark would shield a friend more heartily than was either wise or right.

If there was one thing that Mark loved better than another it was a gun. Permission to shoot rabbits, need to shoot sparrows, gave Mark the greatest pleasure in life. If he ever indulged his friends with an idea of his wishes for the future, it seldom went further than to be Squire Holland's head keeper some day, and have a right to carry a gun over his shoulder all day long. Unfortunately, however, the head keeper entertained no very favourable opinion of young Mark at this time. He knew first, that Mark kept company with certain troublesome poaching characters; and, secondly, that Mark had a passion for sport.

Will became his father's right-hand man in Ben's

place. He milked the cows, fed the pigs, sheared the sheep, or took them to market, did odd jobs of woman's work about the house, and waited on little Mary; but they all did that, as if the tiny maiden were a queen in that old lonely farm.

Mary, after struggling through a sickly childhood, grew up into as comely a young woman as the parish had boasted for many a day. Whenever she was well enough she used to go to school a mile over the heath; and on Sundays she and Will went off together to the distant church, Jonas went with them when he was up to the walk. But Mark never made one of the Sunday party. He started at his own time, chose his own companions, and if he went to church at all, sat where it pleased him best. All the schooling Mark ever had was before he was ten years old, and that only the scant teaching of a dame school of that day. He could spell a chapter of the Bible through with Mary's help, and knew his Creed and Commandments pretty well. Besides this, he could add up the farming accounts for Mary, for he had a clear head for figures.

Mark was at this time about twenty, Will eighteen, and Mary nearly twelve. She was plaiting straw—the usual in-door work of the women of the county—one evening, and Mark was cleaning an old fire-lock, ready to go out on the morrow, when Jonas came in to supper.

'Mind, lad,' he said kindly, seeing Mark's occupation, 'don't offend the keeper, nor get a bad name from him. The squire is a good landlord to us, and the king's laws must be kept.'

'No fear, father; I've plenty to do without getting into Keeper Hunt's way; when he catches me on the wrong side of the park fences, he may hang me, and welcome.'

'You never know where such people as Mark goes with will lead you,' said Mary.

'They never lead you out of trouble, but often into it,' remarked Jonas. 'Mark, my lad, I'm not afraid you'll go wrong of your own head, but you are safer out of such company. I should not bear up if ever you brought shame or disgrace on us and on your little sister here.'

A wonderful long speech for Jonas. He was a man of few words at all times; but he loved his children dearly, and, like every true-hearted Englishman, he valued his good name. Mark fell far short of the usefulness that his father at sixty-five might naturally look for in a son of twenty,—fell short in many ways; partly, from the want of a higher sense of duty, partly from the over-indulgent bringing up of the whole family, and partly from a mis-called spirit of independence. Such a lad as Mark Northwent in these days of curs, with all the advantages of a good parish school, the vigorous teaching of the church, and the general improvement in the circumstances of all classes, would have developed into a brave, honest, working Englishman. As it was, his general title of a 'queer chap' described him best; his championship and faithfulness to any he called his friends being the strong point in his character.

* * * * *

(To be continued.)



Street in Cairo.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA.

(Continued from p. 29.)

II.—CAIRO.



CAIRO, as it was formerly called, or, as we call it, Cairo in Egypt, long the chief Mahometan city of the East, is really an Arab city: its inhabitants, language, manners, customs, and nearly everything in it, are Arab. The only things that remind one of old Egypt are the Pyramids, the Sphinx, and the Nile.

Our picture represents a street in Cairo. The streets of all these Eastern cities are very much alike: they are narrow to keep them cool; where they are made wider, now a-days, mats are stretched from house to house to check the glare. They are sadly dirty, yet they are crowded with people all day long. The shops are mere stalls, open in the front; the chief articles sold being such things as clothes, shoes, pipes, prayer-carpet, and dry goods in general. The owner sits cross-legged in the midst of his stuffs, smoking his pipe, and never asking any one to buy. Food is cried up and down the streets, and water is carried about for sale, too, in goat-skins upon men's shoulders.

A bazaar in Cairo is a lively place, when thronged with its buyers and sellers. Men of all ranks wearing turbans or fezzes, red cloth skull-caps with a blue tassel at the top, or flowing robes of silk, or of coarse blue cloth, according to their condition, —slaves, both black and white, —middle-class women with veiled faces, and poorer women without any veils, —grape-sellers bending under the weight of their fruit, —water carriers, —Jews, Copts, Greeks, —all these mingle together, and jostle each other as they pass by, or shuffle along in loose red or yellow slippers.

Several times a-day the buzz of the market is suddenly hushed by a clear voice, which sounds as if it came out of the air. It is the muezzin upon the tower of the mosque, who cries out, 'Lá iláha illalláh: Mohammedur Rasoolallah.' (There is no God but God, and Mahomet is His prophet.) At these words all turn their faces (some falling down) towards Mecca, and utter a prayer. A marriage or funeral procession often passes along, and there is another lull in business. In the case of its being a marriage, there are two processions; one of the bride to the bath, and the other, next day, of the bride to her husband's house. The first is a grand display, but it is eclipsed by the second. Foremost, on these occasions, come a party of musicians, beating drums and tambours, followed by men bearing rose-water and incense, which they freely scatter about. After



An Eastern Lady in the Harem.

these appear a party of females, friends of the bride, the married ones walking first, dressed in black habaras, or cloaks, which cover the head and back, and show part of the white veil in front, which hangs from the eyes down to the feet; and, next, the younger friends—generally girls—dressed similarly, only with white habaras instead of black. Then come four men bearing a canopy of striped silk, under which walk the bride and two of her nearest relations,—the poor little bride being muffled up like a mummy, and hardly able to breathe or move from the encumbrance of her wrappers. On her head (but *outside* a shawl, which covers all her head and face) she wears a pasteboard crown of gilt, from which hang jewels, &c., over the place where her forehead ought to be. Behind her come a second party of drummers, which close the procession. In hot weather, a woman walks backwards before the bride, fanning her with ostrich-feathers. A bridal procession in Cairo always makes a long circuit through the city to show it off, although it may have to go but a very little distance.

At the husband's house, who waits at home to receive his tired bride, great festivities take place,—repeated, in cases of rich people, for many days, with fireworks and illuminations at night.

The bride is received into what is called a harem,

where, with the other wives of her husband (for the husband in Egypt is allowed several wives), she leads a splendid, but idle life. What elegancies a rich lady in Cairo can command, may be seen in the picture. But, elegant and luxurious as is her life, she is only like a bird in a gilded cage, that 'can't get out.'

(To be continued.)

TWO DEAR CHOIR-BOYS.

IN a Suffolk village called Yaxley, lived two boys, Alfred Murton and James Blomfield. Alfred, whom his playfellows called Freddy, was about eleven years old; and he died first. He was not tall for his age and had black hair and dark brown eyes. His father and mother were not rich, and as soon as Alfred could earn any wages he had to go into the fields to keep birds from eating the seed-corn, and sometimes, too, to watch a flock of sheep. But the long, long days of spring were a heavy trial to poor Alfred; for he had to be in the fields *before* the earliest bird and watch till the birds were gone to bed again. To while away the time, he would sing the hymns which he had learned at school or in the choir; and the sweet warbling of the birds, as they sat in the hedge-rows, chimed in

between the verses that he sung. But after a time his health suffered from the long hours of watching and from the cold wind and rain; and at last he could not go into the fields any more; rheumatism set fast his little limbs, and soon a cough came, till at length God released him of his pain and he slept to wake no more.

Poor Alfred! he was thoughtful of others, and once seeing his mother weeping he begged her not to cry, for God would take care of him. In all his pain he was wonderfully patient: he would sometimes cry out in his sufferings, but he had grace given him humbly, and like a little child to bear what his Heavenly Father laid upon him. He had some little brothers, and when he was so very ill, he called them to him, and said, when they were by themselves, 'Pray for me to God;' and two of his brothers knelt down and prayed beside him. The words were very softly said; but they reached the ear of Him Who loved little ones, and Who said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.'

And now I must tell you about my other choir-boy. Little James was younger than Alfred, being only nine years old. Like Alfred, he had dark hair, a fair, rosy face, and large bright eyes, with which he would look straight at you as if to take in everything he could see or you could say.

He was admitted into the choir, and was always glad to come to the practices and be allowed to sing before God in God's own house of prayer.

A few months ago, James's father (a carter) took him with his elder brother Henry to help him in his work. There were two carts and horses in the business, and a donkey and cart. On Friday, the 15th September, they all met together as usual, for the noon-day meal; after which, Henry and his mother were to go one way with the donkey, James (the younger brother) and his father another way, each with horse and cart.

James was standing in the little garden before the house, happy, bright, and cheerful, when his mother saw him, and kissed him and said good-bye!

Ah! poor mother, little do you think how in days to come you will treasure the sweetness of that kiss; and little do you dream of the bitter cup that will be yours to-night, when again you return home!

A few hours later James and his father were seen going through the village towards a neighbouring town, whither they were carrying coal; and some one heard the boy singing with his cheerful voice. 'There he is again! that boy is always singing his hymns!' So indeed he was, and his mother had often heard him by night singing himself and his brother and sister asleep.

And now the two had gone about a mile through the village, the father first with his cart, James behind with the second. His father had turned and seen him safely seated, when suddenly he heard a shriek, and looking back he saw the poor boy fallen from his seat, and bleeding on the hard road. But one deep sigh and his happy spirit fled!

And so, with scarcely the interval of a month, we lost our second choir-boy. And we must now briefly tell you how he was buried.

His poor mother begged that some of the choir-

boys might carry him to church; and this was so. For they lovingly wished it themselves not indeed without fear; for it was the first time that some of them had ever come so near to death. You could not see the sad procession over the churchyard wall; the coffin was very small, and the bearers, too, were young. But when they turned the corner, then you saw four of the choir carrying one of the choir to his last resting-place on earth. Slowly they bare him, and very gently till we entered church, which was then full. All the children and many parents were there; and soon the choir got quickly in their places, and we sung the 39th Psalm; and never did we feel those words so true, 'Behold thou hast made my days as it were a span long, and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee!' for there lay poor James before us.

Then followed the lesson which gives us such comfort as we think of dear ones who have fallen asleep in Jesus: and after that we went out to the grave; and oh, how exactly the service seemed to suit the occasion—for to her sorrow his poor mother had found that 'Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live,' and we all saw that he 'cometh up and is cut down like a flower.' And when those holy words were finished, and before the coffin was lowered down, children that had brought flowers, and had known and loved him, pressed forward one by one and gently laid them in small bright posies upon him, as tokens of affection, and emblems of our 'brief life' here. Their hearts were very full, but after the Lord's Prayer they sung the hymn,—

'Brief life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is *there*.'

And then before 'the grace' was said, one other hymn was sung, more joyful and full of faith in the resurrection; teaching us that when Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall the lambs of His flock appear with Him in glory.

'Jesus lives! for us He died!
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving. Alleluia.'

The sun was brightly shining in the autumn evening; no breeze stirred the foliage around us; no idle sounds were heard in the village. But there was sadness and there were tears; for though Christians rejoice, human hearts must weep when those they love are called away.

MAKE YOUR MARK.

IN the quarries should you toil,
Make your mark:
Do you delve upon the soil,
Make your mark:
In whatever path you go,
In whatever place you stand,
Moving quick or moving slow,
With a firm and honest hand
Make your mark.

What though born a peasant's son,
 Make your mark :
 Good by poor men can be done,
 Make your mark :
 Peasants' garbs may warm the cold,
 Peasants' words may calm a fear :
 Better far than hoarding gold
 Is the drying of a tear :
 Make your mark.

Life is fleeting as a shade,
 Make your mark :
 Marks of some kind *must* be made,
 Make your mark :
 Make it while the arm is strong,
 In the golden hours of youth :
 Never, never make it wrong ;
 Make it with the stamp of truth :
 Make your mark.

FAITHFUL TO THE GRAVE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE GERMAN WAR
 OF 1866.



AMONG the officers who fell in the battle of Langensalza, was one who owned a fine Scotch terrier, which accompanied his master everywhere, and so now had followed him into the battle. Here, unhappily, the officer met with an early death. Notwithstanding this, the faithful animal did not forsake him even then, but remained at his side, moaning piteously when he saw the gaping wound and the flowing blood, and heard the last gasping of his dying master. He ran round and round him,—barked, howled,—went away a few yards, to see if his master would get up and follow him, and then always returned sadly back again. He licked the wound, smelt at and rubbed his nose against the dying man on every side, and when he died the faithful animal lifted up his head, as if instinct had told him the bitter truth, and looking up to the blue sky howled in loud and piteous tones, as if he was begging for help from thence, or wished to carry his complaint thither. At last, after hours of lamenting, he lay down by the side of his dead master, his eyes and his head turned towards him, and continued every now and then to moan gently. In this position he was found by the gravediggers who were sent out from the town to take up the corpses, and inter them in trenches dug for the purpose. When they approached the body of the officer, his faithful guardian rushed furiously upon them, and would not allow them to touch it. Nothing could be done but with spade and shovel to make an attack upon the angry animal, and to seize him by laying hold of him on both sides ; and in this way the poor dog was made prisoner, and was placed in a sack, so that the men might be secure from his bite.

A visitor to the field of battle saw the capture of the dog, and heard the story of his fidelity. 'Good

people,' said he to the grave-diggers, 'give me the dog ; I will pay you for him ! They readily consented, and when they brought the dog to his new master in the evening he took him home with him. But, alas ! the next morning the animal had vanished. The reader will guess whither he had fled, he had gone back to the place where his beloved master fell. Poor dog ! your master is no longer there. They have laid him to rest with eight of his brave comrades beneath the green sod. You will seek him in vain,—you will never see him again !

How diligently and perseveringly did the faithful animal search and smell at every blade of grass ! It was all in vain, his good master could nowhere be found.

The unhappy dog was seen wandering restlessly about the spot where his master fell for several days ; he even made his way into the wards of the hospitals, and gazed up wistfully at the wounded men there with a sagacity almost human, examining them with the sharp organ of scent. But, at last, his instinct seemed to have taught him the sad truth. He returned mournfully back to the meadow to the spot where his master had fallen, and moaned as piteously, if not as violently, as at the first.

In this manner the poor dog had for a whole week mourned for his dead master. The hospital attendants and other compassionate persons offered him food, and tried to entice him away from the field ; but he only would take very little, and always ran back again, searching and looking about everywhere like a child for its lost mother.

One morning he had disappeared. Whither no one knew. Several days passed away ; people amid more important things, such as the care of the wounded men, had forgotten about the dog ; then a stranger appeared at the bath-house, and inquired for the grave of his only son, who had fallen in battle in this neighbourhood. He could not get the information he wished.

'Well,' said the stranger, mournfully, to the men who accompanied him, 'if I cannot discover the grave of my beloved son, there is one who will lead me to the spot which drank in his blood, and where he breathed out his young life—this dog in my arms.' With these words he put our friend the faithful terrier on the ground. 'Go on, my good dog,' he said to him,—'go forward, and lead me to the place so sacred to a father's heart. You have come all this long way to me in my distant home, and have now performed the journey a second time. Go on, good dog, I will follow.'

Then the faithful animal, now grown weak and emaciated, looked up at the old gentleman, wagged his tail, jumped up at him, licked his hand, and then went slowly forwards. In deep grief, the old gentleman and a few sympathising persons followed. At last the animal stopped, and began to moan gently. He had come to the spot where his young master had died. The deeply-afflicted father knelt down, touched the earth with his forehead and lips, kissed the ground which had received his son's blood, and prayed for a long time. He then arose, and went hastily from the



The Faithful Dog.

spot without looking round him. In a most painful state of self-forgetfulness he arrived at the gates of the town, and then he perceived that he was quite alone,—the faithful dog had remained behind. He reproached himself bitterly for his selfishness.

The messenger he sent after him found the dog at the same spot in the meadow, but dead. It might almost be said that he had died of a broken heart, having pined away at the loss of his beloved master.

J. F. C.

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Chatterbox.



A TERRIBLE NIGHT ON THE HALLIGEN.

HALLIGEN is the name given to a group of small islands on the west coast of Schleswig, which rise very little above the level of the sea. At high tides, or in stormy weather, they are completely under water, so that only the earth-hills, on which the houses of the inhabitants are built, stand above the waves. If at high tide the waves are driven by violent storms, the danger then commences for even these higher dwellings. And naturally it is still more formidable when the furious waves make playthings of large blocks of ice, which, with a noise like thunder, they hurl against the crashing houses.

Many years ago, in the month of January, a terrible night occurred to the unfortunate inhabitants of the Halligen. For several successive days a violent north-westerly storm had been blowing; the raging sea already passed over the islands, and only with great risk of life was it possible to sail from one house to another. A thick darkness lay over the surging waste of waters, which was only now and then illuminated by a flash of lightning, which tore asunder the thick cloud masses, while its forked tongue darted down from the sky into the angry waters. The howling of the wind seemed to vie with the roar of the thunder, and to both was added the raging of the waves, which seemed as if they were determined to swallow up the unhappy islands. About ten o'clock the waves, which were casting great blocks of ice against the unprotected islands, overflowed the earth-hill, which was about twenty feet high; and the wretched inhabitants had to take refuge in the upper stories, or on the roofs of their dwellings. And fortunate indeed were those, whose houses did not give way before the mighty waves of the sea and the floating ice. The first shock broke down the strongest piles upon which many of the dwellings were built, so that the whole building fell in at once, burying man and beast in a watery grave.

At the first rising of the storm (as the parish clerk of Keitum, a village in the island of Sylt, relates), the neighbours had fled to one of my friends, and had, while the storm every moment increased, prayed together and read the Bible. The father had taken the eldest child in his arms, the mother pressed the two youngest to her breast, and another neighbour undertook to measure the rise of the waters. At three A.M. they would attain their greatest height; on ordinary occasions they rose nine feet, this time they might easily reach eighteen. If they stopped there safety was possible (for the house was twenty feet high with the roof), provided no block of ice dashed against the house, and that the waves did not loosen the strong piles deeply driven into the earth, they might escape.

The first soundings gave them reason to hope that the danger would pass by them, for, in spite of the hurricane, the sea rose very slowly. But a fearful thunder-storm was passing with the gale over the sea, and by the gleam of the forked lightning the unfortunate sufferers beheld an awful sight. They saw dismasted ships being dashed against

towering masses of ice; and houses whole or in pieces—men and cattle—were being cast about hither and thither in the floods, and driven helplessly by the house of my friend.

With this thunder-storm the tide rose with incredible rapidity. The water now poured into the house; the furniture began to float about; the storm broke the windows, and drove the rain inside. Through the thin partition wall which separated the stable from the dwelling-room they could plainly hear the groaning of the cows; and when a huge wave tore away a portion of the wall, they perceived the bow of a large boat stuck in the stable-wall.

As the water had now risen so high that the unhappy people were in danger of being jammed against the ceiling, and, perhaps, drowned in the room, they forsook the tables and benches on which they had hitherto floated, and fled up a ladder into the hay-loft; but the sea soon robbed them of this last refuge. Like a hungry monster it rose every minute, and followed the fugitives till they were quite under the roof. No longer finding a dry spot for himself and his family, the wretched father, who still perfectly preserved his presence of mind, made a hole in the thatch of the roof. He first swung himself up on the roof, where, passing one hand round the staff of the weathercock, he took up his dangerous position. 'Now for the children,' he cried out as loud as he could; and, even if the storm drowned his voice, the mother's heart understood his words, and in trembling haste she reached the two eldest children up to him, and then, with the youngest in her arms, she followed her darlings, and soon the whole family sat, trembling with cold and horror, firmly clinging to each other, the father with his back to the storm, with one arm round his wife, and with the other holding fast to the staff of the weathercock.

When, on the morning of the 4th of January, the sun shone down upon the work of that fearful night, the tide had ebbed, and my friend, with his whole family, were saved. The fishermen of Föhr, who on this occasion won the admiration of every one, found the wretched family on the thatch of their roof; and though their limbs were so stiff that it was feared the children would die from the exposure, yet, by God's mercy, they all recovered.

J. F. C.

READERS.

READERS may be divided into four classes. The first may be compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand; it runs in and runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class resembles a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class is like a jelly bag, which allows everything that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slave in the diamond mines of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserves only the pure gems.—*Coleridge.*

A MAN WHO MAKES NOT FLESH HIS ARM.

From the German.

LAST winter, when on a journey through Holland, I went to stay a few days with a manufacturer, who, after showing me all that was interesting in his neighbourhood, conducted me through his factory. I saw there many things new and strange to me. I saw how the raw cotton passed through spinning-wheels, machinery, and hundreds of human hands, till it was ready to be brought into the store-house and exported to various lands.

In this building are employed from three hundred to four hundred men, women, and children. Although factory people in that country do not bear a good character, yet these were on the whole sober and well behaved, for my friend the manufacturer is a kind master, and does all he can to make his work-people healthy and comfortable: and, moreover, he strictly maintains a wholesome Christian discipline. He goes in and out among them as a father with his children.

In one of the rooms the manufacturer drew my attention to a man who walked up and down between the rows of workpeople. I entered into conversation with him, which was no easy matter in the whirling din of the wheels and machinery. The man gazed at me out of his deep, serious eyes, in a very friendly manner, and we had a very pleasant talk, in which I found that he was both a clever and a religious man. When our conversation was ended he said, 'God grant that when we have our glorified bodies in the Jerusalem which is above, we may in that eternal kingdom of blessedness grasp each other's hands, for here in this world I cannot give you my hand;' and then, as we took leave of each other, he looked at me again firmly and cheerfully with his solemn eyes, and began again to walk up and down between the ranks of workpeople.

These last words seemed to me very strange till the manufacturer explained the puzzle; he said, 'The man was right, for his earthly body has neither hands nor arms: what you thought were such are only stuffed coat-sleeves.'

I had certainly remarked that the man always kept his hands in his pockets; now it was clear to me why it was, and a shudder passed through me.

The manufacturer then told me about him. He said:—'That is a remarkable man, with a strong mind and the courage of a hero, and both proceed from the fear of the Lord. One would not find his equal among thousands. His wife, too, is as good as himself. Seven years ago, as he was arranging yarn among the wheels, through some accident the tips of the fingers of both hands were caught in the wheel; the hands followed; then the arms were drawn in up to the elbows; flesh and bone were crushed and mangled before the machinery could be stopped.

'When it was stopped, the man sprung up. A wonder, indeed, it was that he could do so. All the people who were working at the machines

stood transfixed with terror. In the whirl and excitement of the moment, the bleeding man did not know the extent of his accident. He ran to the door which led to a stream of water, and wished to open it. As it could neither be done with the left hand nor the right, he said, "Oh, gracious God, why hast Thou not left me one?" He used his foot, opened the door, hastened to the water, and plunged his arm-stumps into the cooling stream. His terrified comrades at last hastened to the spot with a shutter, on which to carry him home. But he refused, saying, "I still have legs." Then he walked with a firm step to his home, and talked to his companions on the way of how much worse the accident might have been.

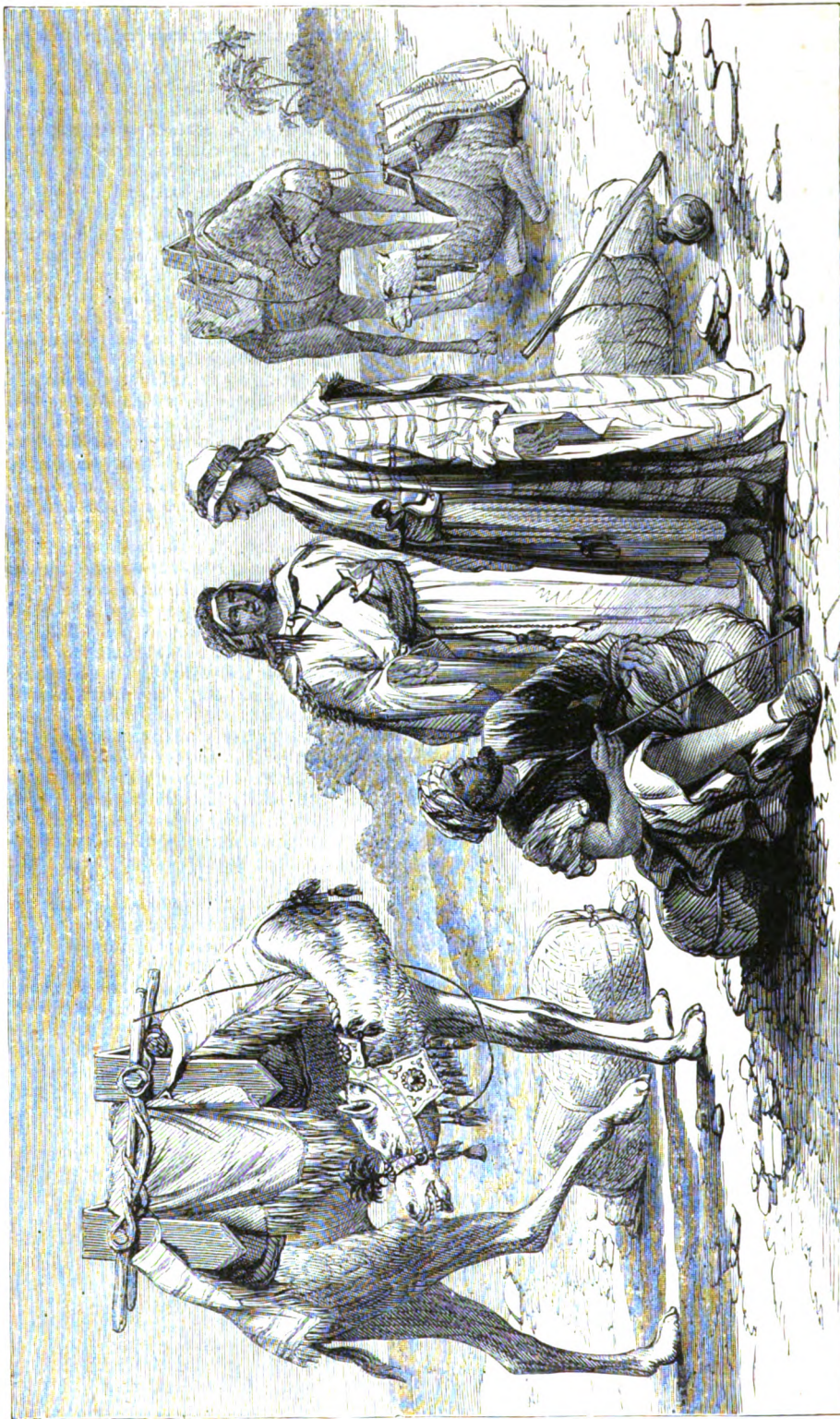
'One of them, concluding from his words that he did not perceive the danger in which his life was now placed, said to him, "Christian, do you not know that perhaps in a few hours you may have to stand face to face with God?" he quickly answered, "I know it, and am ready through the grace of the Lord, who is my only comfort in life and in death."

'They put him to bed. The surgeon came. It was needful that the arm should be amputated. Christian gazed firmly on the terrible work upon his own flesh and bones: not a cry of pain escaped him; he neither moved nor shuddered. At last the doctor finished his work with the saw and knife. At this the poor fellow rejoiced; he looked pale and exhausted. An hour after, his wife and seven children entered the room. When he saw them whom he had honestly maintained by the labour of his hands, he felt the terrible pain in his arm-stumps, and he no longer could refrain his sobs. But his wife said, "No, Christian, if you have so little trust in the good God I shall go away again." The pious courage of his wife revived him. Since then he has never been weak again.'

The good manufacturer thought to alleviate the hard fate of his faithful workman by artificial arms, but this did not succeed, because the stumps which remained were too short to fix these arms on. But since the happy healing of his wounds he has been overseer in the large room where I saw him, and he walks up and down with his arm-sleeves in his pockets among the ranks of workpeople. Summer is the hardest time for him. Then the perspiration runs down his face and he cannot wipe it off, and the gnats sting his face and he cannot remove them. In eating and drinking, washing and dressing, he is, too, helpless as a new-born child. Then he really feels the loss of his hands. But he bears all with great patience, and makes not flesh his arm. The people in the factory do all they can to please him, and they cheerfully obey his directions in their work. His wife and seven children have food more abundant than before. The pious manufacturer honours him as a trustworthy and faithful overseer.

So this good Christian is awaiting his glorified body, and then in the Jerusalem which is above he will joyfully, as he told me, reach forth heavenly hands to welcome me. How blessed that will be!

J. F. C.



Bedouin Arabs.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA.

(Concluded from page 37.)

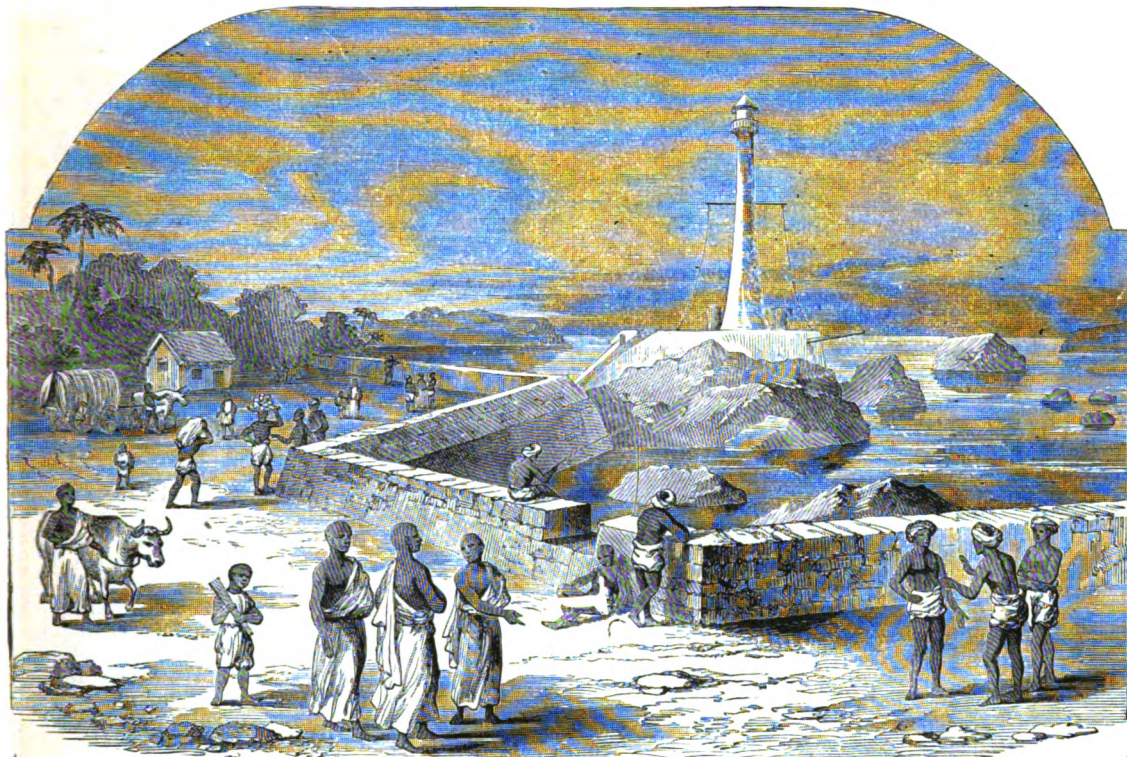
III. FROM EGYPT TO INDIA.

THE passengers to India having seen some of the sights of Cairo, now cross the Desert in the slow,

uncomfortable railway train, which comes close to the city walls; and the journey to Suez is about 85 miles.

This desert is a vast level of yellow sand, burning to the feet, and dazzling to the eye.

The line of road followed by caravans is marked by the skeletons of camels, who have died from time to time and been eaten by vultures. In the distance the view is perhaps now and then broken by a moving procession of camels,



Galle Harbour and Lighthouse.

conveying a caravan on its way to or from Mecca, or by a party of wild Bedouin Arabs, descendants of Ishmael (Gen. xvi. 12), on the search for plunder. These Bedouins, though an untameable race, never molest English travellers in the Pasha of Egypt's dominions. In their tents the visitor, whoever he is, is safe; and if he should have eaten his host's salt, is protected by him afterwards; but if no salt be eaten, the security of the guest comes to an end with his visit, and as soon as he is clear of the encampment he is likely to be followed and robbed. Our picture will give a good idea of the dress and appearance of these Bedouin Arabs.

It is said that there is only one single tree in the whole desert. It is a solitary acacia tree, which though not a large one, is seen from great distances. It is commonly called the 'Rag Tree of the Desert,' from the circumstance of each pilgrim from Mecca tearing off a strip of his dress and hanging it on the branches as a memento of themselves and the prayers they have offered. In Syria there are many sacred trees which are thickly covered with these strips of rags of all colours, tied to every twig within reach.

Suez is at last reached, and in a few hours the passengers are on board the steamer once more. All being ready, the paddles begin to work, a foam disturbs the stillness of the water, and the vessel is on her way to India.

Few passengers quit Suez without a thought that it was probably near the same spot that the Children of Israel, under Moses, passed upon dry land,

through the Red Sea, when the waters were 'a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left' (see Exodus, xiv. 21-31).

The coast of Arabia, wild, rocky, uncultivated, and dangerous to land on, is skirted in a few days; Jedda, the port of Mecca, is passed, and Mocha, from which the Arabian coffee takes its name; then come the Straits of Babelmandeb, and then the open sea once more. The various Arab boats, with their strangely cut sails, and still more strange fishermen bowing down towards Mecca, are always noticed by the passengers as they sail along.

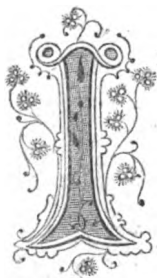
The town of Aden, now in possession of the English, is soon reached. It lies close to the water's edge—a white spot set in a circle of lofty naked mountains. Here the steamer puts in for coal, and here the passengers land for a short time.

The steamer is now fairly in the Indian Sea, and it is only a short run over to Bombay, which lies directly eastward. The course taken by the vessel, however, is to Ceylon, the great island just to the south of India, where, at a place called Galle, she sets down many of her passengers, and then goes on to Madras and Calcutta.

We give a view of Galle harbour and lighthouse. The people of Ceylon are totally different from any we have come across in our journey. They are mostly Buddhists, and speak a language called Singhalese. In the picture are seen three Buddhist priests, with a boy behind them carrying a fan.

B. W.

MARK NORTHWENT.

(Continued from page 35.)

In the autumn of the year 1829, three gentlemen sat on the bench in petty sessions at Harthill. I was articled to the magistrate's clerk, and had frequent opportunities of noting what went on in the court of that little town.

On this occasion there was but one case before their worships—a perplexing matter of poaching.

Squire Holland's keepers had often been baffled, and threatened too, by men whose faces and characters were familiar enough at that bar; but the case to-day was a different affair altogether. Little Mary Northwent found a large quantity of game laid in a heap behind their brewhouse door one morning, when she came down as usual to light the fire and get ready the breakfast. The door was closed, not locked nor barred; and she was the first up in the house. As soon as Mark and William came down she fetched them to see where it lay. There were four brace of partridges, one pheasant, and two hares. The hares had been wired, and were still warm. Mark went out without saying a word. Will fetched his father; and Old Jonas, excessively indignant, and a little alarmed also, at what he thought was a scheme to get him into trouble, very properly sent at once for the Beddington constable. The magistrates would almost as soon have believed Squire Holland himself mixed up in a poaching business as honest old Jonas. The whole parish was equally ready to answer for William. But Mark ('give a dog a bad name,' I thought)—Mark stood there with nothing ever proved against him, only the keepers knew that he was often enough in suspicious company; and that if one of Mark's comrades had stood in his shoes, and Mark could have cleared him, he would have been there to do so. None was with him save his neat young wife; for at two-and-twenty Mark had thought proper to bring home a respectable young woman, who did more for the comfort of the whole family in a month than all Will's and Mary's best efforts of a dozen years.

Just as this change for the better had begun to be enjoyed by all, it was cruelly broken in upon by the events of this day. Mark was accused of poaching; and Mark was a prisoner.

The magistrates sat the whole afternoon patiently investigating the case. At length the chairman said, 'We have had a good deal of trouble in this district lately, and strong measures must put it down. Let us hear what you have to say in your own defence, Mark Northwent.'

'Gentlemen,' Mark made the effort at last—'Your worships, I am quite innocent of all this. I can't say how that game came into my father's brewhouse, for I don't know no more than you do.'

'How do you account for the evening before? Where were you?'

'I had been to Harthill in the afternoon on business for my father, and came home by the short

bridle-cut through Squire Holland's lower copses. It was a gusty night. I heard no guns in any of the plantations.'

'What time was it?'

'I can't say, sir, but latish on, towards ten o'clock, I should think, or perhaps not quite so late. It wasn't ten o'clock, I know.'

'Towards ten o'clock. And why did you come home that way?'

'It's two miles shorter than the road, you know, sir; and that's worth saving when it's late. I knew Susan would sit up for me, and I was in a hurry; she can say whether I was out all that night, after I once got home.'

'Did you meet any one on the road between the copses and the farm?'

Here Mark hesitated, and the question was repeated.

'Gentlemen, your worships, I would rather not answer that question.'

'Clear yourself, Northwent, clear yourself,' said Squire Holland, rather impatiently. 'Don't you see that you stand in a very awkward position?'

Mark felt, perhaps for the first time, that things looked bad for him. He twisted the buttons on his velvet jacket, wavered in his mind a moment or more, and then looked up at each of the magistrates, and said respectfully, 'Gentlemen, if you won't believe me when I say I've nought to do with it, why should you want me to accuse some one else?'

The magistrates allowed Mark's wife to say what she could in his favour. She declared that he came home perfectly sober about half-past nine; that he entered by the brewhouse door which was left on the latch for him, and she thought he bolted and barred it up as he came in. He had a bit of bread and cheese, and then went to bed. She was quite sure they were all in bed by half-past ten.

Still the vexed question was not solved. Mark was the last in the place where the game was found, and of course if stolen property is found on a man's person, and he refuses to account for it, he convicts himself. Mark's sense of honour was too fine for his safety. The bench felt themselves bound to commit him, and as no one could give sufficient bail, he was led away to prison, there to spend the dreary weeks until the assizes were held.

It was not the sorrow of the poor old father, nor the misery of the bride and sister that touched me, so much as the behaviour of Mark himself. I obtained leave to see him while in gaol, and found him as cheerful as could be, certain that '*they*' would come forward when he should be brought up for trial. I went mainly to tell him that I had a brother a barrister, and if he could not afford counsel for himself, I would ask my brother to defend him. 'I'm much obliged to you, sir,' exclaimed Mark; 'but it's the guilty that wants the lawyers to tell lies and to clear them; why should I? I'm innocent.'

I believed him, and told him so; but I added, 'Ah, Mark! this is straining it too fine. Think of your wife, and your father. You ought to think of them sooner than of a whole parish of rascally poachers; oughtn't you, now? Just consider.'

'I never saw them do it, sir, and I can't swear on

a doubt. Whoever put it there trusted me. What's the punishment for such a thing as this ?'

'Fourteen years, I fear. Think of that in the prime of your days.'

Mark looked as if he had thought of it, but fully relied on the real poacher giving himself up at, or before, the assizes. I asked him if it was a matter of personal spite to himself that the game should be deposited there ?

'No, sir ; I take it that they got disturbed, or perhaps the daylight came on too quick for them, and passing through our place they found that door, for all I know, wide open, for if I forgot to lock it, like enough I forgot to shut it at all, and so they shied it in to take its chance. I never stole a head of game in my life, sir.'

It was time for me to go : Mark grasped my hand : 'Sir,' he said, 'if I live to clear myself of this, I'll not forget your kindness in coming to me now. Would you be able to grant me another favour, and be in court the day I'm tried ?'

Other business took me there that day, but if it had not been so, I would have made a point of being there. All the neighbourhood of Beddington who could make excuse or interest to be present, crowded the Shire hall. Squire Holland had provided counsel himself for the prisoner ; but his reserve on the point that would have cleared him, made all help of the kind useless.

I saw Mark look earnestly on all the village faces. He and his wife, who was allowed to be in the dock with him, exchanged glances, and then I felt that Mark knew his fate.

The trial proceeded. Little Mary and the other witnesses were called in due form. The judge summed up the evidence: The jury returned their verdict, 'Guilty, my lord.' And Mark was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation beyond the seas.

If I might have added an immediate horsewhipping, I should have been contented, if that would have brought Mark to his senses and to a confession. I had hardly patience to go and speak to him when he sent for me on his return to his cell, so certain was I of his innocence, and so angry at his wilful refusal to acquit himself. Susan hung sobbing over him. 'Ask them to send me too !' she exclaimed to me ; 'they daren't part man and wife.'

'Cheer up, darling, you can't go with me, but you shall come as soon as I can send for you. Hide a bit with father and Mary. Susan is no scholar, sir,' Mark added, turning to me. 'I've learned to write pretty fairly this winter in the prison school, but Susan will be thankful to look to you to send a letter now and then, when it is convenient.' This I readily promised, and left them to their short farewell.

The general feeling outside the court was, that Mark Northwest was innocent, and that he had cruelly blighted the hopes of his family. Poor old Jonas never looked up again. 'Judge a man by his friends,' he used to murmur, 'and that's the judgment on my lad Mark.'

The kind old squire came to talk to him, and wrote to the governor of the island where Mark was sent, receiving in due time a highly creditable char-

acter of the young convict. The rector of Beddington offered Mary two years' training to fit her to be schoolmistress of the parish, and it was accepted. Everybody was most careful to show that the disgrace of the son had not lowered their respect for the family. There was a wonderful kindness, too, from all their neighbours at this time. Help in the heavier part of the farm-work that Will could not do alone was offered ; and when the convict's child, Susan's poor baby, was born, neither mother nor child knew the want of a single thing that friendly hands could bring them.

Phoebe Dunn, Mary's foster-mother, was the right hand on this occasion. She had taken Mary from her dying mother's breast, and laid her in her warm bosom beside her own baby, and won a place in Mary's love that no one else ever filled.

She was a widow now, with only one child left, a grown-up son ; not very dutiful nor loving to her, but as bad a character as any Mark had mixed with. And so it was natural, with such a trouble hanging over the Heath Farm, and so much to grieve her in her own cottage, and the bitter certainty that sooner or later her James must follow Mark, perhaps with a deeper stain, it was very natural that Phoebe Dunn should spend and be spent in the service of the Northwents.

Susan's baby survived only a few weeks. It lived to be christened Benjamin, and to have the news of its birth sent out to its father. Its mother's heart had been very sore in that first year of wedded life ; the babe was ailing from its birth, and Susan blessed the Fatherly hand that took it home. She knew not what that life, born under such a cloud, might have had to endure.

(To be continued.)

THE RAT-TRAP.

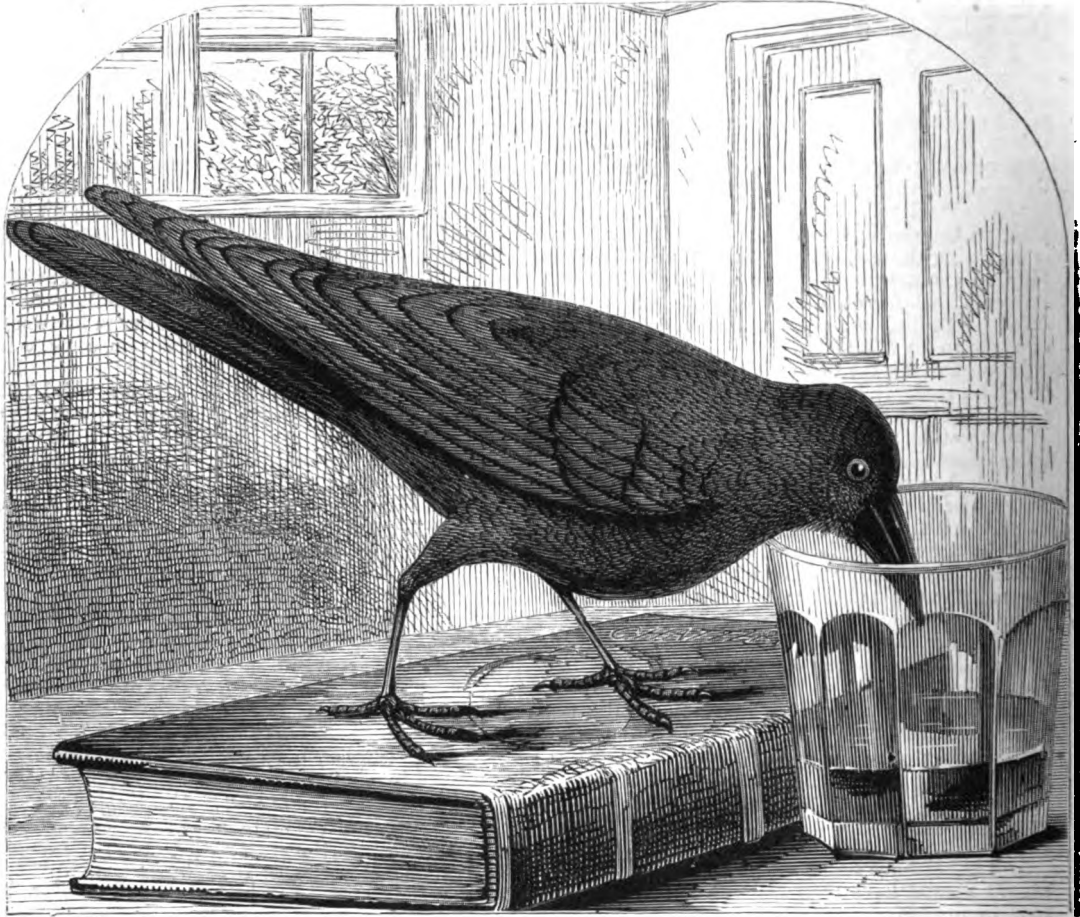
THE Rats once assembled in a large cellar, to devise some method of safely getting the bait from a steel trap which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relations snatched from them by its merciless teeth. After many long speeches, and the proposal of many plans, a clever Rat said—

'It's my opinion, that if with one paw we keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other.'

All the Rats present loudly squealed, by way of cheering, and slapped their tails in applause. The meeting adjourned, and the Rats retired to their homes ; but the deaths by the trap being by no means diminished, the Rats were forced to call another meeting. The elders had just assembled, and had commenced their deliberations, when all were startled by a faint voice, and a poor Rat, with only three legs, limping into the ring, stood up to speak. All were instantly silent, when, stretching out the remains of his leg, he said,—

'My friends, I have tried the method you proposed, and you see the result ! Now, let me suggest a plan to escape the trap,—Do not touch it.'

A useful counsel about many other dangerous things as well as rat-traps.



THE JACKDAW.

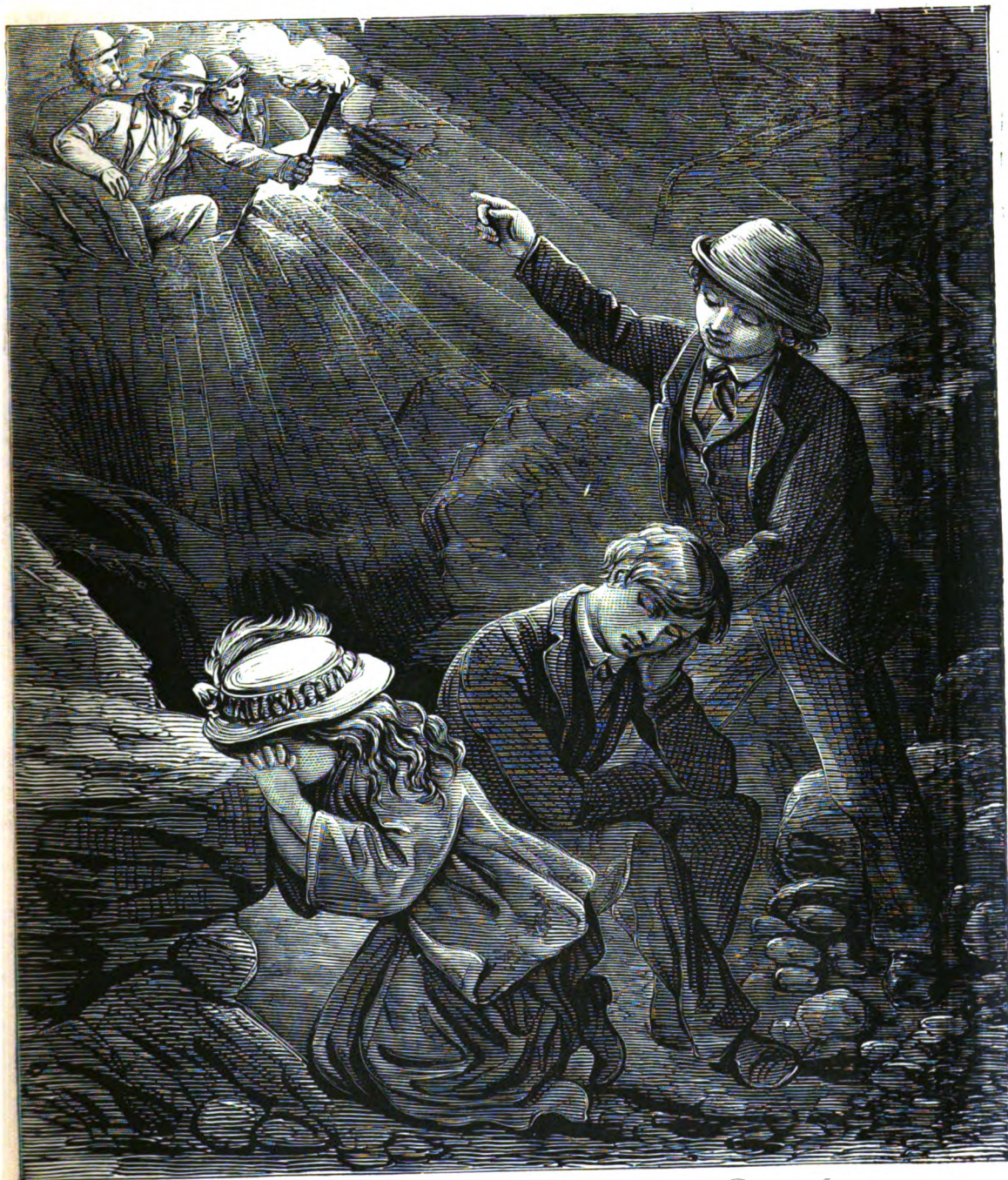
AT the village of Gilmerton, near Edinburgh, many years ago, I was at the house of a publican, who had a tame jackdaw. On one occasion, half-a-glass of whisky was left on the kitchen table, when Jackie flew up, and began to drink the spirits, which seemed to please his palate so much that he drank again. In a few minutes, signs of intoxication began to appear, first by the drooping of his wings and his eyes becoming half-closed; he then staggered in his walk, he moved towards the edge of the table, meaning, as it seemed, to fly down to the ground, but he had either lost the power of motion in his wings, or he was afraid to trust himself in the air in such a state as he was in at that time. He stood, seemingly meditating what he should do, all the time hanging like a drunken man about to lose his balance, till at last his eyes closed, and he fell on

his back with his legs in the air. I tried to put some water down his throat, but he could not swallow it. He was now rolled into a piece of flannel, and put into a box, and placed on the shelf, and we never expected to see him on his legs again.

Next morning, however, I opened the door, expecting to find Jackie dead, but he had got himself free from the flannel, and as soon as the door was opened he flew out, and made his way as quickly as possible to the back court, where there was a stone dish for the fowls to drink out of, from which he drank copiously, and this he repeated several times during the day, and he was nothing the worse for getting tipsy, but he would *never again taste the whisky*. Oh! that all men were as wise as this Jackdaw.

Part I. for January, is now ready price 3d. All the back Numbers may be had.

Chatterbox.



THE CAVE AT ABER- GLENNY.



COME along, Dolly, mount your donkey and let us be off; don't let us waste a minute of our two hours.' So spoke Tom Garnett, flinging pebbles all the time into the sea, the beautiful bold sea that breaks on the North Wales coast. Mr. Garnett, Tom's father, lived in Liverpool, but having business to transact in Aberglenny, he had, as he said, 'made a day of it,' by bringing his two children and a nephew with him in an excursion steamer, which in the summer-time frequently ran between Liverpool and Aberglenny. They arrived early in the morning, and now they had bathed, picked up pebbles on the beach, and eaten their picnic dinner before Mr. Garnett found it necessary to leave them to go and see after the business which had brought him. Then he summoned Tom, as the eldest of the party, committed his little sister Dolly and his cousin Arthur into his charge, and asked how they meant to amuse themselves during the two hours he should probably be absent!

Various proposals were started, but at last a walk round the sea cliff was agreed upon. Arthur and Tom, sturdy lads of twelve and thirteen, could well manage this, and Dolly was to follow them on a donkey to her great delight. 'Don't take the child into dangerous places, Tom,' said Mr. Garnett, adding to himself, 'They can't well do that with the donkey, however.' Tom felt rather proud at being left in command, and told little Dora to mount her donkey, which, with its attendant ragged girl, was already in waiting. The party set off on their long walk without further delay; Tom and Arthur having a slight dispute as to the right road, Arthur contesting for the shortest and steepest, Tom for the one best suited to the donkey. Of course Tom gained the day, he was the elder, and the one in charge of the expedition, but Arthur gave in rather grumbly. Every now and then the boys had to wait for the donkey, and then Arthur grumbled afresh (he was rather a discontented boy) and wished they had come by themselves, so that when at a grassy bit of road the poor donkey stumbled and fell, throwing Dolly softly to the ground, it was agreed by them all that the donkey and his ragged friend should be sent home. Dolly had had an hour's ride, and the little shaking occasioned by her fall had frightened her, so she voted for walking the rest of the way, saying that she was sure that she should not be tired. It was a lovely walk and a lovely spring afternoon, green slopes stretching above them, grey precipices and the blue sea beneath. Tom and Dolly had been at Aberglenny for a fortnight the summer before, so they were able to explain everything to Arthur, where the Isle of Man lay, out in the far distance, which was the Isle of Anglesey, and whereabouts Liverpool might be found. Then Tom talked about the natural curiosities of Aberglenny, rocks, quarries, and caves,

one close to where they stood, but reached by a dangerous footpath overhanging the sea.

Arthur proposed visiting it, and then called Tom cross and unkind because he said it was impossible, as they had Dolly with them. Tom very much objected to being called unkind, but he really did not know what to do, he had crossed Arthur's wishes before in the matter of the road to be taken, and now it seemed he ought to do so again. Arthur persisted in saying he must visit the cave; it didn't matter to Tom of course, who was often in these parts, but he might never have the chance again, he would go by himself if Tom would only show him a bit of the way. In his own heart of hearts Tom did wish Dolly safe at home then, and that he was free to visit the cave with his cousin; and perhaps the little girl guessed what the downcast expression on his face meant, for she immediately proposed sitting on the hillside and waiting for them if they liked to go to the cave. Arthur called her a good little girl, and seemed to think Tom had no excuse now, but Tom was still uneasy and gave many cautions to Dora about not going near the edge of the cliff. Then the two boys disappeared down a narrow footpath, and Dolly amused herself by making two blades of grass fight. Ten minutes passed, Dolly grew tired of her play and lifting up her head saw a red and black cow marching briskly towards her. The sight was one of terror to the little town-reared girl, she ran down the path where her brother had disappeared, over bare rocks, slippery with spray, she hurried faster and faster, thinking that she was pursued by a mad bull, and crying for Tom, Tom! The red cow looked astonished for a moment at the flying figure, and then set to work browsing on the bit of fresh grass it had come in search of. A tiny sheep-path had guided Dolly for some distance, but after a time all traces of it vanished, nothing but the sea below, and a blank rock in front seemed left to the poor child; she dare not turn back for fear of the terrible bull, as she counted it, so she crouched down where she stood to recover breath and think what next to do. Suddenly the earth seemed to roar beneath her—a long, loud roar. Dolly started to her feet again in an agony, expecting to find that the black and red cow had followed her, but nothing was to be seen. She called loudly for Tom! Arthur! and this time she did get a reply to her intense joy. But the puzzle was where the voice came from, as it was mingled with another long roar from below. Presently, however, Dolly heard Tom's voice very clearly, saying, 'Have done, Arthur, I want to listen. I think some one is calling us,' and then a voice, apparently from the sea, said 'Who's that?'

Dolly leant over the cliff, and though seeing nothing, she answered, 'It's me, Tom—Dolly. Oh, I'm so frightened.'

The cliff over which Dolly peeped presented a nearly straight, smooth face to the North Sea, which at high tide washed its base. Just beneath Dolly a narrow ledge stood out and close by, half hidden by a bush, was a hole some four feet wide—the mouth of the cave! And Tom was the e! The idea to poor frightened Dolly was so encouraging, that

grasping a shrub very tightly she let herself down over the face of the rock, so that when Tom reached the opening to see who might be calling him, a little pair of Balmoral boots and scarlet stockings met his astonished eyes.

To seize the child firmly and drag her into the mouth of the cave was Tom's first movement; but to comprehend the rest of this story it will be necessary to try to describe the shape and situation of this natural cavern in the rock. The mouth was about twenty feet from the strand below, but within there was only a shelf of about a foot wide to rest upon, unless you could manage to descend some ten feet, when a carpet of bright shingle was spread out over a surface as large as a good-sized drawing-room. The boys had managed to get down, and Arthur was now roaming about in the dusky end of the cave, every now and then giving utterance to those roars which repeated by an echo had so terrified poor little Dolly. He had got down by a rope-ladder left by a picnic party, and it was standing on the top of this that Tom had dragged Dolly into a sitting posture on the ledge, and was now asking her somewhat angrily why she had followed them. Dolly's story of the cow made Tom call her a silly gull, but she was too glad to be with her protectors to mind that much.

'I've lost my knife,' said Arthur; 'get out of the light, Tom, or I shall never find it.'

'I can't move,' said Tom, 'I am holding Dolly.'

'Then come down the ladder and bring her down too,' said Arthur, 'and help me find this knife; it has four blades and a corkscrew; I wouldn't lose it for something.'

'It is quite time we were moving,' said Tom, when he had got down, 'our two hours are just up; there is the knife, Arthur, near the sea-weed; quick! put it in your pocket and then hold the end of the ladder while Dolly goes up. I'll go first, as there is a nasty bit to be got over outside.'

Dolly was gazing round the cave thinking what a charming place it would be to play in with her dolls, but Tom's voice was rather stern, bidding her follow him directly, and do just as he told her, and she dared not linger. The truth was, Tom's conscience was telling him that little Dora was in a very dangerous place through his negligence in leaving her alone, and how to get her safely out of it puzzled him not a little. He climbed the ladder first, Dora following closely, Arthur with the ragged end of the ropes in his hand; whether it was that Arthur leant his whole weight on the crazy ladder too, or that Tom and Dolly alone overweighted it, no one ever knew, but before Tom could get hold of the ledge at the cave's mouth, the ropes had broken at the top, and Tom came down with a crash on the top of poor little Dolly, upsetting Arthur in his fall.

'I say, Tom, that was cleverly done—a regular spill, what are we to do next?' Then catching sight of Tom's dismal face, 'Are you hurt, Tom?' he asked, 'or what is it?'

'My shoulder is hurt,' said Tom, 'but it isn't that, Arthur; we can never get out of the cave now, and no one will guess where we are.'

The difficulty in getting out of the cave now the

ladder was broken had never suggested itself to the two younger ones, but the idea had flashed upon Tom immediately. The calamity was all of his own causing. In vain Arthur tried to scramble up the smooth walls of the cave, in vain he tried to splice the unravelled ropes afresh. Tom, whose shoulder became every moment more painful, advising and assisting as far as he could. At last, cut off from the world by their own recklessness, the poor boys sat down in despair. Dolly nestled up to Tom, seeing by his face he was in trouble, but not understanding the extent of it.

'Shall we call out?' she asked, timidly, 'perhaps some one will hear.'

'A good idea,' said Arthur, who immediately began shouting till he was hoarse.

All his discontent had left him in the presence of actual danger. It was a pity that he had not controlled himself a few hours earlier. The shouting was renewed at intervals, still no one came. Dolly grew terrified in the dusk, cried for her mother and her father, in a way that cut Tom to the heart. The cave was safe from the sea except in very stormy weather, so far Tom felt consoled; but cold, hunger, starvation in fact, might be their fate if they were not discovered soon, and from the awkward situation of the cave few people visited it. Mr. Garnett, it is true, knew where it was, but he would hardly suspect Tom of taking his little sister there. The time of the steamer's return to Liverpool had long passed, and the boys, wearied with fruitless efforts to gain the mouth of the cave, sat silently wondering what effect their absence would produce at home. Dolly's sorrowful crying had ceased, and nothing but the dash of the waves was to be heard, night had come upon them. By-and-bye Dolly said, 'I'm so sleepy, Tom.'

'Go to sleep then, darling,' said Tom, kindly; all his bitterness of spirit gone, only penitence left.

'But I haven't said my prayers,' said Dolly, 'and mother isn't here to hear them.'

'Say them out loud and God will hear them,' said Tom, reverently.

So little Dora knelt on the cave floor and asked God to keep safe through the night her father and mother, brother and cousin, and Tom thought how sweet, and solemn, and real the words sounded when danger was actually near, when—yes! it was voices from above, and in another minute torches flashed in at the cave door, and they were saved.

After searching the mountains for hours, Mr. Garnett had bethought him of the cave, though sorely fearing lest the poor children had fallen over the cliff and been drowned. Stout ropes and strong men soon rescued the prisoners. Tom said no word, though it hurt him terribly being drawn out of the cave, but when they were safe in the house of the kind doctor who had accompanied the searchers, it was discovered that his collar-bone was broken. His father thought that this was a sufficient punishment, with the reproaches of his own conscience, so no word but that of thankfulness for the safety of his children disturbed Tom's rest that night; all the same, the imprisonment in the cave was a lesson to him which he never forgot.

H. A. F.



MY WINTER JOURNEY.

AS TOLD TO A CHATTERBOX.

By Rev. John Horden, Missionary at Moose Fort.

SITTING quietly in the garden a few evenings ago, enjoying to the full the delightful prospect around me; the foliage and the blossoms appeared more beautiful than they had ever seemed to me in my youthful days; birds were singing, the air soft and balmy; yet I could not prevent a feeling of sadness creeping over me, as I thought how soon all must be left behind, and the ship would again bear me to my home in the wilderness of Rupert's Land.

But now a merry laugh rang upon my ear, and in another moment a bright little chatterbox had climbed upon my knee, and looking up with her roguish eyes, said, 'Now, dear uncle, you will tell me a tale about Rupert's Land, won't you?' Who can resist the request of a good little chatterbox? I am sure I can't; I am very obedient to them. So, after thinking a moment, I replied, 'Ah, well, you shall go on a Winter Journey with me.' Just at this moment two or three other chatterboxes ran up, and one chubby-faced little fellow quickly occupied the vacant knee, the others sitting down in front of us. We will invite all our readers to join the party, and listen to the tale of my first journey in Rupert's Land.

My missionary station is Moose Fort, which you will find in your map down in the south-western corner of Hudson's Bay; but my district is a very wide one, and requires me to move about a great deal; the first out-station I visited was Albany,

a hundred miles distant, and the journey was in winter. Our winter is not like yours, damp, with frequent rains; but cold and bracing; the ground is covered with deep snow, and river and sea are locked up in ice.

Albany lies near the sea-coast, and our journey is all the way either on sea or river; well, if the sea and river are covered with ice it is quite certain that a canoe or boat can be of no use, we therefore take a sledge, which moves on runners coated with iron instead of wheels, and as it would be too cold for horses to draw it, we use the Esquimaux dogs, fine strong fellows, very like wolves; those we fasten by traces to the sledge, which we fill with our blankets, pillows, kettles, frying-pan, flour, tea, sugar, &c., for we are obliged to take all those things with us, as there is no house whatever on the road. The two Indians who accompanied me, and myself, wrapped ourselves up very warmly, taking care that our faces were not too much exposed to the biting cold, for if they had been they would have become frozen; even as it was, Jack Frost nipped the faces of the whole of us a little, and left his mark there for a week or two. The strangest things about our dress were our snow-shoes, which were just about as long as a good-sized chatterbox is tall; now those were not intended to keep the feet warm, but to prevent our sinking down in the deep snow; we did not require to use those very much during the day, as the snow on the sea-coast had been beaten tolerably hard by the wind. Crack goes the driver's whip; the dogs set up a howl in their impatience to be off, and off we go, I sitting on the sledge, the Indians walking. At first we proceed at a great rate, but gradually the pace

slackens and settles into about five miles an hour. Sitting on a sledge is bitterly cold work, so, after awhile I jump off and walk, returning to my seat now and then for a little rest. About noon we stopped for a short time, made a fire from some dry wood, which the men found under the snow, packed our kettle with snow, which we set by the fire so as to get water for our tea; got out the frying-pan and cooked a piece of frozen beef; when the water boiled, tea was made, and we dropped into it a piece of milk chopped off from a frozen block with an axe. When the meal is finished, we journey on until evening, when we think about seeking out a warm place for our bed. Between the open coast where we had been travelling, and the pine-woods where we wished to take up our lodgings, lay about a mile and a half of very difficult walking: the snow was deep, and through its surface peeped numbers of tops of small pine-trees. Yes, yes, the snow-shoes must be used here. The men and dogs preceded me, and I, having put on my snow-shoes, followed them, but only for a little way, the toe of my shoe caught in a pine top, and down I came, and I could not possibly get up again; the more I tried, the deeper I sank; so, utterly helpless, I cried at the top of my voice, 'Pachewechchin, Pachewechchin, Come and help me; come and help me!' This brought the Indians to my assistance, who helped me and kept by my side until we reached the woods.

The scene is very fine, we are in an open space, surrounded on all sides by lofty pine-trees, every branch of which is laden with snow, but we have little time to admire them, for we have to get ready for the night. We take off our snow-shoes and dig out a large hole quite down to the ground, throwing up the snow as we dig it at the back of the pit, so as to form a kind of wall to protect ourselves, somewhat, from the biting wind. This done, we take our axes, and soon the trees are cracking around us; we strip off the branches, the smaller of which we throw into the pit as the best substitute we can find for a feather bed. But now the fire is alight, higher and higher rise the flames as log after log is thrown in; we stand around it enjoying it, turning ourselves gradually around so as to warm ourselves as thoroughly as possible. And now comes the grand business of cooking; what lots of tea we make, what a pan of meat we fry, what a grand piece of milk we chop off, and what a big hunch of bread is hacked off from the loaf, and, dear me, how rapidly it all disappears; it goes as if by magic. Yes, we were hungry! the cold had sharpened our appetites, and well indeed is it for us that we have the means of supplying them; supper over, we change our socks and shoes, the former made of a very thick kind of flannel, the latter of deerskin, for they have become a little damp with the day's tramp; the Indians light their pipes, and amid the fumes of tobacco-smoke, the glorious fire in our front, and the freezing cold at our backs, the various points of the day's journey are discussed, each of the dogs gets his share of praise or blame: and where are the poor dogs all this time? They are having their supper, composed of salted geese, each dog getting a goose to himself, which lasts him for

twenty-four hours; they then roll themselves up and go to sleep quite unconscious of cold.

Time slips along even in a snow barricade, we must prepare for rest, and the preparation is to read a portion of God's word, and to commit ourselves to God's care. I hope you, my young friends, never forget this. And now on my pine-branch bed is laid a buffalo rug and pillow; I lie down and am covered up with two or three blankets; this is the first time I have ever slept out-of-doors, and certainly my bed is a very novel, if not an agreeable one; I turn this way and that way; I am fearfully tired, but sleep will not come; as the night grows, the cold grows too, and I feel it intensely, particularly between my shoulders, where it is as if the very marrow in my bones were frozen. I lie gazing at the heavens for a while; how brilliantly the stars shine, yes, so as you have never seen them shine, and so the night wears wearily along, occasionally dropping off to sleep, but soon awaking again and wishing it were morning; but the Indians slept as soundly as possible. My ignorance had caused me much of my discomfort; I should have had a deerskin bag, into which I should have shuffled myself and then have been laced up in it, and had a blanket drawn over my face to prevent frost-bite. Then I should not have felt the cold as keenly as I did; but there is another and a better plan than even that, which is to take one of the Esquimaux dogs and make a bedfellow of him, the warmth from his body being quite agreeable amidst the snows of Rupert's Land. Well, morning came at last, and very early it was when we arose, cooked and ate our breakfast, packed our sledge again, and harnessed our dogs; yes, and wrapped up our little baby very, very carefully, so as to prevent it from getting cold.

'Oh! but uncle, you had not a little baby out in the cold; it would have been frozen to death.'

Oh, hadn't I though! Yes, yes, we had, and a comfortable little baby we found it too. You are all puzzled, are you? Well, our little baby was a two-gallon keg, and what was it filled with? Brandy? No. Wine? No. Beer? No. It was filled with boiling tea, and then wrapped round and round with blankets to keep it warm! for if it had not been wrapped up thus, the tea would soon have been frozen, and we should not have been able to quench our thirst until we lit a fire again at noon.

By-and-bye we get out from the woods, and journey on, and on, and on we go. In time evening comes again, and we again take to the woods, and again dig out the hole in the snow, and again chop the wood, and the bread, and the beef, and the milk, and do all the little offices I have already described to you, and so four days passed, and before the fifth was finished I was again under a roof, and quite able to set down, at their right value, the comforts of an English home. But, you know I undertook this long and difficult journey for the purpose of preaching the Gospel to the Indians gathered together at Albany; if it is valuable for Indians, so it is for my dear young friends, I therefore hope they will value it, as they should do, as the best gift of a loving, heavenly Father.

TO-MORROW.

A BRIGHT little boy, with a laughing face,
Whose every motion was full of grace,
Who knew no trouble, and feared no care;
The light of our household—the youngest there.

He went to one whom he thought more wise
Than any other beneath the skies—
‘Mother’—O word that makes the home!—
‘Tell me when will to-morrow come?’

‘It is almost night,’ the mother said;
‘Most time for my boy to be in bed;
When you wake up, and it’s day again,
It will be, my darling, to-morrow then.’

The little boy slept through all the night,
But woke with the first red streaks of light;
He pressed a kiss on his mother’s brow,
And whispered—‘Is it to-morrow now?’

‘No, little Eddie, this is to-day—
To-morrow is always one night away.’
He pondered awhile, but joys came fast,
And the vexing question quickly passed.

But it came again with the shades of night;
‘Will it be to-morrow when it’s light?’
From years to come he seemed care to borrow,
He tried so hard to catch to-morrow.

‘You cannot catch it, my little Ned—
Enjoy to-day,’ the mother said.
‘Same wait for to-morrow through many a year,
And it’s always coming, but never here.’

MARK NORTHWENT.

(Continued from page 47.)



MARK'S convict life grew brighter as it shortened year by year. In one of his private letters to Squire Holland, the governor wrote—‘With respect to your young preacher, Mark Northwent, there is always hope of a man sent out to us with *one* crime to atone for, even if it is a heavy one. It is your hardened gaul-bird that we dread to see. I can guess what has been the life of some, and some bring their history written on their countenances; and if I read this lad's rightly, it is the history of one who went astray for want of a tether. The rule here is severe, but he has never flinched under it, nor rebelled at a command, and I hope I shall live to see him come home to do credit in his position as one of His Majesty's most respectable subjects.’

At the end of seven years a little money found its way to Susan and the father. Two years later the passage-money came for Susan to go out to her husband, if she thought she should be as happy

there with him as at home without him. Susan did not decide at once to go, Jonas was drawing towards eighty years of age, bowed down by that which bows the loftiest head, the disgrace of his own son. Mary's duties as village schoolmistress kept her from home the greatest part of each day; and how was the house to be minded, and Jonas taken care of, without one of them at home? But Susan used to sit and contrive by day and lie awake all night, crying over the impossibility of doing her duty in two places at one time, till Mary caught her in the act, and made her confess her difficulties.

‘I am so glad I have found it out at last,’ Mary said; ‘Will and I did not feel comfortable, because we could not tell whether you were afraid of the long journey, and nothing but the company of convict, when you got there—but, oh! Susan, now I know you wish it, you shall go.’

‘Did you think I did not want to be with Mark?’ sobbed Susan. ‘Oh, Mary, if you ever have a husband, you'll think it hard to be parted for a day or two, let alone all these years. But father can't be left, and you must not give up your school; or if you did, you are not strong, and could never do the dairy and all of it.’

‘We might have Phoebe Dunn to live with us,’ and a blush came over Mary's face.

‘Aye, and that bad fellow Jem hanging about the place all day, I suppose. Mary, sister Mary, if you ever want to do as I am doing now, you'll say “yes” to James Dunn. I know what you owe to his mother, but don't pay her like that. She wouldn't bear that you should wrong us all—ask her if she would.’

‘Do you know anything so very dreadful against poor Jem?’

‘I know he's fit to be no good girl's husband.’

‘He was bad once, but he is a better lad now, else Squire Holland would not have him for an under keeper. He keeps regular to church and allows his mother handsomely,’ and keeping her strongest argument for her last, Mary concluded with,—‘Our Will takes up with him, and father would like him to come in-doors more than he does.’

Susan sat pondering. At last she said, firmly, ‘Well, Polly, if I thought my stopping here would hinder that coming to pass, I'd do it though I never saw Mark again.’

Mary took this for a mere ignorant prejudice of Susan's. Jem Dunn was one of the smartest young fellows in Beddington. He had been a bad one; worse perhaps than most of them before Mark's sentence; but this had sobered him at last, or helped to do so. Thus argued Mary; for it must be confessed that Mary allowed James Dunn to keep company with her against Susan's strongest protests, and to the evident distress of Phoebe Dunn.

‘Your father would have him come oftener because he can't deny you anything that pleases you; but Jem Dunn is never the husband for you, Polly, and it will be hard news to carry Mark that you encourage him.’

Mary wondered why; she, however, would not fret Susan by inquiring. She contented herself with saying that if everybody was so mighty particular, a

convict's sister stood a poor chance of a husband at all.

She carried her troubles to Will; and he laughed over them, and comforted her by saying Jem was reformed, as any one could see, and there was no harm in liking him and marrying him too, if he asked her.

As soon as it was known that Susan was going, Jem kept away from the farm altogether. Phœbe had to be there a good deal to help with the sewing, but Jem never made an excuse to come and speak to his mother of an evening, and stay an hour when he had only come for a minute. Some people thought if he loved Mary he ought to have been more straightforward. It was said that he cared a good deal for her, and took to better ways for her sake. Just at this time he got a situation as keeper, fifteen miles away, and he accepted it without once consulting Will or Mary. This left it open to Phœbe to give up her home, and come and be housekeeper at the farm. Poor Mary felt this bitterly in her secret heart; it made Susan's going sadder than it should have been. All those nine years of Mark's absence, she and Mary had never had a misunderstanding; now Mary was often out of spirits, or peevish, or sulky.

'Give him up, Polly dear,' Susan said affectionately, a day or two before she left. 'Give up thinking about him. He never asked you to be his wife, and it's my belief that, bad as he is, he never will go so far as that.'

'I'll leave him to-morrow, if he asks me, unless you tell me this moment what there is against him.'

Susan's cheek grew white, and her lips trembled. Mary did not often show her spirit-child will like this, but old Jonas, dozing in the chimney-corner, roused up suddenly, and said, 'Give over, you girls! I can't tell what ails our Mary. I shall be glad when you two are parted.'

Susan went over and kissed Mary, but Mary never forgot that white pained look on Susan's face at her passionate speech. When she turned to the long table where Phœbe stood in ring, she found her, too, wiping away her tears.

'What's that for, mammy?' she whispered fondly.

'Take your sister's advice, and don't say words that you will repent of when she is far away.'

* * * * *

It was in the autumn of 1849, that I was sitting in my office after office hours. Squire Holland, the nephew and successor of the squire of Mark's young days, was sitting with me, and amongst other matters we talked of the leases of certain farms that had nearly run out.

'What do you know of those Northwents of the Heath?' inquired the squire. 'Bad lot, I'm afraid.'

'One Northwent has been the schoolmistress of your parish for ten years; one has been your uncle's tenant nearly sixty years, and his rent never a day behind its due; one has a large stock-farm in Australia, and is said to be well to do; and William, the youngest son, has applied for the Knightstone farm. I think he will make a good tenant.'

'There was a black sheep in the family somewhere, if not two,' returned the squire; 'but why does William want Knightstone?'

'He wants more of a farm; and Knightstone is near his wife's relations. In eighteen months the Heath Farm lease expires, and then the old man will give up, and go to live with his daughter in the village.'

'What became of the soldier son? I just remember him in his ribbons when he enlisted.'

'His time was up in '46, but the Affghan war tempted him to stay in the service; and last year, a comrade, sent home invalided, brought his watch and medal, and a few pounds to his father. He fell in battle after twenty-two years of absence.'

The squire left me, after having agreed that William's application for the Knightstone Farm should be taken into consideration.

After Susan went away, I still wrote occasionally to Mark, and heard from him. His sentence had been commuted to ten years for special good conduct, and had expired ten years ago. Since then Mark had been lucky in his undertakings in Australia. Intelligence and honesty had helped him on, though Mark never saw so much good luck in his run of fortune, as the bountiful dealing of God towards him.

I knew that Mark's account with one great banking firm almost equalled Squire Holland's rent roll; and after our talk over the Northwents, and the disgrace attached to the name in the young squire's mind, I wrote to ask Mark when he meant to come home; begging him to cross the threshold of the Heath Farm once more, while he could still call it home. 'The lease expires next year,' I reminded him, 'and at Christmas William goes to Knightstone, with a good wife that he has found. Phœbe Dunn will probably be in her grave before this mail reaches Sydney (she has served your father and sister long and well), and then Mary will take her father to the pretty new cottage by the school, which the new squire has built lately.' But for all this, or other arguments equally pressing, Mark never wrote to say 'I'm coming.'

(To be continued.)

THE COTTAGE WINDOW PLANT.

Anonymous.

MOTHER! I turned it yesterday,
And see—it's moving round again;
The naughty thing will have its way,
And, minding nothing I can say,
Peeps through the window-pane.

It will keep turning to the light,
Buds, flowers, and leaves, and all;
I'm sure it has no sense, or sight,
Yet seems as if it reasoned—quite.
Or heard its sister call.

I want to make it bend this way,
And watch me at my book,
But, if I read, or work, or play,
If I am grave, or if I'm gay—
I cannot get a look!



The Cottage Window Plant.

' My Annie dear, it seeks the Source
Of heat, and life, and light ;
Its motions you can never force,
No hand can turn it from its course—
Be sure it moves aright.

It has a word for thee, my love,
Though a mute, a voice divine ;
It bids thee turn to One above,
In Whom we live, and breathe, and move :
Thy mother's God—and thine.'

Cases for Binding the Volume, 1s. each.

London : WILLIAM MACINTOSH, 24 Paternoster Row.

Chatterbox.





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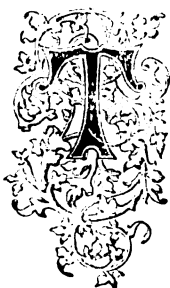
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Chatterbox.



THE RAM.



THE sheep's head which you see in the illustration is that of a small Scotch ram. He lived on the hills of Glen Sannochs, in the Isle of Arran. They are valiant fellows the Scotch sheep, to which neither the stormy blast nor the yawning precipice are hindrances from getting the sweet, short herbage of the hill-side. Indeed, sheep generally will endure greater hardships than almost any other animals. The wild sheep is found on heights and under temperatures which neither the ibex nor the agile chamois could endure, hardy as they are. In Scotland, and indeed in all mountainous countries, the sheep which live on the hills get very wary, and sheep-tracks—that is, the paths worn by them among the rocks and heather—are often used by people in going from one place to another. Sheep know and dread bogs amazingly, and you may be sure of a sound footing as long as you can keep on these paths. Some sheep take the lead, and are called by the shepherds 'guide sheep.' A ram will often defend the flock from yelping curs and other intruders. One day, when travelling in Westmorland, I saw by the side of a waterfall a small flock, collected there by one of the clever sheep-dogs of the neighbourhood. The sheep could not get away, as they were hemmed in by the noisy brook and the rocks; but in the front row stood a little ram, just such a one as in the picture, stamping his foot at the dog and making charges which the dog would have found it difficult to resist, had not his nimbleness and the consciousness of being put in authority by his master helped him to do so. I felt confident that a *strange* dog would not have been able to keep his place. Wolves, in their attack upon the flocks, generally run into the ewes and the defenceless lambs. Sheep are short of breath, and not much fitted for the saddle or harness; nevertheless they are sometimes so used, and a lady of my acquaintance, who lived once in Holland, recollected with great pleasure riding, as a child, on a small side-saddle on one of those tall, long-legged Dutch sheep, which you may even see now and then in London, and which are nearly as big as a small donkey. She told me the sheep was none the worse for its labour—one of love, as it was greatly attached to her. At the well-known watering-place of Homburg I myself saw a very fat, small brown sheep, completely harnessed to a miniature carriage, and drawing a poor little invalid girl, stretched at full length in it. Sheep can be very easily tamed. Pet lambs are familiar to most of us, and lambs reared by the help of a bottle can easily be taught to follow their masters, and no doubt would be the ones employed in the way just described.



MARK NORTHWENT.

(Continued from p. 55.)



IN the autumn of 1850, Mary came to me one evening to beg me to go to her father the next day, as he was anxious to alter or add to his will. She was in mourning for her good old foster-mother who had died a month or two before. Perhaps the thought of so soon giving up her old home, and her father's failing health, gave a sad look to her countenance. After inquiring for her father, I said gently,—

'There are lonely days in store for you. Have you any thought of making a voyage to the golden islands that Mark has discovered?'

'Why does Mark not come home, sir? Father would sooner have him for an hour than all the money he sends us.'

'It is rather hard for a man that has stood in the dock, and worn a felon's dress, and lived at his country's expense for ten years—it is rather hard for that man to come home and ask for his position again, and hold up his head as if nothing had happened to make his a marked history.'

'It might be hard if he was guilty—hard for us to have him home; but even then he would have paid the debt, and when it's paid it's done with.' I had hurt Mary's feelings by putting her brother's reluctance to come in this light—and she added, hastily, 'Then, sir, you'll please to come to the Heath to-morrow.'

Watching Mary as she turned out of my study, I saw a tall man meet and greet her, and after a short parley they went towards Beddington together.

It was the old love hanging on still. That which Phoebe in her lifetime did her best to hinder was renewed in her last illness, and there was none to forbid it now. Jem was head-keeper at Sir Michael Hawtrey's, had good pay, a pleasant lodge, and a high character with his master. From the time of Susan's departure until his mother's long illness began, Jem neither wrote nor spoke to Mary. He had made a strong resolution, and had kept it, till Phoebe's summons brought him and Mary once more together, and broke the bonds with which he had bound himself.

'Is he going to pop the question to-night?' said my partner, who joined me on the door-step. 'Keeping her all these years from all other chances, he deserves a thumb-screw!'

'He gave her two years to choose in,' I replied, 'and they say she held her head too high for them all.'

'They might keep the Heath Farm on if he stepped in as son-in-law.'

'They will be better without it on those conditions,' I replied. 'Good night.'

Our old friend Jonas, with all his intellect as strong as ever, gave me a pleasant welcome on the morrow. There was a tidy, well-to-do look about the little farm, a neat arrangement of the plain

household furniture, that, comparing this visit with my first, twenty years before, made it seem almost impossible that the place or its master could be the same.

A sweet autumn rose was in the old man's button-hole; his Sunday dress told that he expected his lawyer, and meant to receive him with respect. A cab stood in the yard, I noticed, as I passed through the kitchen, and William, who had come home for the day, was looking through the farm premises with a stranger. I felt that a new tenant was at hand.

'Well, sir,' Jonas said, when we were seated, 'I bid the lass ask you to come to-day, but I fear I'm hardly fit for business, more's the pity.'

'How so, old friend?'

'Why, sir,' and one or two big tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks, 'my son, sir, Mark—him that you were so good to —' Is he come home, or is he dead? I wondered. 'There's a gentleman here, come all the way from where he lives. He knows Mark as well as you do; he told me a deal about him, and answered everything I could think of to ask him; and, sir,' and the old man looked up, with a smile, 'he says there's no fear but what my lad will end his days in England, and I shall see him, and not be ashamed of him.'

That visit of the colonial farmer was almost too exciting for a man of eighty-seven, untouched though he was by many of the infirmities of age. He was neither deaf nor blind, but simply very feeble; shrunk away almost to nothing, and very wrinkled. Bowed down by the trials in his family, he was like a goodly tree lifting its ancient head after many a storm, or like a noble ship battered and driven by the ocean tempests, but riding serenely into port at the last. This day had brought him such near tidings of his long absent son, that he was like a child in his rejoicings.

We talked for some time about the stranger, and I asked when he would come again, as I should like to see him.

'He's not gone yet, he's seeing round the old place. I thought James would have been here, but Will dropped in luckily, as Mary is away.'

'James drops in often to see you, I suppose?'

'Well, sir, lately he has; and he is welcome. Jen has a sharpish eye to things, and now Will has gone, the lass and me together can't keep everything so tight as we did.'

After a time we began the business for which I had come. Nineteen years before I drew up his last will. Then Ben was living, and Susan's baby. When we had finished the codicil, I went out to find some one to witness it. The stranger was gone, which I regretted; and Mary had come home and was walking with her brother up and down the orchard. Mary went to find the shepherd to come and sign the document, and then William told me that James Dunn had been in a bad affair with some poachers at Hawtrey Park last night, and was seriously wounded, that this visitor coming had so excited his father, that he did not think he ought to be told of Jen's accident at the same time, though he had come on purpose to tell him.

'And how does your sister bear it?'

'Jem was here last night, sir, and told Mary, as perhaps you may have heard, that he thought of applying for this farm; but from all I hear he has done with this world's business altogether. He is shot in the side, somewhere where it's mortal.'

'Is he engaged to marry your sister?' I ventured to inquire.

'She says not, and I am sorry for it. I thought I or my wife might take her to see him to-morrow; but she says no—not unless he sends for her; but he's all off his head, and keeps cailing for Mark instead of Mary.'

'And what did you make out from your visitor to day?' I said, turning the subject, as Mary came back to us.

'I should like you to see him, sir. I asked him to stay a few minutes longer and be good enough to witness the paper you have been writing out, but he said he had not come to do business, and hoped we would excuse him. It seems to me as if they couldn't do the least favour in the world that had not pounds, shillings, and pence to their side of the bargain.'

'You are hard upon them, William.' And then I went in with the shepherd, finished my business, and left Heath Farm.

One evening, three weeks later, I was sitting in my office again after office hours. Sometimes the office-boy forgot to close the outer shutters, so that the light betrayed me, and my clients stole a march upon me when I did not exactly want them; and least of all was a stranger welcome at such times. It was one of the latter who interrupted me on this occasion. A man who came in with a stealthy step, and closed the door hastily, as if afraid his footsteps were watched. His build was powerful, though he was not above middle height. I made up my mind at once that this was Mark's friend from the bush; at best a fellow-convict, who had got hold of Mark's history, and was using it to get a footing here.

'Good evening to you,' I said; 'it is against my rules to receive visitors after office hours.'

'I ask your pardon,' said my intruder, in a civil way; 'I could make it worth your while, I think, to give me a quarter of an hour or so of your time. No doubt you make wills at any hour!'

'Of course, but I am staying in on particular business, I should be glad if you could give me the honour of your company in the morning.'

The man never once turned his eyes upon me. The gas was shaded to throw all its brightness on some faint, faded writing I was poring over.

'You will have a pack of gaping, gossiping clerks about you to-morrow, and my business is private. I would oblige you by waiting if I could, but I can't.'

'May I ask your name then, to begin with?' I said, turning on the gas, and motioning my intruder to a seat in its full glare.

'My name? It's just M. or N. according whether you want Christian or surname.'

(To be continued.)



‘He who giveth a cup of water to drink in My Name shall not lose his reward.’—MARK, x. 41.



THE PET LAMB.

By Thomas Miller.

PART I.

ONCE on a time a shepherd lived
 Within a cottage small,
 The grey thatched roof was shaded by
 An elm-tree dark and tall;
 While all around, stretched far away
 A wild and lonesome moor,
 Except a little daisied field
 Before the trellised door.

Now, it was on a cold March day,
 When on the moorland wide,
 The shepherd found a trembling lamb
 By its dead mother's side;
 And so pitiful it bleated,
 As with the cold it shook,
 He wrapped it up beneath his coat,
 And home the poor lamb took.

He placed it by the warm fireside,
 And then his children fed
 This little lamb, whose mother died,
 With milk and sweet brown bread,

Until it ran about the floor,
 Or at the door would stand;
 And grew so tame, it ate its food
 From out the children's hand.

It followed them where'er they went,
 Came ever at their call,
 And dearly was this pretty lamb
 Beloved by them all.
 And often on a market-day,
 When cotters crossed the moor,
 They stopped to praise the snow-white lamb
 Beside the cottage-door.

They patted it upon its head,
 And stroked it with the hand,
 And said it was the prettiest lamb
 They'd seen in all the land.

PART II.

Now, this kind shepherd was as ill,
 As ill as he could be,
 And kept his bed for many a week,
 And nothing earned he;
 And when he had got well again,
 He to his wife did say,
 'The doctor wants his money, and
 I haven't it to pay.

'What shall we do, what can we do ?
The doctor's made me well,
There's only one thing can be done,
We must the pet-lamb sell ;
We've nearly eaten all the bread,
And how can we get more,
Unless you call the butcher in
When he rides by the door ?'

'Oh, do not sell my white pet-lamb,'
Their little Mary said,
'And every night I'll go up-stairs
Without my tea to bed ;
For if the butcher buys my lamb,
He'll take away its life,
And make its pretty white throat bleed
With his sharp, cruel knife ;

'And never in the morning light
Again it will me meet,
Nor come again to lick my hand,
Look up to me and bleat.
Oh ! do not sell my sweet pet-lamb ;
And, if you'll let it live,
The best half of my bread and milk
I will unto it give.'

The doctor at that very time
Entered the cottage door,
As with her arms around her lamb,
She sat upon the floor.

PART III.

'Why do you weep, my pretty girl ?'
The doctor then did say.
'Because I love my little lamb
Which must be sold to-day.
It lies beside my bed at night,
And, oh, it is so still,
It never made a bit of noise
When father was so ill.

'Oh, do not let them sell my lamb,
And then I'll go to bed,
And never ask for aught to eat
But a small piece of bread.'
'I'll buy the lamb and give it you,'
The kind, good doctor said,
'And with the money that I pay
Your father can buy bread.'

'As for the bill, that can remain
Until another year.'
He paid the money down, and said,
'The lamb is yours, my dear.
You have a kind and gentle heart,
And God, who made us all,
He loveth well those who are kind
To creatures, great and small.

'And while I live, my little girl,
Your lamb shall not be sold,
But play with you upon the moor,
And sleep within the fold.'

And so the white pet-lamb was saved,
And played upon the moor,
And after little Mary ran
About the cottage-floor.

It fed upon the cowslips tall,
And ate the grass so sweet,
And on the little garden-walk
Pattered its pretty feet ;
And with its head upon her lap
The little lamb would lay
Asleep beneath the e-m-tree's shade,
Upon the summer's day,
While she twined flowers around its neck,
And called it her 'sweet May.'

ILL-GOTTEN GAIN BRINGS NO GOOD.

Translated from the German of Franz Hoffman.

DAME VERONICA was a steady, active woman, ever at work from morning till night, on good terms with every one, and lovingly anxious about her two children, Eric and Mary, the only inheritance left to her by her husband, who had been dead just a year when my tale begins. But she had one great fault, she could not rightly understand the difference between *mine* and *thine*. I do not mean to say that she was a thief—not at all. But there were certain things which she considered as common property, to which every one had equal rights, as, for instance, the trout in the brook, the beautiful meadows where her couple of geese sought their daily food, and, above all, the dry sticks in the forest, which she collected for winter. People winked at the first two ; the gentry allowed *her* the few fishes she caught, and *her* geese the small amount of grass they consumed, but as for the sticks that was quite another thing. The forester, in other respects an amiable, good-natured man, could not suffer his woods to be invaded whether he liked or not, and often he had warned Dame Veronica, with sharp words, that it would fare ill with her if he ever caught her in the act. Dame Veronica laughed at his threats. 'He will not be so cross,' she said ; 'I must have wood, for my children shall not freeze in winter. I can't buy it, for my little hut is my only property, and what I earn with my hands is spent every day in bread, and, in short, there are plenty of sticks in the forest ; it does no one any harm if I fetch a few now and then.'

Then the forester would shake his head and say, 'Ill-gotten wealth brings no blessing, Dame Veronica. Every Saturday you may gather dry sticks, *that* is allowed, but on other days you must not trespass. It does you no good, and, once for all, if I catch you, you shall taste what a rough hawthorn stick is like.'

'Catch me first, and then beat me,' laughed the cheerful woman. 'I can run faster than a stout man like you.' So the forester scolded, and Veronica smiled, and the pilfering went on as before.

One day, it was in the height of summer, and the air was parched by the glowing rays of the sun ;

Veronica stood at the door of her cabin, and saw the forester drive past in his gig. 'Ha, ha, he is going to town,' said she to herself: 'nothing could be more lucky, my stock of sticks is low, and I can get some more to-day without being found out. Come, Eric; come, Polly, we will go into the wood this morning.'

The children jumped joyfully at this news, for they were always happy in the wood. Their mother took a bill-hook, and Eric a large knife, and so they started. The way was long, the air sultry, the gathering of sticks wearied them, still more the weight of the heavy bundle.

'What do you think, children,' said the dame to her little ones, who were almost dropping with fatigue: 'shall we look for a shady place under an oak-tree, on the velvety moss, and lie down to rest for an hour?'

'But what if the forester should come, mother?' asked Eric, looking timidly round as he spoke.

'He won't come—he is in the town—we are safe for to-day. By-and-bye, when it is not so hot, we will slip home.'

'All right,' answered Eric. 'Poor little Polly! how tired she is, her eyes are half shut already.'

The dame went on, and soon found a pleasant place where they could rest delightfully; the faggots were thrown down, and there the mother and her children settled themselves.

As I said, it was an oppressive afternoon; no breeze was stirring, no leaf moved, the birds twittered in the bushes, but this was the only sound. Before they were aware of it, the little group were dozing, and not long after they were all fast asleep. But all at once—oh, horror! Eric cried out, 'Mother, mother, here is the forester!'

Veronica sprang to her feet. 'Pick up the faggots, my dears, and away as quick as you can. Polly, hold tight to my skirt.' And off they all went as fast as they could.

The forester came with rapid strides through the brambles, his gun on his shoulder; he was hardly two hundred paces from them. How they ran! Eric first, his mother after him, with poor little Polly clinging to her. 'Ho! ho! there,' shouted the forester. This only made them hurry the more. At last poor Polly lost her shoe. In her fright she lost her hold of her mother too, and, alas! fell full length on her face. Her mother knew she had fallen, but the forester was close on her heels, she did not dare turn to pick her up, and, 'Surely,' she thought, 'he will not hurt my pretty darling.' So away she scampered, that she might escape the hawthorn-stick, and get her faggots into a safe hiding-place.

'You may run,' shouted her pursuer, 'but you shall not be rid of me so; I shall keep Polly till you come and fetch her, and then you know what you will get into the bargain, my good woman.'

Dame Veronica knew what he meant, but she did not believe him; he would soon bring back the child, she need not fret about her, and on she went, Eric in front of her, till they reached their home. And now she did begin to feel a little uneasy. What, if after all, the forester should ill-treat Polly; how dreadful this would be!

'Oh, but he won't though!' and with this second thought she tried to calm her mind. 'I'll just cook our supper, and she'll be here by the time it is ready.'

Then she put some of the fresh sticks in the grate, the others she laid in a heap outside it. The fire began to blaze, she put on the pot, and then ran out to see if Polly were not in sight. She looked till she could look no longer, but Polly did not appear. Then her fears returned, and she was on the point of setting out for the forester's house, when, what was that? She started, she heard cries and screams behind her, she turned her head and saw a thick, dark cloud of smoke ascending from her hut. And Eric was inside; what if he were burnt to death? what could she do?

Swift as the wind, she rushed back: ah! there were the dancing flames raging through the roof, wrapping the whole house round as if with a mantle of fire.

'Eric! Eric!' shouted the unhappy woman.

Thank God, Eric was safe, but everything else had perished.

'Ah!' sighed the poor woman, 'alas, the forester was right. Ill-gotten gains bring no blessing. The stolen sticks have ruined me: and Polly gone: what will become of us? Would that I had never gone into the wood; now my sins are punished. Woe is me!'

'Have I caught you at last?' growled a fierce voice in Veronica's ear. Eric screamed, Mary cried, their mother opened her eyes very wide. There stood the forester, the newly-cut hawthorn stick in his hand, his face red with rage. Veronica gave a loud shriek, whether for joy or sorrow I cannot tell. There were the trees all round her, and both the children were by her side, and the faggots were still lying on the ground. She could not tell what to make of it all. She wept and laughed by turns, pressed her children to her heart, kissed them, hugged them, wept and laughed again; the forester stood there quite bewildered, and did not know what to say or do, but he really could not strike poor Dame Veronica, whose feelings seemed so deeply moved by something which was still a mystery. At last, yes, at last, she threw herself on her knees before him, and seized his unwilling hand.

'Beat me if you like, sir, for I deserve it. You were right, ill-gotten gains bring no blessing. I will never in my life pick sticks again except on Saturdays. Beat me, and I shall not complain, if only my hut is still standing, and I have my little Polly.'

But the forester did not strike! He only asked, 'What is the matter with you?' Then Dame Veronica told her dream,—her strange dream of the loss of her child and the burning of the hut, and said it should be a warning to her for life; and the forester listened gravely, and threw away his cudgel; he was touched to the heart, and passing his hand over his eyes, murmured, 'Ah, well, be easy; you have been punished enough, poor soul; go home, take the sticks with you, but be content for the future, and never forget that ill-gotten goods bring no blessing.'



Dame Veronica and her Children in the Wood.


Dame Veronica thanked him, and went with a glad heart, taking the wood and her children with her. The forester looked after her.

'Poor woman! good woman, she will mend,' he muttered to himself. 'She works night and day for those children. I ought not to be so severe. What a tender mother she is! And the few sticks—well, well. Ho! Dame Veronica,' he shouted once more. Veronica paused in her homeward course. 'You must not steal any more. Unlawful gains are no good to any one. But to-morrow

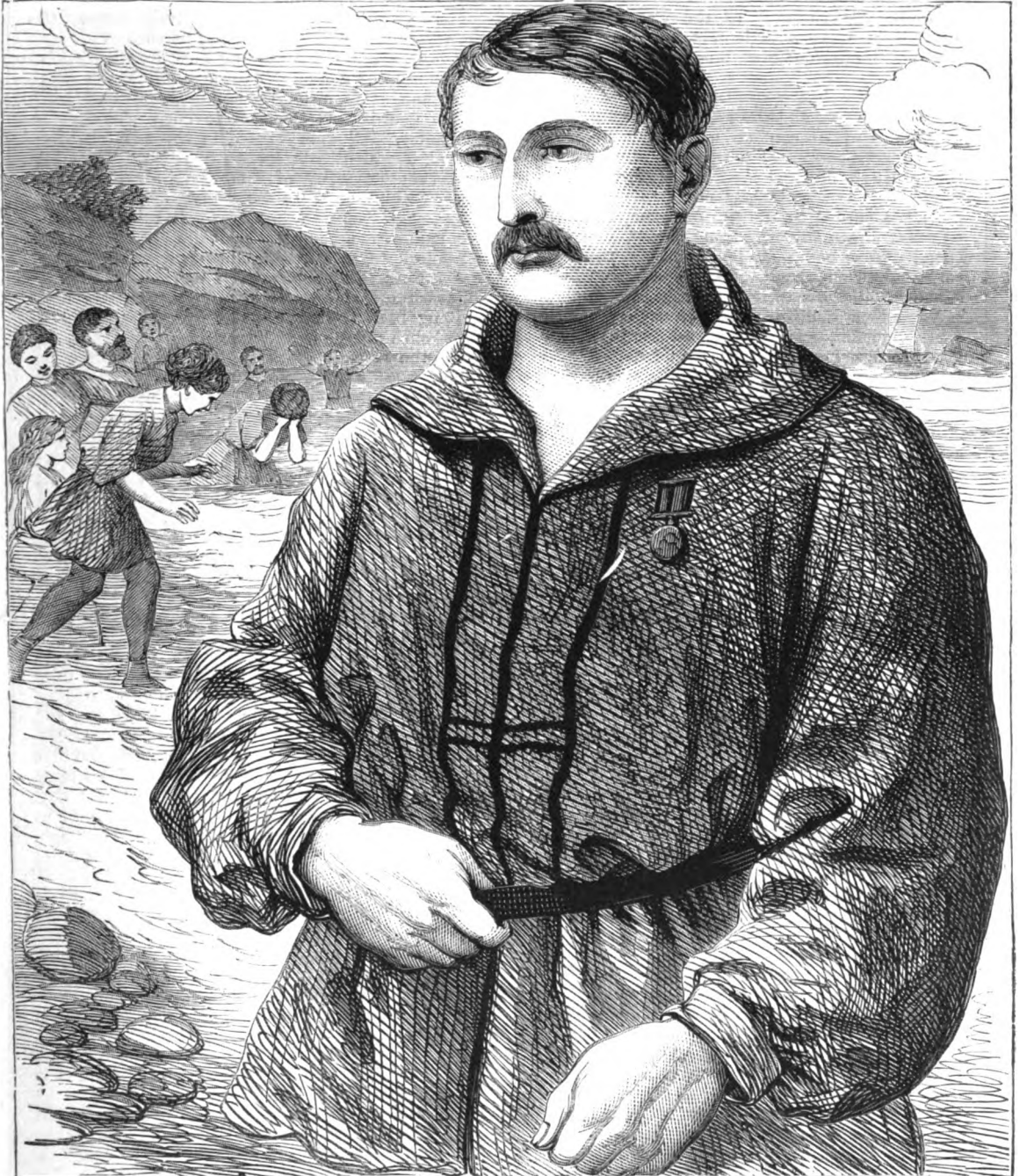
I will send you a pile of sticks; you will come by these honestly, and they will not burn your house down over your head. There, good-bye.'

Then he went away. Veronica sent a thousand thanks and blessings after him, but never went again for sticks except on Saturdays, when it was permitted. The lesson taught by her dream was firmly fixed in her mind; she profited by it—and do you, my readers, do so too, for the forester was certainly right, that no blessing rests on ill-gotten wealth.

C. E. O.

 Part I. for January, price 3d. All the back Numbers may be had, price One Halfpenny each.

Chatterbox.



The Prince Imperial's Swimming Master.

BIARRITZ AND ITS BATHEES.

By James F. Cobb, Esq.

EVERY one has heard about the celebrated French watering-place, Biarritz, where the Emperor and Empress of the French go every autumn to enjoy a little rest and the refreshing sea-breezes after the heat, bustle, and excitement of Paris.

Biarritz is only a few miles distant from the great city of Bayonne, and the journey can be performed in about a quarter of an hour by railway, or in three-quarters of an hour by omnibuses, which are constantly running. I chose the latter route, as the most amusing; and early one fine morning last August mounted to the top of a huge, lumbering omnibus, drawn by six strong horses, in order to spend a few hours at Biarritz. My companions consisted of four Bayonne market-women, who were conveying to the market of Biarritz large basketfuls of delicious fruit—strawberries, figs, peaches, pears, melons, and grapes; on some of which good things I made a hearty breakfast. These four women chattered the whole way, in the peculiar dialect of the country, which is a mixture of French and Spanish.

We had a very pleasant drive through fine avenues of poplars, with lovely views every now and then of the Pyrenees and of the Spanish mountains, with peeps of the bright blue Bay of Biscay in the distance. Country-houses in pretty gardens, or neat farms surrounded by orchards, with patches of vineyards here and there, lined the road all the way to Biarritz. Here the sea burst suddenly upon us; and a grand sight it was, of such a dark-blue colour, and rolling in with that heavy swell so peculiar to the Bay of Biscay, and then breaking over the rocks and along the shore in brilliant masses of the whitest foam. We passed the rather ugly red brick palace of the Empress, called the Villa Eugénie, and then drove at a desperate pace, with many loud cracks of the whip, through the gay little town till we stopped at a place in the one street which seemed to be the centre of business and pleasure, and I at once began to explore Biarritz on foot.

The little town consists of one long street, of hotels, shops, and lodging-houses, built in the most picturesque confusion and irregularity. There is something strikingly bright and cheerful about the place, the white houses with their green blinds, the little gardens with bright flowers, the shops displaying articles made of Pyrenean wool of most brilliant colour, the gay costumes of both the higher and lower classes, especially the Spanish pedlars, if you happen to meet any; but, above all, the wonderful clearness and deep blue of the sky and sea, combine to give a charm to this little watering-place, and render it wonderfully pleasing and attractive. The sea looked so tempting, that my first desire was to have a bath. There was a bathing establishment on the sandy shore, but here I noticed that the sea rolled in with such power, that the bathers were merely standing still up to their knees

in the water and waiting for the waves to dash over them, it being dangerous to venture far out. I therefore walked along the shore, past some very remarkable rocks of fantastic shape and brilliant colour, till I came to an old port, which forms a small sheltered bay, and where there is another bathing establishment.

Here I found a very gay and lively scene: the sea was quite smooth, and full of persons of all ages and both sexes, some walking in the water, others swimming out a long distance; while a few were being taught to swim by bathers, and had large yellow gourds tied to them to keep them up in the water. All were dressed in the usual bathing costume, which consists of a jacket of flannel or cotton, generally of some bright colour, with sleeves which reach to the elbows, and trousers of the same, reaching to the knees. In this dress it is often difficult to distinguish ladies and gentlemen. I went down to the establishment and took my ticket, for less than a franc; I had a room to dress in, a costume, and a foot bath, very necessary after walking back from the water over the sand; for threepence more I might have had a man to carry me to the water and back and a bather to protect me when there for another half franc!

The establishment is a gaily-painted, wooden building, which contains the dressing-rooms, of which there are hundreds, and with a long gallery in front, a favourite lounge of the visitors. Arrayed in my costume, I descended the steps of the building towards the water, and then had a rather painful walk over sand and sharp stones. Nothing, however, could be pleasanter or more delightful than the bathing here, or more lively and amusing than the scene in the water, in which the population of Biarritz seem to spend the whole of their mornings.

After my bath, when I had leisurely dressed, I amused myself on the balcony watching the antics of the people in and out of the water. The 'Baigneurs,' as they are called, the bathing-men, form a large proportion of the population of the place. They are fishermen and boatmen in winter, and bathing-gmen in summer. They are fine, handsome-looking fellows, in coarse red woollen shirts and blue trousers, dripping with water; for in this costume they go into the sea, and remain in it all day. They are, as a recent writer calls them, 'amphibious animals, tanned mahogany colour by salt and sun, who live half the year in the water. Timid women, and nervous males, cling to their brawny hands as they plunge them below the brine, and fish them up again, all spluttering and coughing. Under their charge, and buoyed up on huge yellow gourds, the more adventurous seek the deeper water, like young birds taking their first lesson in swimming from the maternal wild duck.'

I had a long talk with one of the *baigneurs*, who seemed a remarkably contented and happy mortal, very intelligent withal. 'Many English,' he said, 'pass the winter at Biarritz; and some, when it is smooth enough, bathe all the year round.'

Our picture, from a photograph bought at Biarritz, represents the chief of the bathing-men—the swimming-master of the Prince Imperial, whom he

has now made quite a proficient in the art. He is surrounded by his lady pupils, all in their bathing costume. He is decorated with a medal for his bravery, as he has saved several lives from drowning.

My bath over, I went to breakfast at a good hotel, where the guests seemed to be all Spaniards, and then took a long walk to the lighthouse built on a promontory to the north of the town. The view from this of Biarritz and the surrounding country—sea, rocks, and distant mountains—was very striking. The sea breeze here was fresh and invigorating. I returned to the town along the sands, enjoying the glorious roll in of the waves, and their breaking on the shore. I found the large bathing establishment, which had been so crowded in the morning, quite deserted now, as between twelve and four no one bathes, and all the *baigneurs* were lying about fast asleep, in all sorts of queer attitudes. After a visit to the neat little church, another stroll on the shore and through the town, and sitting some time on the rocks to enjoy the breeze, I again mounted an omnibus and returned to Bayonne, to take the railway to Pau, only regretting that I could not stay longer at charming Biarritz.

THE ORGANIST OF ST. LUKE'S.

HENRY! called the organist, getting up from his seat at a small harmonium, and looking into the opposite room of the small house, in vain.

“Henry!” repeated Mr. Camps, and listened still in vain for an answer.

“I want his voice,” said the organist, “to try the effect of this solo; he ought to be in: it’s tea-time, isn’t it, wife?”

“I should think it was tea-time,” returned Mrs. Camps, in a harsh voice and manner very unlike the quiet, gentle appearance of the organist of St. Luke’s; “and half-an-hour over; but what do you care for that! As long as you can set yourself down at that buzzing thing, we may go without any meals at all! I tell you what, if you were to look a bit more after Henry, and find out what he does with all his spare time in the town, you’d be doing more good than strumming there.”

Mrs. Camps had no respect for her husband’s musical talents. She could not understand the pleasure that harmonium gave to him, and only felt irritated at times to see him waste his time, as she called it, with his music, and leave her an undue share of house and family cares.

There was a little truth in her reproach.

“Have I neglected the boy?” said her husband, sadly; “perhaps I have, but I never intended it. Henry’s a good boy to me, and I question whether he would have done better if I had been harsher with him; but you may be right, after all, wife.”

He went to the door and called again; a little boy ran up to him.

“Henry’s not come in,” he said.

“Where is he, Fred?”

“I can’t know, father.”

Fred Cummings never called the organist by any other name; though in truth there was no relationship between them.

People had blame! Mr. Camps when, years before, he had given a promise to a dying friend that his destitute child should find a home with him; but he had made the promise willingly, and the orphan-child knew how lovingly he had kept it.

“Shall I run out and look for him?” asked Fred; but at that moment the door opened, and Henry Camps rushed in in a violent passion.

“Father, I’ve done with the choir and the musical Society, and everything belonging to it,” he began; “they’ll never get another note out of me, the mean—”

“Who? what are you talking about?” asked his father. “Speak softer, my boy.”

“You won’t speak very softly when you’ve heard of it, I should think,” said the lad; “just listen! We’ve been in the class-room working away there for their benefit, helping them settle the society accounts; well, an hour ago, Tom Mitchell and I went off, and saw no more of them till just as I came up the street, that Niblett, the secretary, as he calls himself, came up with a long face, and complained that some of the money was missing; and he very nearly accused me of walking off with it; enough to make one speak soft; isn’t it?”

The organist’s face grew sad as he heard the boy’s not very clear story.

“You could not have understood,” he said; “he could not have said such a thing!”

“He did,” said Henry; “and he’ll be here presently to tell you the same. And there he is,” as a loud knock was heard. In another moment Mr. Niblett walked in, grave and stern-looking.

“Your boy has told you of this unpleasant business,” he began.

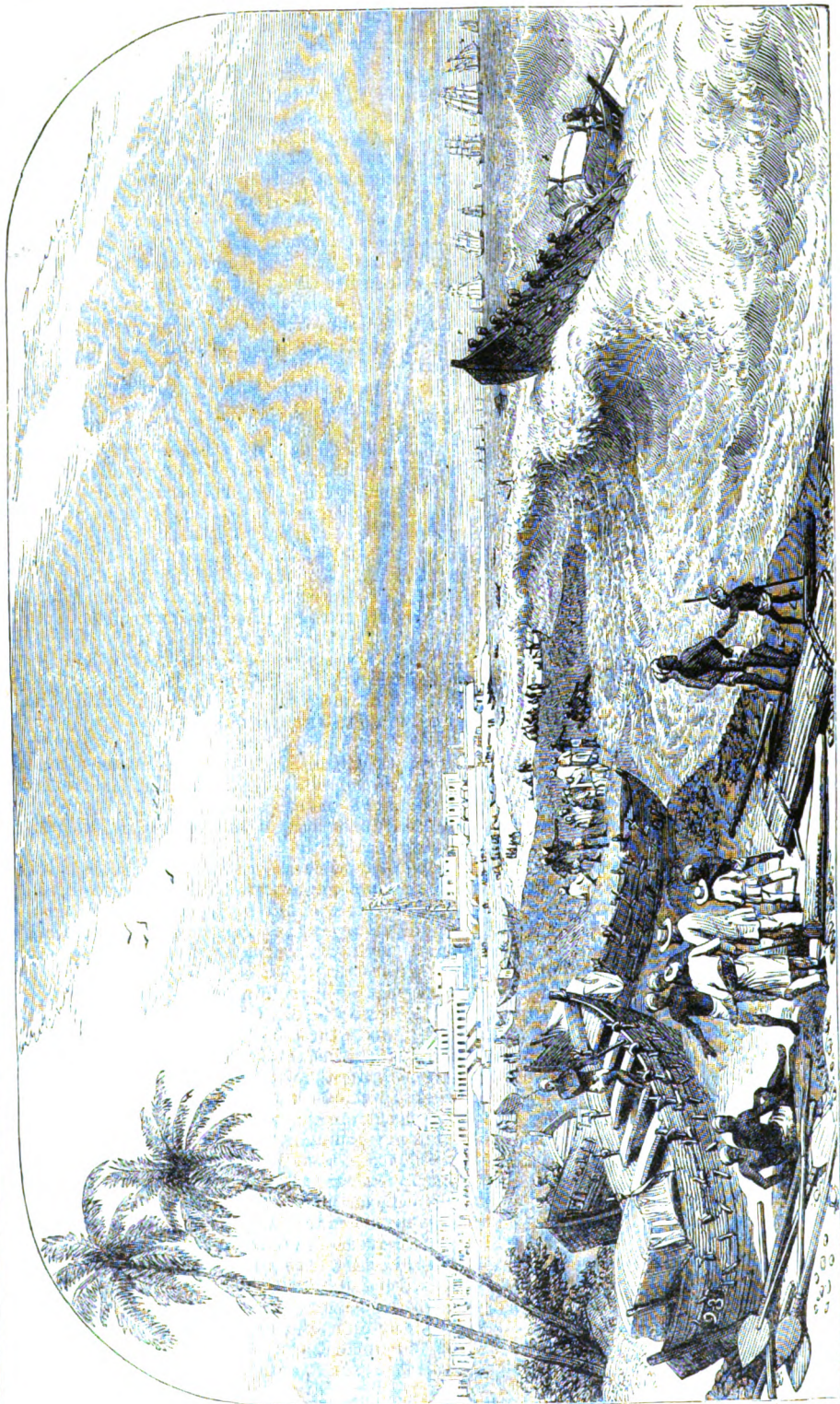
“He has said something of it,” said the organist, in his usual quiet voice, “but I cannot make much of his story. He seems to be labouring under a mistake as to a remark of yours; I am sure I am right in believing that no suspicion can rest on my son.”

“I am puzzled myself about it, and still more grieved, I assure you, Mr. Camps. Let me explain matters. Two or three words will be enough. Your boy and Mitchell have been with me most of the afternoon, settling the accounts straight and looking out music for the Choral Festival. I had a good bit of money lying about, the subscriptions having just been paid in; you understand?”

“Go on, please,” said Mr. Camps.

“I hardly like to,” said Niblett, “and that’s the truth. Well, an hour ago, or thereabouts, I went off to get some tea, and in half-an-hour I was back in the class-room. Mitchell and your boy knew I was going, and knew that the money would be left: I happened to mention it; and—it’s no use keeping it in—when I came back the drawer I had thrown all the money into was empty. Not a farthing in it. I was wrong in leaving it, I confess; it was a great temptation to such young lads; I regret it very much.”

(To be continued.)



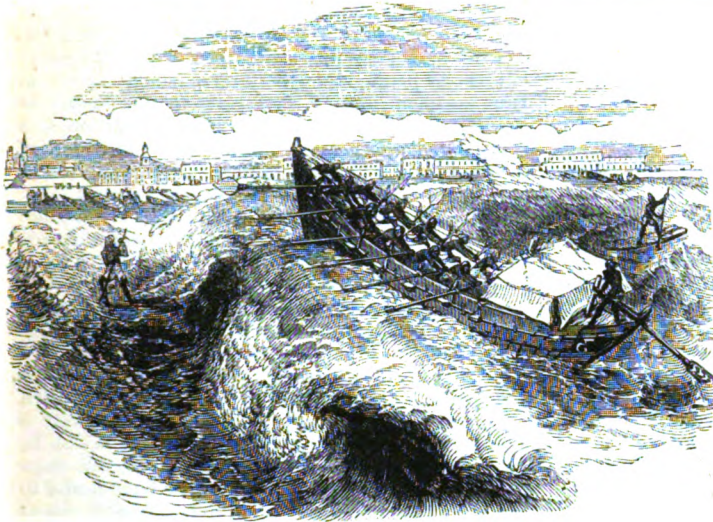
MADRAS.

A LOW SHORE with a long line of marble-white buildings; a few towers of Hindoo temples and the spire of a Christian church; a fort and a flag-staff with the Union Jack of England floating at the top; a cluster or two

of cocoa-nut trees; and in front of all a bright beach of yellow sand, bordered with a line of surf and spray—such are the features of Madras as seen from the sea.

As soon as the ship has cast anchor, the first

thing probably which attracts attention is the naked figure of a man, apparently walking upon the sea and approaching the ship. This is a *Catamaran* man, the bearer of a letter from the shore. He stands upon a few planks of wood,



tightly bound together, on which he has ploughed his way through the surf to the ship. He is not 'wet through,' however, for he wears no clothes, only a high sort of hat upon his head. This strange being climbs up the ship's side, dripping wet, and, after making a salaam or low bow, takes a roll of cotton from his hat, which he unfolds, and presents a letter safe and dry.

Landing is a strange process. The passengers descend a ladder into a *Masoolah* boat—an extraordinary affair, made of flexible planks, sewn together with cocoa-nut fibre. It is crossed with narrow seats, upon which the passengers roost, with their legs dangling in the air several feet above the bottom of the boat, which is rowed ashore by some eight or ten men—repetitions of the Catamaran letter-bearer—who chant a doleful tune as they pull their oars. The passengers sit under an awning to protect them from the waves, which threaten to overwhelm the boat. On comes a great billow. 'Ullee, ullee!' shout the rowers—'Take care, hold tight'—while up goes the bow of the boat, as it ascends a mountain wave, and down goes the stern, to rise again as the light raft glides like a gull over the top. This is repeated two or three times until the boat is cast by the last wave high and dry upon the beach. The passengers are then helped out, and they never forget while they are in India how they landed at Madras. Sharks abound in the sea—always on the watch—and this adds to the danger.

A *Masoolah* boat is the only one which can live in the tremendous surf which lashes the eastern shore of India. In stormy weather even these are forbidden to go through the surf; and if the captain of a ship sees the Union Jack lowered on the shore, he knows that he will have to wait until it is hoisted again before he can land his passengers. Both a *Masoolah* boat and a *Catamaran* are shown in the picture.

Madras is the second city of India. Originally it was small, consisting only of the part at present

known as Blacktown, surrounded by a strong wall, built to defend it from the Mahrattas. Madras is now, however, a good many miles round, and contains several distinct portions. There are the villas of the English, with their trim gardens and airy spaces; the Mahometan quarter, called, Triplicane, and many purely native quarters besides. Blacktown contains half a million people, mostly poor; they are nearly all heathen worshippers of Siva and Vishnu. A particular mark on the forehead painted or tattooed in, shows what God is served. The annexed picture will show what these poor idolaters look like. In Blacktown almost every hour in the day native drums are heard sounding, as some idol is carried about in procession, probably on the

back of an elephant, or in a gilded car; and what



is done in Blacktown is done by the Hindoos all over India. Idolatry is their curse. W.

POPULATION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.—

England and Wales	. 20 millions.
Scotland	. . . 3 "
Ireland	. . . 5½ "
Total	. . . 28½ "

Increase in the last ten years, 1½ million.

MARK NORTHWENT.

(Continued from p. 59.)



OTH will be necessary if I am to take your will.'

'Very good. Then it's Mike Norgood, at your service.'

I wrote it down, and asked next his place of residence and calling.

'No present occupation, and no particular place of abode. I have not ordered you to make my will to-night. I merely spoke of wills by the way.'

'Well, my good fellow, you really must excuse my putting a plain question. I know from description who you are. Tell me, did Mark Northwent remember his old friend, and send you here with any message to me?'

'His old friend!' he answered, looking fixedly at me; and his voice grew husky. He sprang up, both his hands grasped mine. 'You are like them all; not a stick nor a stone about the old place that knows me; not a dog left to wag his tail and give welcome. It's harder to come back than it was to go—a deal harder. I never repented going till I got home.' His head bowed down upon his arms as he leaned over my desk, and for some moments he sobbed so loud, that I feared the passers-by should hear him.

'Keep up your courage Mark,' I ventured at length; 'you did what the bravest and best alone could do, and even in this world God has rewarded you.'

'Ah! but the old man, my father, God forgive my deserting him all these years. It will be his death-blow to stand before him and say, I am Mark, your convict son!'

'It must be done gradually. William and Mary must know first, and help to break it to him.'

'Who is our Polly in deep mourning for?'

'For good old Phebe. There, Mark, if the prayers of the widow could help a man, hers must have brought blessings on your head. Nay, don't look as if you did not understand me. I went through that subject in all its bearings, and kept my eye on everybody connected with it. I feel sure that Phebe guessed at the real poacher, and why you never told.'

'At first I expected him to come and clear me; I own I did; but it's all over now. How has he got on?'

'Wonderfully well to all appearance, but there's a causer. He loves your sister.'

'What! loves our Polly still, does he?'

'Not still, for he is a dying man. He strove against his affection for a long time, though there was love on both sides; and now, Mark, now in his dying hours, he does not ask for Mary, but he keeps praying to see you.'

'Then I'll go to him at once. To-night; can I start? I'll carry one drop of comfort to him if I can.'

The poacher dying at a poacher's hand after so many years of prosperity, seemed very terrible. Justice in the earthly courts had been wronged—but God's justice, though it tarry, comes surely in His own good time. I had been told from day to day of James Dunn's very precarious condition, and I wondered whether he would make confession of the great burden on his mind; and now Mark was here, had come to make that death-bed easier.

'Let us go,' said Mark, impatiently, 'for you must come too. I am almost mazed with these railroads and bustle.'

'It can hardly be done to-night. We will start by the first morning train;' and then I asked Mark how he had filled up the three weeks since his first visit home.

He told me he had seen to the landing of some packages he had brought home; and then taken lodgings in London, to give Susan and himself a thorough treat of seeing all the wonderful sights in that most wonderful city. 'And I came this time almost on purpose to see you, my old friend, and to talk to you about getting a suitable place for me to end my days comfortably. I only make one condition absolute, and that is, that there shall be plenty of game, for I am a keen hand at sport still.'

I tried in vain to make this Mark, the smart Australian farmer, into the 'queer chap' of our youth again. The lad of few ideas and no education then, the brisk business-like man of the world now, who had been tried in a sharp fire, and had come out refined in character and worthy of high esteem. His was a far nobler act of generosity than such a 'queer chap' had credit for. He felt, as he told me after his return, quite certain of the real offender in his own mind, but how could he betray him, the only son of a widow who had been as a mother to Mark's only sister? 'That,' he said, 'was more than flesh and blood of mine could undertake, and I let it alone; I am not sorry for it now.'

Mark was in a great hurry next morning. The speed of a flying train was too slow for him. He sat with his arms folded, and his hat low over his eyes, and never spoke a word from beginning to end of our journey, nor when we left the train. I inquired the shortest cut to the keeper's lodge in Hawtrey Park, of the wounded man, and the doctor's latest opinion, which Mark scarcely wanted to hear. Accustomed in his colonial home to long tramps at a steady running trot, he soon outstripped me, and evidently thought and cared very little whether my unpractised legs could keep his pace or not. To be there in time to comfort an old comrade was Mark's only aim; for he guessed the weight on Jew's conscience must be too heavy to die with. On went Mark, so fast and steady, that he got ahead of me a good quarter of a mile. But I was soon enough for what I had to witness.

On a mattress on the floor of his living room lay the wounded man. Sir Michael Hawtrey's own housekeeper was there, to see that he should want for nothing. Kneeling on the floor, doing something to the pillows, was a tall figure in deep mourning, with her back to me, Mark peeping over

her shoulder to see if Jem would chance to recognise the man whose name was constantly on his lips. The chief injury was in the spine; if James should linger, it would be likely to terminate in decline, or the disease might reach the brain, and then delirium would be the last stage. He seemed to be wandering now, saying in a feeble voice, 'I never put it from me, day nor night. Mark, Mark, if you could hear me—if you only could—you would believe me.' On seeing me Mary rose, and Mark took her place by Jem's pillow. 'Yes, you would, you'd know. You led a happier life out there than me. The more I prospered, the more it hurt me; it blighted me. I had a heavy burden all these twenty years.' Not heavier, I thought, than he deserved; but Mark bent lower, and almost whispered, 'Jem, I've come to tell you I forgive you. It didn't hurt me, and God has made it up to me, and more.'

'Who's that speaking, sir?' inquired Jem, looking at me.

'It's me. It's Mark Northwint. Don't let that trouble you any longer. I've come to help Polly to nurse you.'

Poor Mary! as she felt Mark's kind kisses, and gave him welcome through her tears, she hardly knew whether joy or sorrow was uppermost in her heart. The words that took the blot off Mark's name laid it dark indeed on Jem's.

'I learned something of doctoring and nursing when our men were laid up sometimes, and we were far from any doctor, and I'll help you now, Polly,' and thus Mark expressed his wish that the subject on which he had come to set Jem's mind at rest should be done with altogether. A little feeble exostulation Jem kept up, and his dreams were full of the terrible burden he had borne; but Mark and Mary did their errand of love and mercy well, and thanks to their good nursing, or to the salve Mark laid upon a bitter wound, the irritation lessened, the worst symptoms abated, and the doctors began to give some slight hope.

So passed another three weeks. Mark, in the meantime had taken lodgings for Susan at Hartmill, and one day when he had come to see her comfortably settled, and also to attend to a little business at my office, James took the opportunity of getting Sir Michael Hawtreys and the vicar of the parish, the former being a magistrate, to come to him, and to them he made a full confession.

He never meant to get Mark into trouble by hiding his game in that conveniently open brew-house; but when it began to be a serious business, he had not the courage to come forward and take his own punishment on his own shoulders.

The best and truest proof of Jem's real repentance was his sending for his master—a master who had put trust in him, and valued him as one of his head servants for ten years—and laying open the great wrong he had been doing, and the sorrow he had been causing, for more than twenty years.

He asked Sir Michael to write out his confession to the county papers, and to send it also to that part of Australia where Mark had worked as a convict. He begged the vicar, when he asked for the prayers

of the Church for 'James Dunn, lying dangerously ill,' to add, 'and troubled in mind.' He, one of the most upright and respected parishioners of Hawtreys!

James knew—what all who have been deeply guilty must know—that sincere repentance means more than being merely sorry for a sin. He had been sorry ever since he let Mark go before the magistrates; more and more sorry as he began to feel how his sin stood between him and the happiness that would have fallen to his share.

But all those years of sorrow brought him no comfort; while the open acknowledgment, the desire if he lived to make all the amends in his power, the humbling himself most before those with whom he had stood highest, the assurance of generous Mark's entire pardon, all this brought him the first peace of mind he had known; and when, three weeks later, it pleased God to end his sufferings in death, it was the death of one most thoroughly penitent and quite at peace.

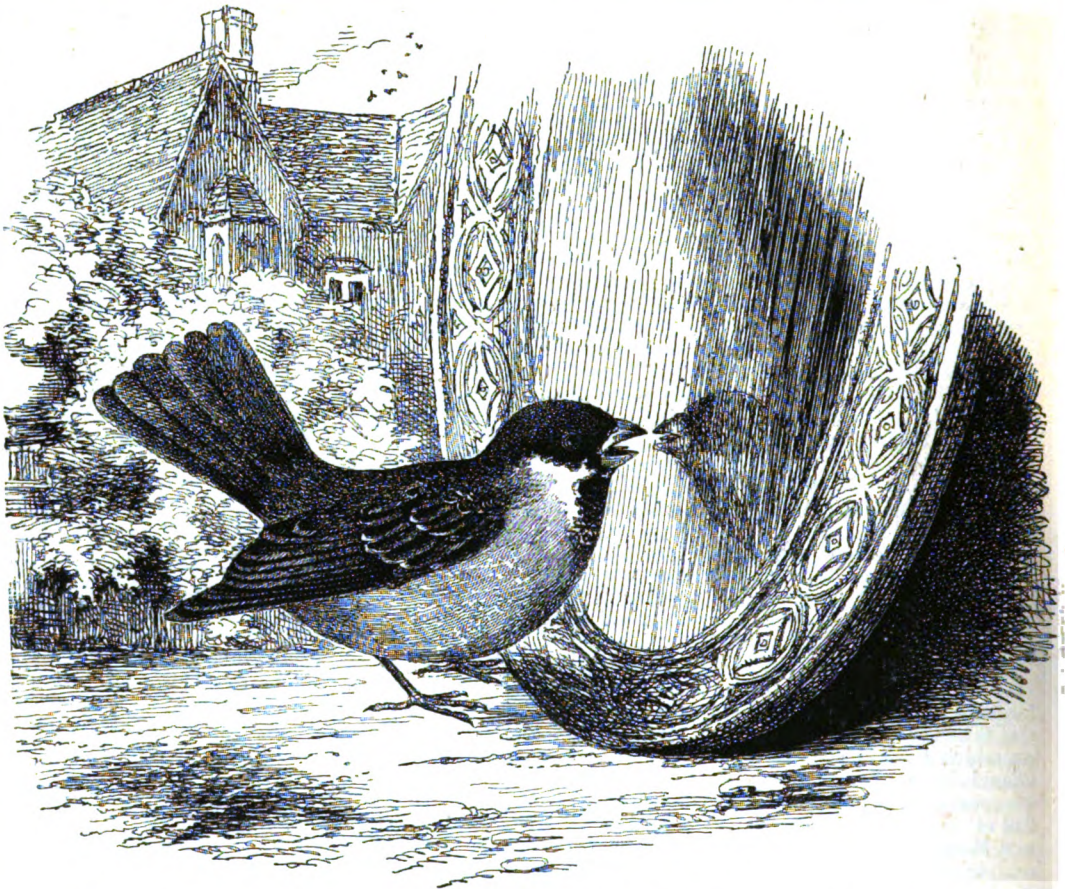
His head rested on Mark's arm. Mary stood on the other side, reading verses from 'The Sermon on the Mount.' She read him to sleep; a sleep from which he woke no more on earth.

Mary is schoolmistress at Beddington still. Old Jonas rests, after a long life of eighty-nine years, in Beddington churchyard. Mark has a pretty home in a distant county, where he enjoys his gun in autumn, and his fishing in summer, as heartily as if he were not growing old at length, and where Susan takes care of the poor, and makes her husband's guests welcome with all the open hospitality that she first learned out in the lone farm in Australia. They have adopted one of William's daughters to brighten their childless house, and their home, which I contrive to visit almost every year, is a picture of plenty, content, and benevolence.

But let it be remembered that Mark's twenty years journey towards this station of comfort was a very hard, and a very uphill one. It involved, for a time at least, the sacrifice of nearly everything a man counts dear and valuable. His advice to his nephews when they ask him the story of his life, is always, 'Keep yourselves out of bad company, my lads: keep yourselves always above suspicion. If I had done that in my youth, they would no more have had me up for poaching than they would your father, or your grandfather.'

THE LITTLE BROWN BIRDIE.

AS I was retiring from the dinner-table of a friend in the country one bright sunny day last autumn, I cast my eye through the bow-window, and my attention was attracted by a little brown birdie, sitting on the ground near a mirror, which the coachman had brought from the city that morning, and left leaning against the wing of the house. A group of friends and children immediately gathered round to look at birdie, and with one voice we said it had received an injury, and could not fly; but the next moment we found ourselves mistaken, for it took wing, and was off. Very soon, however, it



returned, taking its position before the mirror; and by its movements we soon discovered that it was watching its own reflection in the glass—mistaking it for a foe. It gazed a moment, moved its head towards one side, then towards the other; raised its feathers, stepped back a little,—the reflection of course making the same defiant movements,—and then, with all its power, it rushed forward to strike its foe. The force with which it struck the mirror, of course, sent it backward. Recovering its position, it would resume the same position, and go through the same warlike movements till it was exhausted. Then it would fly away for two or three minutes. On returning it would repeat the same, till again exhausted. Sometimes, before flying away to recruit, it would step behind the glass, as if looking for its foe there. The bird was left undisturbed by the family, though it was

closely watched till sunset. I do not think it was absent five minutes at any one time.

The next morning, when the family assembled in the dining-room, the first inquiry was for birdie. The mirror having been left in its position, we found birdie at his post, apparently with the motto in his mind, 'Never give up!' and so it went on till late in the afternoon, when the mirror was removed.

As I watched the little birdie's movements, and saw its persistent unforgiving spirit, I thought how much this is like the spirit and conduct of too many human beings, both of larger and smaller growth. How many, like birdie, *are fighting shadows or imaginary enemies*; how many think they have defeated an enemy when, if, like birdie, they will look behind that which caused the shadow, they will find that there was no enemy to defeat!

Christian Treasury.

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Chatterbox.



THE CHILD AND THE FLOWER.

OH! tell me, mother,' said a fair young child,
As he gazed with his earnest eyes,
'Who made this flower? What painted it so?
What gave to it that deep, rich glow,
Like the blue of the beautiful skies?'

'He who made that flower, my darling boy,
Maketh the thunders roll;
He made the earth, the sky, the sea,
The flower, the fruit, the leaf, the tree,
And gave to thee thy soul.'

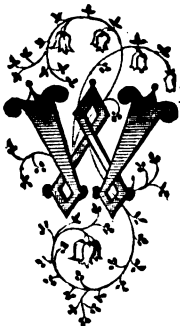
'Is His home, dear mother, the southern land,
Where the perfumed breezes play—
Where the gorgeous birds, with golden wing,
Make bright the never-changing spring
In bowers that are ever gay?'

'His home, my child, is beyond the skies,
A paradise of flowers,
Where little children—angels there—
Paint those flowers so bright and fair,
And bring them to this land of ours.'

'Oh! how I wish that home were mine,
And you were with me too;
I would paint a wreath so strangely fair,
And twine it, mother, for you to wear—
A crown of heaven's own hue!'

THE ORGANIST OF ST. LUKE'S.

(Continued from page 67.)



HAT did you do?' asked the organist.

'There was but one thing to be done. Went to the police-station.'

'Well?'

'And a policeman is come down with me to find out what light your boy can throw on the subject. I left him outside.'

The organist's pale face flushed with shame. Henry started up and began to speak. 'Sit down, my boy,' said his father. 'And, Niblett, let the policeman come in. We shall none of us be satisfied till this matter is cleared up.'

Henry started up again as the policeman came in. 'Search me this instant!' he said, holding one of his pockets open.

The policeman's hand went into every corner, and came out full of the usual numerous contents of a boy's pocket. Nothing more.

'Here's another,' said Henry; 'and one more after that. Well?' when they had all been turned out. 'Well, Mr. Niblett, who's the thief now?'

'I don't know,' said Mr. Niblett, coldly, and the boy's anger rose higher than ever at the suspicion that the tone of those few words made evident.

Mr. Camps was beginning to speak, when the policeman stopped him respectfully.

'Excuse me, sir, but if you'll let me say two or three words, you'll understand better how the case stands. There is no evidence whatever against any party; keep that in mind. But in the absence of proof a suspicion falls on Thomas Mitchell and Henry Camps as being the only individuals known to be on the spot near the time when the theft was committed. Only a suspicion, mind, nothing more.'

'And quite enough—and rather too much,' burst forth the boy, unable to restrain himself.

'Keep quiet, young man, if you'll take my advice,' said the policeman, and went on—'These boys may be able to clear themselves, or they may not. If they can prove that for the half-hour of Mr. Niblett's absence from the room—from a quarter after six till a quarter to seven—they were elsewhere, it's all well; if not, I am afraid the suspicion will be strong enough to stick fast to them for some time to come.'

'It's a disgraceful shame!' said Henry; 'let them prove that we stole the money before they suspect us.'

'Henry! please be silent for a few minutes,' said his father, imploringly; 'they are not to blame under the circumstances. We should do the same.'

'The question is,' continued the policeman, 'can this young fellow prove an *alibi*?—that he was somewhere else at the time? If your father can witness to your having been with him in this house or elsewhere just for that one half-hour, you'll do. Can you do it, sir?'

'I cannot,' said Mr. Camps, with an unpleasant recollection of his wife's reproach; if he had been more strict in enforcing his boy's return home at proper hours, this might have been set at rest; now he could only say, 'My son was not at home during that time.'

'Are you sure, sir?' said the policeman; 'think well over it.'

Mrs. Camps had come into the room in time to hear the last part of the policeman's story; a look from her husband had made her, with some trouble, keep silence; but now she spoke hurriedly.

'Yes, think again,' she said; 'didn't I hear Henry's voice singing with you? Do think again!'

In the straightforward truthfulness of the organist's character he did not even understand his wife's meaning. He turned round to her with surprise.

'Why, my dear, you yourself noticed his not being in at the right time!'

Mrs. Camps said no more; the policeman turned to Henry in a businesslike way.

'What account can you give of yourself during that half-hour?'

Henry Camps looked half inclined not to answer.

'Fishing in Drake's pond,' he said at length.

Drake's pond was a lonely piece of water at a mile's distance.

'Alone?' asked the policeman.

'Yes,' muttered the boy.

'Did you speak to any one there? or on the way?'

'No.'

'You met no one?'

'Don't remember;—yes, met a tramp with a basket; didn't speak.'

'A tramp!' repeated the policeman, taking no notice of Henry's ill-temper; 'I'll look him up. You are sure you saw no one else?'

'No,' said the lad, speaking as if every word were dragged from him by force.

'Then I can do no more at present,' said the policeman moving to go; Mr. Niblett got up.

'Is there any hope of tracing the money?' asked Mr. Camps.

'There is but one chance, sir,' said the policeman. 'Among the money missing, Mr. Niblett could swear to one coin.'

'A German thaler,' said Mr. Niblett; 'by some accident it got among the Society subscriptions; it has some initials scratched roughly on it that I could recognise it by all over the world. I have kept it since I was a child; it was the gift of one of my schoolfellows.'

Nothing more was said; and the policeman and Mr. Niblett went away.

The organist, for once, forgot to go back to his harmonium. He sat down at the table leaning his head on his hand, as if in pain, and only saying a word of remonstrance, now and then, in the vain attempt to check his wife's violent complaints at the injustice shown to Henry, though he was almost tempted to join with her, it was so hard to sit quietly and hear his boy suspected. It was the worst trial he had ever known, for it was shame, not sorrow, that caused it.

'Henry, my boy?' he said at last.

'Yes, father,' said Henry, his anger softening at his father's sad tone.

'You'll tell me the truth, my boy, won't you?—the whole truth, as if you were before God? You know nothing of this affair?'

Henry looked very much tempted to go off in a fresh burst of passion; but his father looked anxiously at him, and he kept it down.

'Nothing whatever, father, besides what I've told you. Tom and I left the class room with old Niblett, and I've never been near the place since; some fellow must have sneaked in through the back-window.'

'And Tom Mitchell?' said Mr. Camps.

'Tom had no more to do with it than I had,' said Henry, confidently.

The organist said no more, but sat silently at the table, trying to go on with his tea, as usual, till the church-clock struck, when he jumped up.

'Eight! I was forgetting the practice! Come, my boy!'

'I'm not going to any more of their practices, father,' said Henry; 'I told you so. I won't go to be called a thief.'

'No one will dare do it,' said Mr. Camps.

'I can't help it, father; I can't go.'

The organist felt for him, and did not urge him.

'Am I to give in your resignation?' he asked.

'Yes, father.'

And Mr. Camps took his music and went off to the practice, dreading it as much as till now he had looked forward to these choir-meetings.

The class-room where rehearsals were held was full when the organist went in. He felt the sudden hush and silence as he opened the door, and he guessed the reason; the choir had been talking of the theft, and had dropped the subject out of pity to him. It was almost more than he could do to speak naturally in answer to the greetings which he fancied, were more friendly and respectful than usual; and when in looking round the room he saw Tom Mitchell among the other choir-boys, he could not help a look of surprise.

Niblett noticed it, and came up to him.

'We've examined Mitchell,' he said in an undertone, 'and he can prove an *alibi*. Old Warren, his grandfather, is ready to swear to his having been at home all the time.'

Mr. Camps regretted then, bitterly, that he had not insisted on bringing Henry to the practice; his staying away, since Tom Mitchell was there, would be thought a strong confirmation of the suspicion against him.

'My son will not be here to-night,' he said firmly; 'he feels that while a shadow of suspicion rests upon him, he cannot join either choir or Society until, that is, the charge falsely made against him, is cleared up; as I yet trust in God it will be. We will get to business as usual.'

The business that evening consisted in the preparation for a choral festival to be held in a few weeks at a neighbouring church. The organist had interested himself greatly in this preparation, and the rehearsals had been gone through pleasantly and heartily; but to-night, organist and choir were under a restraint, and the music went heavily. Mr. Camps missed his boy's voice sadly, and it was hard for him to be forced to give the leading parts that Henry had sung to another, especially when Tom Mitchell was the one to replace him. But Mr. Camps was just; Tom Mitchell was next to Henry Camps in the choir-list, and at the first treble solo, he said with no apparent effort,—

'Tom Mitchell, you must take Henry Camps' part.'

Tom did so, rather too willingly to please Mr. Camps, and sang well, but, through that practice, the treble sounded harshly in the organist's ears; and when the rehearsal came to an end, he left the class-room with the feeling that he had got through a very disagreeable task.

Before he had been at home many minutes, Mr. London, the vicar, called to see him. He found him sitting before the harmonium in his dimly-lighted little room, playing and singing softly to himself. Mr. London waited at the door to catch the words.

'He shall make thy righteousness as clear as the light,' sang the low, quiet voice; 'thy just dealing as the noon-day!'

The clergyman went in and sat down in silence, till words and music died away. Then he spoke,—

'I have only just heard of your trouble; can I help you?'

The organist knew how sincerely those few words were spoken.

(To be continued.)



JENNY'S DREAM.

A FENIAN STORY.



A LARGE land-owner, named Irvine, who lived with his wife and family in the County Cork, during the late Fenian rising in Ireland, had a noble mansion, and lived in great style. His hunters were among the best in the county; he had a rich service of plate, and kept many servants. His eldest daughter, Kathleen, a sweet girl of about twelve years old, was a great favourite amongst the peasantry, and the little ragged children used to say that she was 'the swatest young lady in all the country round.' She had a happy way of finding out the wants of the people, and of relieving them to the best of her power. The men who would say that her father's life was not worth

'a peck of praties,' would have starved rather than hurt a hair of her head. Although the Irish gentry were much alarmed for the safety of their mansions, and Mr. Irvine would never walk out without a loaded revolver, Kathleen was welcome anywhere and everywhere. Sometimes she was seen carrying a basin of broth to some poor old woman; at other times she would bring a little jelly for a sick child.

At the time I am now writing, however, she was not admitted so willingly into the cabins of the peasantry, and if she took a basin of broth, some one came to the door and fetched it. Some excuse was now made to prevent her coming in, such as, 'Sure, Miss Kathleen, darlint, and ye are the angel of mercy to the poor and the nee-dy, but ye must not come in this morning, for our Mike be strook wi' the faver, and it would not do for the likes of yourself to be laid up. What wud the poor do widout ye in these thrying times?' Some would go a few paces and meet her, and say, 'Shure, Miss Kathleen dear, and we're mighty plazed to see your purty

face, but Pathrick's nets be scattered all over the place, and ye could not find room for the sole of yer swate little foot.' Kathleen would return home and ponder within herself the meaning of all this. For a whole week she had not seen the inside of a cabin. She told her father: he shrugged his shoulders, and said to his wife, 'Things began to look dark, dear: this must be the cloud arising before the storm. I know they are not over fond of me, but I thought Kathleen could do as she liked with them.' Mrs. Irvine had gloomy forebodings. The Fenians wanted both money and arms, she knew, and no one could tell what means they might make use of to obtain what they so much coveted.

The Irvines had neither soldiers nor police to guard their house because it was surrounded by a moat, over which was a bridge, and they could trust all their servants. Fire-arms were kept in the butler's pantry—Mahony, the butler, always slept there, and he had been a faithful servant for more than ten years. At the first moment of alarm all the servants could be armed, and they could not be easily surprised. One man also kept watch every night in case of danger.

On the morning after her conversation with her father, Kathleen took a stroll in the wood near the house. She had gathered a nosegay in the garden, and was about to take it to a sick woman who was very fond of flowers. On her way she drew near a cabin which she knew belonged to Tim Flaherty, one of the noisiest and most drunken of the men for miles round. At the door was standing Dan, his son, and sitting on the ground by his side was Jenny, his half-crazy daughter. Kathleen was a great favourite with these children, and stopped to speak to them. She gave Dan a biscuit which he ate greedily, but Jenny refused anything to eat, she wanted one of the pretty flowers. Kathleen let her choose one, for which the girl was very grateful.

'Shure and ye're very kind to a poor craythur, Miss Kathleen,' said Jenny; 'and bekase ye've given me the best o' the bunch, I'll tell ye the drame I had last night.'

'Well, now, that is kind,' said Kathleen; 'I should like to hear your dream, Jenny.' Kathleen always listened patiently to what the poor girl said, her dreams were generally something that happened of no importance, and the girl had a notion that what she saw was a dream.

'It was a thrue drame, Miss Kathleen,' said Jenny; 'and I saw it with my own eyes. Misther Mahony came last night when I was fast asleep on the straw, and he brought with him sich a beautiful little gun; it had one, two, three, six little holes in it, and Misther Mahony said it wud just pick off a half-dozen of the enemies of ould Ireland as if they were partridges in the stubble-field. So you see, Miss Kathleen, poor Jenny will get a partridge for her supper to-night, and that's the rasin why I don't want any of yer purtie cakes now. Never a bit will I ate, or a drop will I drink, till supper-time, and then I shall get a beautiful partridge, and Misther Mahony is a-going to get lots of whisky to drink with the supper.'

Kathleen was quite old enough to be alarmed, and quite sensible enough to understand what was meant. Mahony evidently meant to let a party of Fenians in the house to steal the firearms, and perhaps kill the inmates. Like a wise girl, she said, 'You must not starve so long, Jenny; if Dan comes home with me we will see if we can find a partridge; but you must not say you have told your dream, or else, perhaps, it will not come true. Perhaps I shall keep Dan some time, till the partridge is cooked, so you must be patient.'

Kathleen kept her word, and hastened home with Dan, and had him well fed. She told her father, who instantly rode over to Cork for some soldiers and policemen.

Everything was very quiet in the house. Mahony was at his post as usual. Mr. Irvine arrived in time for dinner, bringing a gentleman with him whose presence seemed to make the butler feel very uncomfortable. Just before the bell rang for dinner, Mr. Irvine beckoned the butler into his study, and told him a gentleman wished to ask him a few questions. Mahony turned pale, and when asked about the revolver he took to Flaherty's, he became so agitated that the stranger, who was a policeman in disguise, immediately arrested him. Through fear of punishment and hope of pardon he told the whole plot, and an hour or two before the time when it was to have been put into execution, all the ring-leaders were arrested, and their followers returned to their homes.

Thus a plot was discovered which would probably have ended in murder, and all through one little act of kindness to a poor half-witted girl. It will doubtless please my readers to know that Jenny had her partridge for supper, and a jug of buttermilk was sent instead of whisky, and that suited her quite as well—perhaps better.

W. M.

A LESSON ON ENGLISH WORDS.

A LITTLE girl was looking at the picture of a number of ships, when she exclaimed, 'See what a *flock* of ships!' We corrected her by saying that a flock of ships is called a *fleet*, and that a fleet of sheep is called a *flock*. And here we may add, for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language in respect to nouns of multitude, that a flock of girls is a *bevy*, that a bevy of wolves is called a *pack*, and a pack of thieves is called a *gang*, and a gang of angels is called a *host*, and a host of porpoises is called a *shoal*, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a *herd*, and a herd of children is called a *troop*, and a troop of partridges is called a *covey*, and a covey of beauties is called a *galaxy*, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a *horde*, and a horde of rubbish is called a *heap*, and a heap of oxen is called a *drove*, and a drove of blackguards is called a *mob*, and a mob of whales is called a *school*, and a school of worshippers is called a *congregation*, and a congregation of engineers is called a *corps*, and a corps of robbers is called a *band*, and a band of locusts is called a *swarm*, and a swarm of people is called a *crowd*.

UNSELFISH LOVE.

A TRUE STORY.



ONE bright afternoon in the early spring, a lady sat at an open window looking out upon a soft, green lawn. Her work-table stood by her side, her work lay in her lap; but her hands were still, and her eyes wandered away watching her two happy children who played near in the sunshine. Hughey, a merry fellow of six, was jumping about, professing to help the gardener, but more often hindering him.

Amy, a year younger, sat on the grass making her first daisy-chain of the season.

Mrs. Dawson's meditations were disturbed by Hughey's cry of 'Oh, mother, gardener has caught a goldfinch! Do, please, let us have it in a cage.'

Amy dropped her daisies, and came running with the same cry, 'Please, dear mother, do let us keep it.' 'There's a pair of them, ma'am, I think they've had a nest in the shrubbery,' said gardener, 'but I fancy they've reared their brood.'

'Oh, we'll make it so happy,' exclaimed both Hughey and Amy; 'we'll feed it every day, and give it fresh water; and it will be so nice to hear it sing.'

'But, my dear children,' urged Mrs. Dawson, 'it is an old bird, and will pine sadly for its freedom. You'd better be kind and let it go.'

However, after a little more persuasion the cage was bought, and the poor goldfinch was shut in its gilded prison.

The next morning the children were up early. Amy cleaned out the cage and filled the glass with fresh water, while Hughey went off to dig for worms.

'Now, sing, birdie, sing!' said little Amy, 'see what a nice breakfast we've brought you. It would have taken you a long time to find all these worms for yourself. Sing and be happy, like as you used to be in the shrubbery.'

But still the little captive drooped his wings and hung his head, and sang not a note.

'Bring him to mother's table by the window,' said Hughey. 'Perhaps he will like to look out into the garden a bit.'

He had not been there long before another goldfinch flew slowly past, uttering a little plaintive note. In an instant the captive raised his head, and swelled his throat, and burst out into a rich, sweet song. But when the passing bird had disappeared, the song ended, and he drooped as before.

'Let us hang him out on the nail by the window,' said Amy; 'perhaps he won't see the wires, and he'll think he's free, and be happy.'

They hung him outside and watched. The goldfinch forgot the wires, and tried to fly; but beating his breast against them, fell panting to the bottom of the cage. Again his mate flew past, and again the prisoner roused himself, and strained his throat in song. She uttered her plaintive cry, came to the window, clung to the wires of the cage, and allowed Mrs. Dawson to catch her.

'My dears,' said Mrs. Dawson, holding the self-sacrificing bird gently in her hand, 'the little goldfinch gives up liberty, the fresh air, the blue sky—leaves all that it loves, to share the prison of its friend! Is not this unselfish love? Must I keep it? Will my children purchase a little pleasure at the expense of any living creature's suffering? Will they not rather follow this bird's example and be unselfish too? Does it remind you of nothing?' added she, more gravely. 'Shall the birds of the air be more Christ-like than my children who are better than they?'

Amy's eyes filled with tears. 'Let them go,' she said.

'Yes, let them go,' added Hughey.

'You shall both have the happiness of helping to make the goldfinches happy,' said Mrs. Dawson. 'Hughey, hold the cage, and, Amy, open the door.'

They did so, and away the birds flew together rejoicing in their regained freedom; and perching on a fir-tree at the bottom of the lawn, the released captives sang the children a sweet song of gratitude.

N. H.

THE BLACK FLY OF THE WOODS.



WHETHER has been in the forest during the summer months, whether in New York State or Maine, and especially Newfoundland, has become acquainted with a goodly-shaped little fellow, commonly known by the name of 'the Black Fly.' He makes next to no noise, but comes in myriads; and sometimes it seems as if they rained upon you from

every direction. He alights on your hands, face, or neck, as lightly as possible, and creeps along so gently that often you do not feel him. When he gets ready he applies his little pump to your skin; 'A little of your blood, if you please, sir!' If you catch him in the very act, and wrathfully kill him, he does not seem to mind it, nor make any effort to escape. You don't know that he bites or has bitten you, unless you happen to see him doing it, till he has got his dinner and has gone. Then you see a small drop of blood in the place over which he stood. If fifty have been on you at the same moment there will be fifty such spots. You don't even now feel any inconvenience; but wait an hour or two. The spot where he bit begins to swell, and then to burn and itch. You rub it, you scratch it, you pinch it, you tear it, but it does no good. You now scratch it every few minutes, till it turns into a sore. Another one close to it does the same; and thus your ears, your neck, your forehead, and hands become one great ache! And no bite is to pass away under about two weeks! Sometimes your eyes swell, and you can hardly see; sometimes the ears swell, and ache, and burn, and you feel as if you were turning into two huge ears, each of which is a living firebrand. You never suspected so much

poison could be received from that little forester, so gentle and tender in his biting. I have had my face and neck (in Newfoundland) covered with blood, all done in fifteen minutes by the myriads of these marauders.

While trying to defend myself from the attacks of these little creatures lately, I noticed one old grey-looking fellow alighting on my hand, already covered with bites and blotches, to whom I thought I would put a question or two.

'My good fellow, what *do* you live on when there are no men here for you to bite?'

'That's a secret, sir, which no black fly has ever revealed.'

'Well, what were you made for?'

'To bite you, sir, and thus to teach you.'

'Teach us what? The virtue of patience?'

'No, sir; but the nature of sin.'

'The nature of sin! Pray explain yourself!'

'Why, sir, I come to you at any time, and at all times—I or my friends. We don't make a noise to alarm you, or let you know that we are here. Then we bite very softly and gently, and you are not yet alarmed. Then we fly off, and leave the smart, and the swellings, and the pains. Just so temptations come to men. They don't alarm. The poor victim sins, and thinks little of it. He lies down at night and feels no aching. But by-and-bye he finds that the conscience is wounded; and it smarts, and bleeds, and brings agonies to the poor sufferer. He had no thought that the poison of sin was so terrible, and its results so awful. Sometimes the child has the temptation to tell a falsehood or to use profane language come upon him, and he utters the lie or the bad word. He hardly felt the wound at the time; but when he comes to meet God before he goes to bed at night, will he not feel it? That boy who breaks the Sabbath is receiving a wound in his soul that will be terrible hereafter. You know very well how it is, sir, for you men all feel these wounds more or less distinctly.'

'Thank you, my little biting friend. You have instructed me. Can't you tell me how to keep you off, and then how to keep off temptation to sin?'

'Very easily, sir. You must know, then, that there are several things, such as olive-tar, camphor, pennyroyal, and the like, which, if rubbed on your skin, will keep us off. We shall hover round you, but not bite so long as the smell remains.'

'But what shall we do when the smell is gone?'

'Put it on again, sir, and keep renewing it very often. In the same way you must keep off temptations, and that is by frequent reading of the Bible and earnest prayer. These are the anointing oil; and these will assuredly save you from the bites of sin, and the smarting and wounds of conscience so often received. Do you understand, sir?'

'Yes, I think I do; and, as evidence, allow me to rub a little of this peppermint on my hand.'

'Oho! you do understand a part of my teaching; and I now see that you are equally prompt to follow my hints.'

With that he spread his wings, and, without biting, flew away, and I saw him no more.

Rev. JOHN TODD, D.D.

FOLLOW THE LEADER.

HARRY HARDY was one of those boys who never like to be beaten at anything. Only dare him to do a thing he would do it, however absurd and useless it might be. He could climb a tree better than any boy of his own age, scale a rock which others would not try, or do anything that would cause his companions to say 'bravo!' or 'Well done, Harry!' He was very fond of the game called 'Follow the leader,' and from his recklessness and daring he was generally chosen as 'leader' in the game.

He had lately come to live at a small town on the sea-coast, and on half-holidays he and his school-fellows constantly amused themselves by climbing the cliffs, fishing, boating, and many other sea-side pastimes. On one Saturday afternoon Harry said to his companions, 'I say, you fellows, the tide has just turned; in twenty minutes that rock (pointing to a small rock, covered with sea-weed,) will be under water. Who dare run ten times round it, and come back to dry land each time?' Some shook their heads and said they would not run the risk of being drowned. Others said, 'We dare, if you be leader.' So off these foolish boys started. The water was over their shoes half-way between the rock and the shore the first time. They did not care, 'Salt water will do no harm,' they said. At the fifth round Harry and another boy—Ned Williams—were the only ones who kept on running. By this time the water was above their knees, for the tide was coming in fast. At the sixth round Harry went alone, and the boys called out, 'Bravo, Harry!' At the eighth round some boys said, 'Stop, now, Harry; don't go any more. You have beaten us all; you will be drowned before you can get round ten times.' But Tom Harris cheered him on, and said, 'Don't be afraid, old fellow; I never saw you beaten at anything yet; only twice more, and you are the bravest chap in Leaford.' So Harry went off again. At the tenth round all the boys said, 'Don't go any more; even Tom Harris did not urge him on. 'Just then, to show what I dare do,' said Harry, 'although the water is up to my waist I will go.' Some of the boys then tried to hold him back, but it was useless. So he rushed off, panting and breathless, for his last round. When he reached the rock he sat down for a minute, for he was very tired. Then he got up and waved his cap. The boys cheered him, but some shouted, 'Come along; make haste, Harry.' This time he stayed longer than was necessary, just to show his bravery, and waved his cap again. At this moment, a huge wave came and dashed over the rock, and rolled towards shore. Harry now thought it about time to get back, so he started off. But before he had got to the middle of his journey he found himself up to the armpits in water, and in a moment another great wave came and carried him off his feet. He fell, and was nearly choked with salt water, but he recovered himself so as to get back to the rock before another wave came. His courage now began to fail him; soaking wet, and exhausted, he dared not attempt the dangerous passage. He could just swim a little, but he was so



tired now, that he dared not make the attempt. So he sat upon the rock in despair. Higher and higher the sea rose; the rock was now quite under water, but there Harry sat, pale and shivering. Some of his companions had already run off for help, whilst some remained on shore, waving their caps and telling him to keep his courage up. Another wave came, and he could scarcely retain his foothold. Then, poor boy, all his sins and follies came to his remembrance, and he feared that the next wave would drown him. He thought of his sorrowing father, of his mother's agony, and of his sister's love, and he said within himself, 'Oh, if I had been less foolhardy, I should not now be perishing in the water. O my God,' he cried, 'for Christ's sake save me!' and he lifted up his hands in agony. In a moment his hands were seized, and all consciousness was gone.

* * * *

Some hours after, a pale, fair-haired boy was seen lying upon a bed in a neat chamber facing the sea. A lady was kneeling by the bedside, holding the lad's right hand. A girl of sixteen was standing eagerly watching his face. Suddenly a faint sound of murmured words came from the boy's lips.

'Harry, my darling boy,' said the lady, 'do you know me?'

That voice seemed to act like a charm.

'Dear mother, is it really you?' said he. 'Then, thank God, I am saved.'

Just as Harry had given up all for lost, and had lifted up his hands in despair, a boatman caught him and rowed him to shore. The poor boy's schoolfellows had given the alarm, and a boat had been put off just in time.

Not very long after Harry entered the Navy, and in course of time became a brave officer, and was loved and trusted by all his men. He lost none of his courage or daring, but he acted more under a sense of duty, and less to gain man's applause. He learned that it required greater courage to maintain a conscience void of offence than to board an enemy's ship, and more boldness to fight Christ's battle against the world, the flesh, and the devil, than to fight the foes of his country. He learned Nelson's famous watchword, 'England expects that every man this day will do his duty,' and he did not forget the words of One Who said, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'

W. M.

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Chatterbox.



THE FRENCH PEDLAR.

THERE once lived in France an old pedlar. He used to travel about the country, mending clocks and umbrellas. This he had done for a great many years; and people used to expect him when his time came round. But he began to grow too old for work. At last, one day he came to a place called Gap, and he went to the inn. When the landlord saw him, he said, 'Well, my old friend, I'm glad to see you; my clocks are wanting you very much.'

But the pedlar said, 'Thank you for your kindness, sir. I've liked to serve you for many years, but I am afraid my work will soon be over. I think I shall die soon. You have been always very kind to me; and I am sure you will promise to do something for me before I die. This is all that belongs to me. Here is my pack, and here is my stick, here also are two letters. I have a nephew living in Paris; he has never cared much about me, but will you send him this letter as soon as I am gone? If he takes my goods, all good and well; but if he won't, then please to open this other letter, and it will tell you what is to be done with them.'

The pedlar soon after died. The landlord sent the letter to his nephew in Paris, and an answer came back that he would have nothing to do with his old uncle, or with any of his goods. He said he wanted no rubbish.

So then the landlord opened the other letter, which told him that as the good-for-nothing nephew refused the things, he might have them for himself as a return for all his kindness, and, particularly, he was to take off the top of the stick and see what was inside it.

In the pack there was nothing but the old man's working tools and a few clothes. But when the landlord proceeded to open the stick, presently five gold coins dropped out, and on searching farther down, he took out bank-notes to the amount of several hundred pounds!

Thus the kind man was well rewarded, and the hard-hearted, proud nephew, well served.

THE ORGANIST OF ST. LUKE'S.

(Continued from p. 75.)



THANK you a thousand times, sir,' he said; but it seems there is no help possible now: all we have to do is to bear the suspicion as we can; but it's hard, sir, not to be able to hold up our heads for shame, and to know it's undeserved.'

'Far better than to feel it was deserved,' said the clergyman; 'you have only the appearance of

disgrace without the disgrace itself, and that, you know, is rather a glory than a shame.'

'I know it, sir, I have thought many a time of St. Peter's words; but for all that, it's a sad thing to see my poor boy suspected of such a sin. And

at the same time, I can't blame people for suspecting him, I should have done it myself. I *do* suspect another, with as little reason, perhaps, as they have.'

'Whom do you suspect?' asked Mr. London.

'Tom Mitchell,' said Mr. Camps; 'I would not have said so but in confidence to you. I hope I don't do him an injustice; but I cannot get rid of the impression that he took the money, and it makes it worse for me to see him going about as usual, and my boy ashamed to show his face.'

'I thought Tom had cleared himself?'

'He did, sir; but—it's wrong of me I am afraid,—but old Warren's word hasn't been much thought of—'

'Don't think of that!' interrupted the clergyman; 'it can do no good, and will only make your thoughts harder to bear.'

'I try not to, sir,' said Mr. Camps. 'I try to be more charitable, and—'

The organist stopped speaking; his fingers touched the harmonium, and again the words came, 'He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy just dealing as the noon-day.'

'You are right, indeed,' said Mr. London; 'only do not look out for the fulfilment of those words now. We know how many have lived and died without seeing their just dealing made clear. I hope it may not be your case; but if it should be, never accuse God of unfaithfulness. Bear up a little longer, till the "day of restitution of all things;" light will come then on all our life's shadows. But,' he added, after a pause, 'in your place, I would use every possible effort to prove your son's absence. Make a stir in the neighbourhood; it is quite possible that he may have been seen, unknown to himself, and one reliable witness would set the suspicion at rest.'

'I will try, sir,' said the organist, 'but I have scarcely heart to do anything in the business. I see so little hope.'

He took the vicar's advice, and met with nothing but disappointment. No one in the neighbourhood of Drake's Pond could be found to recollect seeing Henry Camps on that particular day; and, by his own story, no one had seen him on the road besides the tramp he had spoken of, who, the police discovered, had disappeared on his rambles.

Mr. Camps gave up the little hope he had had, and only thought now of soothing his boy's natural indignation, and shielding him as much as he could from the ill-natured looks and words that were very difficult to be borne by a passionate, high-spirited lad.

Every day Henry came in with an account of some new taunt or neglect, and the worst came when, in a state of more violent rebellion than he had ever dared to show, he told his father that one of his schoolfellows had taunted him before the whole school with the loss of the money, and that the master had never contradicted the charge.

'He believed it himself,' blustered Henry, 'and he let the fellows see that he believed it! I'll never put my foot into his school again! Don't ask me to, father! I can't do it!'

'I think you will, my boy,' said his father in the

sad voice that had more influence over the lad than any rough words would have done; 'I don't think you will add to our trouble by forcing us to take you from school. I know how hard it must be for you, my boy; I have grieved for you very much!'

Henry would not say another violent word after that; he sat down submissively, picked up his school-books that he had flung into a corner of the room, and seemed to be working at them as if nothing had happened. His father was at the harmonium.

'Come and sing a little, my boy,' he said, after a silence, and Henry went to the instrument.

The organist had taken up a copy of 'The Messiah,' he opened it at the air, 'He was despised.' 'Sing that,' he said.

Henry went through the air satisfactorily, and sat down again; he said nothing, but he knew why his father had asked him to sing, and thoughtless as, like most boys, he was, he was the better for it.

'I'll go to school to-morrow, if you like, father,' he said, as he wished him good-night. 'But if the fellows bother me again I'll give them a thrashing; I shan't be able to help that.'

'Don't be hasty, my boy; all you can do is to try to win over people that think badly of you now by your patience and submission. I'm afraid there is no likelihood of *proving* yourself innocent; I have given up all hope of it.'

Every one who knew the circumstances thought with the organist, that it was a hopeless case; a few believed the boy's profession of innocence, but very many more laughed at his story, and looked on his escape from actual discovery of the robbery as a lucky chance for him.

There was one exception to the general opinion. Little Fred Cummings, from the moment when the first accusation had been made against his adopted brother, had set himself a task, which was to find some proof of Henry's innocence.

All his play-hours were spent on the road leading to Drake's Pond, in the vain hope of finding some one who might remember having seen Henry Camps fishing on that particular afternoon. And when his expeditions to all the cottages near had brought the same disappointing answer to his eager questions, he began exploring the most unlikely roads and by-paths for the chance of falling in with the tramp that Henry said he had met on that miserable day.

Yet the poor little fellow's kind-hearted attempts failed one after another; and when the day of the Choral Festival, that Fred had been looking forward to for the last half-year, came, Henry Camps was still absent from the choir, and in disgrace.

(To be continued.)

THE celebrated Henderson, the actor, was seldom known to be in a passion. When at Oxford, he was one day debating with a fellow-student, who lost his temper, and threw a glass of wine in Henderson's face. Mr. Henderson took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and coolly said, 'That, sir, was a digression—now for the argument.'



CROSSING THE LINE.

NE hot summer's day a gentleman who was a sea-captain was sitting in an arbour, while some children were playing in the garden before him.

Tired with play and heat, they all presently went into the arbour.

'Oh, Uncle George,' said a boy about ten years old, 'isn't it hot? Is it hotter than this in India?'

'Yes, in India it is much hotter, but it is very hot now for all that; and the weather reminds me a little of it,' was the reply.

'Then India must be a terribly hot place, Uncle,' said another boy. 'I should think no place could be hotter.'

'Oh, yes, it can, Archie,' said the first boy, 'Africa is hotter, and so is crossing the line, you know. Oh, Uncle, you promised to tell us about crossing the line.'

'Oh, do, do, Uncle George!' cried several children at once.

'Well, my dears,' said their Uncle, 'then, if I promised to do so, I must. But, first of all, do you know what *is* the line?'

'Of course, Uncle George, I do,' said the eldest boy, priding himself upon his knowledge. 'It is the equator or equinoctial line.'

'Right, John; but what is that?'

John could not explain, though he seemed to understand.

'Well, John, the equator is only a line in imagination; but it has its uses—it is the place from which latitude is reckoned, for instance. The earth, you know, is shaped like an orange—'

'Flattened at the poles,' put in Archie.

'Yes; and if you were to mark a line round an orange, exactly in the middle, the line would represent the equator,' said John.

'That's right, but, of course, the real earth is not so marked, and the equator is only imaginary. But I will not keep you waiting for my story any longer.'

'I was sent to sea, as I have told you before, when I was only about twelve years old, and I was entered as a midshipman in a fine Indianman. I had everything to learn then, and my time was not an easy one at first. The other middies played their jokes with me. Then there was sea-sickness to get over, and I wished myself sometimes back at home. One day a sailor said to me, "Master George, we are going to cross the line soon, but I daresay Neptune will let you off easy for a little money."

'Now I had heard nothing else hardly talked about ever since leaving the docks but this "crossing the line," till I came to dread it; and I actually paid the sailors something to be "let off easy."

'About a week after that, as we youngsters were standing all together, looking at a dolphin in the water, a voice seemed to come out of the rigging above us, calling through a speaking-trumpet, "Ship



ahoy! What ship's that?" Our captain, who was on deck, replied, "The Endeavour." "Where from?" was asked by the invisible speaker. "From London." "Where bound to?" "To Calcutta." "Have you any of my children on board?" "Yes." "Then I shall come and own them to-morrow."

"The next day a holiday was granted to all hands. Early in the morning, for the sun was broiling hot—too hot for the thing to be done afterwards—a procession was formed of the sailors, headed by the ship's carpenter, to the quarterdeck. This man personated Neptune, in a wig of tow, with a trident in his hand. He seated himself, by way of throne, upon a gun-carriage, and by him sat another seaman, with an old bonnet on his head, to look like Neptune's wife. A third sailor, who wore a mask, with spectacles on, was called Neptune's physician. The captain having given permission for the rites to commence, we youngsters were all blindfolded, and then made to sit down, one after another, upon the edge of a large tub filled with salt water. "How are you, young gentleman, this morning?" I heard a voice say when I was seated, for I was singled out first, "How are you? and how long have you been in my service?" I opened my mouth to reply, but it was immediately filled with a nasty compound thrust into it by a brush, consisting of tar and filth. I began to splutter and wriggle about, but I was held fast while tar was put upon my head with the brush; and then the barber came to shave me. He smothered my

cheeks with a lather of coal-tar, and more filth, and then began to scrape it off with a rusty piece of iron. The shaving being completed, the arms which had held me let go, and I fell backwards into a tub of water. Struggling out as I best could, I removed the bandage round the eyes, and received the contents of several buckets of water which were poured upon me from the rigging. I was now at liberty to assist in drenching the other mids, who stood blindfolded while I underwent my lot, and I am afraid I was rather too keen in deluging them with water in their turn.

"When it was all over, I found that my face was sore and bleeding, and my hair matted together with coal-tar and pitch, but I did not mind this much. What I did mind though, was that the money I had paid to be "let off easy" was altogether wasted. I was served quite as bad as the common boys who had no money at all to pay. Such was my experience of "crossing the line." It did me good, however. I felt that now I was fairly a sailor. I did not want to get home again any more, and I stuck to my calling; and so now you see me here after having made twenty voyages, quite ready to go to sea again, which I shall do next week, please God."

W.

THE sun is a glorious thing,
That comes alike to all,
Lighting the peasant's lonely cot,
The noble's painted hall.



PUNCTUALITY.

NORAH DENIS was born of poor parents in Dublin. Her father and mother died when she was quite young, and left her without home or friends. But Norah was a brave little girl, and although only twelve years of age, she was determined rather to gain her own livelihood than be supported by charity. After the loss of her parents, all the scanty furniture had been sold to pay the rent, and Norah walked out in her poor ragged clothes to seek for a situation. At first she went to a small grocer's shop, as she heard one of her neighbours say that Mrs. Harriss wanted a servant. She told her story in such an honest way, that the grocer's wife quite believed her, but said that she was so poorly clad that she could not take her as nursemaid to her children. Norah was sorely disappointed, and began to say that she would willingly work for nothing

but her board and lodging if only Mrs. Harriss could give her some clothes to wear.

The grocer's wife being rather pleased with Norah, gave her something to eat, and told her that if she would come again on the next day precisely at twelve o'clock, she would in the meantime consult her husband, and then let her know. Norah, of course, was very hopeful, and went away promising to call exactly at the time appointed. Now, with all Norah's bravery and industry, for she was an industrious child, she had one great fault, and that was of never being punctual. She was generally just a little late for everything. When she went to school she was rarely, if ever, in time. She tried her utmost when she was at school, but lost so much instruction by her bad habit of being late, that she was not nearly so forward as many girls who learnt much more slowly than she did. At meal-time her father would constantly say, 'Where is Norah? that girl is al-

ways late.' Although their fare was meagre, still her father and mother always preferred sharing it with their only child.

As we know Norah's failing, we shall not be surprised to hear twelve o'clock strike and see no ragged girl at the grocer's door. Mrs. Harriss waited until half-past, and was much disappointed at not seeing the little girl, as she had taken a fancy to her, but could wait no longer; so she put on her bonnet and went out, as she had heard of another girl if Norah failed. At twenty-five minutes to one o'clock, a little ragged girl was seen to run at full speed along the street and enter Mr. Harriss's shop.

'Please, can I speak to the mistress?' said she.

'She has gone out,' said Mr. Harriss.

'But, sure, she said she would see me about the situation, and she hasn't gone and left me! I'm truly sorry I'm a little late, but I was looking at the soldiers in the Park until I forgot all about the time, and it is not the mistress that would be making me lose the place for the loss of a few minutes!'

But it was too late; and poor Norah, now nearly starved, had to give up all hope, for Mrs. Harriss engaged the other girl. However, after much suffering, she got a situation in a little shop by the river-side where her master sold marine stores. She had a hard life of it, poor girl—no wages, and very poor food; and that was not all, for sometimes she was beaten by her master when he was drunk, and her mistress never spoke a kind word to her. She often cried bitterly when she thought of her father and mother, for she loved them dearly and they were very kind to her, and she often sighed when she thought of the comfortable place she had lost through not keeping to her time.

She would often pray to God to take her away from this miserable place. And the Father of the fatherless heard her cry and helped her. A kind-hearted sea-captain one day, as he came into the shop, heard poor Norah's cry, and saw the master beating her. When he had diverted the man's attention, and sent him off to get some change, he called the little girl to him, heard her story, and in a few days found her a comfortable home. She stayed several years in the service of Mrs. Thornton, the captain's aunt, but still her habit of unpunctuality was not cured, and she often put both herself and her mistress to great inconvenience.

Mrs. Thornton, after some years, died; and some persons said that if her maid had not been so long before she fetched the doctor, her life might have been saved: but that I do not pretend to know. All I can say is this, that Norah was told to go and fetch the doctor at once, as Mrs. Thornton was much worse; but she wished to finish what she was about, and said a few minutes would be of no consequence. When she arrived, the doctor had just been gone out five minutes, and did not return for some time. He said afterwards that if they had sent for him immediately the case might have turned out differently.

Norah's next situation was in the family of a solicitor named Magrath, where she became house-maid. She remained with this family several years and was much liked by all. Yet there was not one

amongst them who had not been put to some inconvenience through her tardiness. Her master once lost his train because she delayed the breakfast so long, and this delay caused him such inconvenience that he would have given Norah notice to leave if Mrs. Magrath had not interceded for her.

Now, if there was one wish greater than any other in Norah's heart, it was to see England; and business called Mr. Magrath to Liverpool, where he was about to go and reside with his family. They discussed much the subject as to whether they should take Norah or not. Mr. Magrath did not wish her to go, but Mrs. Magrath said that, but for her one fault, she should never get a servant who pleased her so well. The matter was at last arranged thus:—Norah was to go, but if she was at all late, they were determined not to wait one minute for her—indeed they could not, because the steamer must start punctually. On the week before, Mrs. Magrath went to Norah and gave her permission to go for three days to visit some of her friends, and charged her over and over again to be at Kingstown at the appointed time. Norah was never so delighted in her life; she said she should be at the Quay an hour before the time.

The day for the journey was at hand, the steam was slowly making its way through the funnel of the Royal Mail Steamer, and the clock was steadily advancing to the time. Mr. Magrath and his wife and family were on board, but no Norah was in sight. Time was up now; the last bell rang. The clock struck, the paddle-wheels began to turn and the water to foam, the last rope was let go, and off for England was the steamer and its cargo. At just three minutes after she had started, a wild Irish girl came rushing on the quay; she waved her handkerchief, and called with all her might, 'Arrah, stop now, stop; ye surely would not go away and leave poor Norah all alone. Ah! when shall I see ye again! Oh, come back and take me in. Sure, and I'll never be late again. Oh, come back!'

But it was all in vain; the steamer was gone, and Norah's friends were gone, and she must seek another place amongst those who knew nothing of her. She was in great trouble, and I hope that at last she learnt this lesson, that punctuality is one of the secrets of comfort and success. W. M.

PUSS IN THE KETTLE.

IT takes an army forty days to march from Mexico to Chihuahua, and it is a most fatiguing road over a dull, barren country which has neither trees nor any sort of cultivation. In order to pass away the time, nearly all the soldiers of the French army, who had to take this march, amused themselves by taming and teaching any animal they could get hold of—from the snake to the cockatoo, scarcely one was wanting. Suddenly an order was issued by the general of division which placed a limit to this fancy—and only birds found favour in his eyes, cats and dogs he declared to be luxuries, when his men were in need of the very necessities of life.

Cats and dogs must therefore be dismissed. One

soldier alone, a chasseur, ventured to disobey the command of his superior officer, and succeeded in hiding his cat from the eyes of his captain. But it happened one day that an unlucky mewling betrayed the presence of the forbidden pet. The captain, an enemy of cats, enraged at finding his watchfulness so deceived, ordered all the knapsacks to be opened and began a minute examination.

The chasseur was only puzzled for a moment or two.—then a bright thought came into his head; he quickly seized his pet cat and thrust it into the great field-kettle of the company, where he thought it could best be concealed. And his favourite was, in fact, saved in this manner. The knapsacks were closed again after the examination, and the march proceeded under the command of the captain, who had been so cunningly deceived.

The great kettle travelled onwards on the back of the company's cook, and the cat, surprised at her sudden confinement, at first remained quite still. After a quarter of an hour had elapsed and the poor brute began to want air, it danced a furious polka in its cage, then mewed in a most heartrending manner and used its claws in vain upon the iron of the kettle. The noise of the marching and singing soldiers drowned its cries of suffering, which became lower and lower till at last they ceased altogether. The poor chasseur thought that his cat was stifled. Arrived at the next halting-place, the kettle must be opened, the soup must be cooked in it. The chasseur hastened up in order to behold the dead body of his cat, with the intention also—let not our fair readers be horrified—of supping upon her. Provisions were then so scarce, and cats' flesh was not so bad after all!

He came up then and took off the cover of his cat's grave—when she jumped out mad and furious, and sprang at his face.

For two days the cat was raving mad. The captain fired shot after shot at her, but did not kill her. She followed the company at a short distance to the rear, through bushes and over rocks; and when better days came and toleration was again proclaimed for animals, the chasseur's cat took her place again in his knapsack. But when at the dining place she sprang from shoulder to shoulder of the soldiers, as they sat round in encampment, she always went a very long distance out of her way so as not to approach near to the dreaded field-kettle.

J. F. C.

TO A CHILD ON ITS BIRTHDAY.

Mrs. Hemans.

WHERE sucks the bee now?—Summer is flying,
Leaves on the grass-plot faded are lying;
Violets are gone from the grassy dell,
With the cowslip-cups where the fairies dwell;
The rose from the garden hath passed away—
Yet happy, fair boy! is thy natal day.

For love bids it welcome, the love which hath smiled
Ever around thee, my gentle child?
Watching thy footsteps, and guarding thy bed,
And pouring out joy on thy sunny head.
Roses may vanish, but this will stay—
Happy and bright is thy natal day.

THE SONG OF THE STREET.

I.

WITH lips all livid with cold,
And purple and swollen feet,
A woman in rags
Sat crouch'd on the flags,
Singing the Song of the Street:—
Starve! Starve! Starve!
O God! 'tis a fearful night!
How the wind does blow
The sleet and the snow!
Will it ever again be light?

II.

'I have rung at the "Refuge" bell,
I have beat at the workhouse door,
To be told again
That I clamour in vain,
They are "full," they "can hold no more."
Starve! Starve! Starve!
Of the crowds that pass me by,
Some with pity, and some in pride,
But more with indifference turn aside,
And leave me here to die!

III.

'Oh, you that sleep in beds,
With coverlet, quilt, and sheet,
Oh, think when it snows
What it is for those,
That lie in the open street!
That lie in the open street,
On the cold and frozen stones,
When the winter's blast,
As it whistles past,
Bites into the very bones!

IV.

'Oh, what with the wind without,
And what with the cold within,
I own I have sought
To drive away thought
With that curse of the tempted—Gin.
Drink! Drink! Drink!
Amid ribaldry, gas, and glare.
If there's hell upon earth,
'Tis the ghastly mirth
That maddens at midnight—there!

V.

'Oh, you that never have strayed,
Because you have not been tried,
Oh, look not down
With a Pharisee's frown
On those that have swerved aside.
And you that hold the scales,
And you that glibly urge
That the "only plan"
Is the prison van,
The treadmill, or the scourge,—

VI.

'Oh, what are the lost to do;
To famish, and not to feel?
For days to go
And never to know
What it is to have one meal?
They cannot buy, they dare not beg—
They must either starve or steal.



VII.
 'Food! Food! Food!
 If it be but a loaf of bread!
 And a place to lie,
 And a place to die,
 If it be but a workhouse bed!
 If you will not give

To those that live,
 You at least *must* bury the dead!"

VIII.
 With lips all livid and blue,
 And purple and swollen feet,
 A woman in rags
 Sat crouch'd on the flags,

And sang the Song of the Street.
 As she ceased the doleful strain,
 My homeward path I trod:
 And the cry and the prayer
 Of that lost one there
 Went up to the throne of God.

W. H. B.

Chatterbox.



'Dear Old Doggie,' from Life, by F. W. KENZ.

DEAR OLD DOGGIE!

DOGS and children seem naturally to take to each other. Sometimes a dog is very jealous. Poor fellow! he does not understand why his master always wants to be with other people when he is with him, because he (the old dog) never wants any other dogs when he can be with his master. Then it so happens, that a baby arrives in the family in which this jealous old dog lives. At first he does not like it; but by degrees—from the true love he bears for his master, seeing how fond the latter is of his child—he gets first to protect and then to love the child too. And then, what touching instances occur of this dog acting nurse! Be they never so poor, to have a dog is a luxury to children. He is their guardian, playmate, horse. Their comforter when cuffed and scolded by their rough parents; their sympathiser in every bit of sunshine. Only watch the friendliness of children, with the lean, often large dogs which accompany caravans of basket makers, and wandering families.

One kind of dog enjoys a particular reputation as a nursery-dog, and that is the so-called Newfoundland. But mostly, when they get old they get somewhat irritable, and people call them treacherous. But they neither take into account that a dog measures his bite by its effect upon himself and other dogs (with a well-protected hairy skin), and not by what it would do on the soft cheek of a child. They do not mean all the harm they do, and the fault lies with those who believe in pretty pictures, and leave the two unguarded, instead of watching the child's ways, and teaching him how to behave properly to the dog. A snap is often the almost involuntary effect of a pinch from little sharp fingers, or a pulling of the hair on a sensitive place. I have heard of a great many outbreaks of that kind, but none that seemed so inexplicable to me as one which happened to a little boy in Gloucestershire. I heard of it from a lady who was a friend of the family, and staying at the house at the time. There was a large black Newfoundland dog. The son of the house—a boy of about nine or ten years of age—brought him one day a dish full of bones, which he had often done before. The dog flew suddenly at him, and severely bit his hand and face. Nobody could ever account for this. The dog was shot afterwards. Had the boy teased or hurt him before? Or did he tantalise him with the bones? Or did the dog intend to give him only such a snap as they will give to their own puppies when they interfere with bones they have no right to? If children would but think of a few rules, there *never* would be any danger. Never touch a dog without speaking to him first. Never touch him when he has anything to eat. Do not tease him, or touch parts he does not like to be touched. With some it is the head, with others it is the tail. Never meddle with a strange dog. These few rules are easily recollected, and when they are strongly impressed upon children's minds, they will act up to them, and no harm will ever come from their fondness of, or play with 'DEAR OLD DOGGIE!'

THE ORGANIST OF ST. LUKE'S.

(Continued from p. 83.)

CHAPTER II.

FRED! get up!" called Mr. Camps, on the morning of the Choral Festival; 'past seven o'clock.' 'Nearly ready, father,' answered the boy's voice; and in a few minutes the little fellow ran down, ready-dressed in his Sunday suit, and with his clean surplice on his arm.

'Come and make a good breakfast,' said the father, 'you'll have to be off in a few minutes.'

Fred sat down to the table, and tried to go on as usual, but it would not do.

'I don't want anything!' he said, trying to keep back his tears, 'don't make me go to the festival, father, now you and Henry won't be there; I'd sooner stop with you.'

He was but a child, and, in spite of all his efforts, he could not keep in a very childlike fit of crying. This day, that he had been looking forward to so long, to bring such a disappointment! The little choir-boy felt as if he could not bear it.

'Won't you come, father?' he said between his sobs; 'do, please do!'

'Not to-day, dear child,' said Mr. Camps, sadly, 'next year, please God, we'll all go together, Fred, but not to-day.'

The organist had determined not to join the Choral meeting. Not, as he told his choir, from any feeling of malice or ill-will on account of the suspicion thrown on his boy, simply because it would be very painful for him, under the circumstances.

The choir had agreed with him; and in spite of poor little Fred's regrets, he still kept firmly to his resolution.

'I can't come to-day, Fred, but I shall be thinking about you all the time. Sing well, my boy, and be as happy as you can.'

It was time to go. The different choirs were expected to be at the place of meeting by nine o'clock, to have one united rehearsal, and St. Luke's Choir had some miles to go.

When Fred, trying to look as if nothing were the matter, ran down the street to the inn from which the choir was to start, the horses were being put into the omnibus, all the men were there, and all the boys—except Henry Camps,—were amusing themselves with helping in the preparations.

Fred would have enjoyed it as much as any of them, if this trouble had not come, but now he could not bear the thought of having any pleasure, while Henry was sorrowful and lonely at home, and he stood by, watching the baskets of provisions piled inside the omnibus, the heap of clean white surplices laid on the seats, the two banners belonging to the choir unpacked and carried about the inn yard in triumph,—and thought all the more sadly of Henry, and the treat this would have been for him.

Tom Mitchell came up to him with the largest and handsomest of the banners; 'St. Luke's Choir' was worked upon it in letters of gold, and above the words there was a scroll with the text, 'Sing unto the Lord.'

'You're to carry this,' he said.

It was thought a great distinction among the boys to carry this banner, and Fred knew that Tom Mitchell had offered it to him out of kindness.

'Thank you, Tom,' he said, gratefully.

He would rather not have carried it to-day, but did not like to vex Tom by refusing it, so he climbed up to his place on the roof of the omnibus, with the crimson flag in his hand; soon they set off through sunny roads, with the hedges on each side coloured with bright autumn colours, up steep hills, with views of the distant country stretching out far away, half hidden by the white morning mists; down again into the valley under the overhanging trees, till, in good time, they came in sight of the place of meeting.

'Oh, isn't it pretty!' said the boys, as they drove up.

The church stood on the border of a large common; the sun was shining brightly on it, throwing the shadows of the autumn-tinted trees along the smooth turf; and the crimson, and blue, and purple flags were rustling in the clear breeze.

The gathering of the choirs had begun; groups of village-singers were standing in little knots round their own banners, and from time to time, carts, carriages, waggons, came driving in, bringing fresh parties of happy-looking holiday-keepers, to take up their station on the common. The village itself was in a state of excitement; men, women, and children crowded round the space marked out for the choirs to assemble, watching each arrival, and looking out for friends and acquaintances from the neighbouring parishes, and there were very few who did not seem at least to enjoy the pleasant festival. Even the little chorister of St. Luke's, little Fred Cummings, could not help brightening up, and stood with his banner in his hand, looking at the cheerful sight around.

Suddenly, among the villagers gathered on the common, he caught sight of a figure that brought back in a moment the thought of Henry's trouble. It was only a man carrying a basket of hawker's goods; just such a man, he looked, as the tramp that Henry had described. Fred made up his mind that it was the tramp himself.

'Hold this,' he said, hastily, giving up his banner to another boy; and in an instant he left his place and ran up to the group that was examining the pedlar's basket, with the intention of questioning the man about Drake's pond. When he came closer he changed his mind: the pedlar had such a disagreeable, ill-looking face, that the boy shrank back, afraid of speaking to him, and stood looking at him with the conviction that that man was not only the tramp that Henry had met on the road, but the thief himself. He was still standing, trying to screw up his courage to ask the question, when he heard one of the women who had been buying from the hawker's basket, say, 'You've given me wrong change! this bit of money's not a good one; least-ways it isn't English money.'

(To be continued.)

THE BOY WHO HAD PRESENCE OF MIND.

WILLIE HINTON carried a lighted candle to his chamber one night and set it upon the table near his bed. After saying his prayers and undressing, he blew out the candle, and, jumping into bed, soon went to sleep.

In putting out the candle Willie did not notice that he blew a spark from the wick into the folds of the bed-curtains. This spark did not go out, but sinking into the muslin, slowly set it on fire. The smoke filled the chamber, and woke the boy from his first nap. Starting from his pillow, he saw flames creeping up the bed-post!

What did he do? Most boys of his age would have rushed from the room, screaming. What did Willie Hinton do?

He leaped from his bed, ran to the door, and shouted, 'Father, father!' Then closing the door, he took the ewer from his wash-bowl, and, standing on the table, poured its contents steadily upon the flames. The effect was that when his father and mother entered the room a moment or two later the fire was so far subdued that it was easily put out. Willie had saved the house from being burned.

Willie had presence of mind; that is, he thought clearly and acted wisely in a moment of danger. This quality of mind is very valuable. Children should cultivate it in little things by not allowing themselves to be frightened at trifles. Some little folk, for example, act wildly if they see a cow or a dog near them; if, in crossing the street, a horse is coming toward them, they run wildly hither and thither; if they hear an unusual sound in or near the house at night, they grow so scared that you can almost hear their hearts beat. Such conduct shows want of clear thought and wise action. It is the opposite of presence of mind. Those easily-frightened little folk should try very hard to think clearly and act wisely whenever they see anything that alarms them.—*Sunday-school Advocate*.

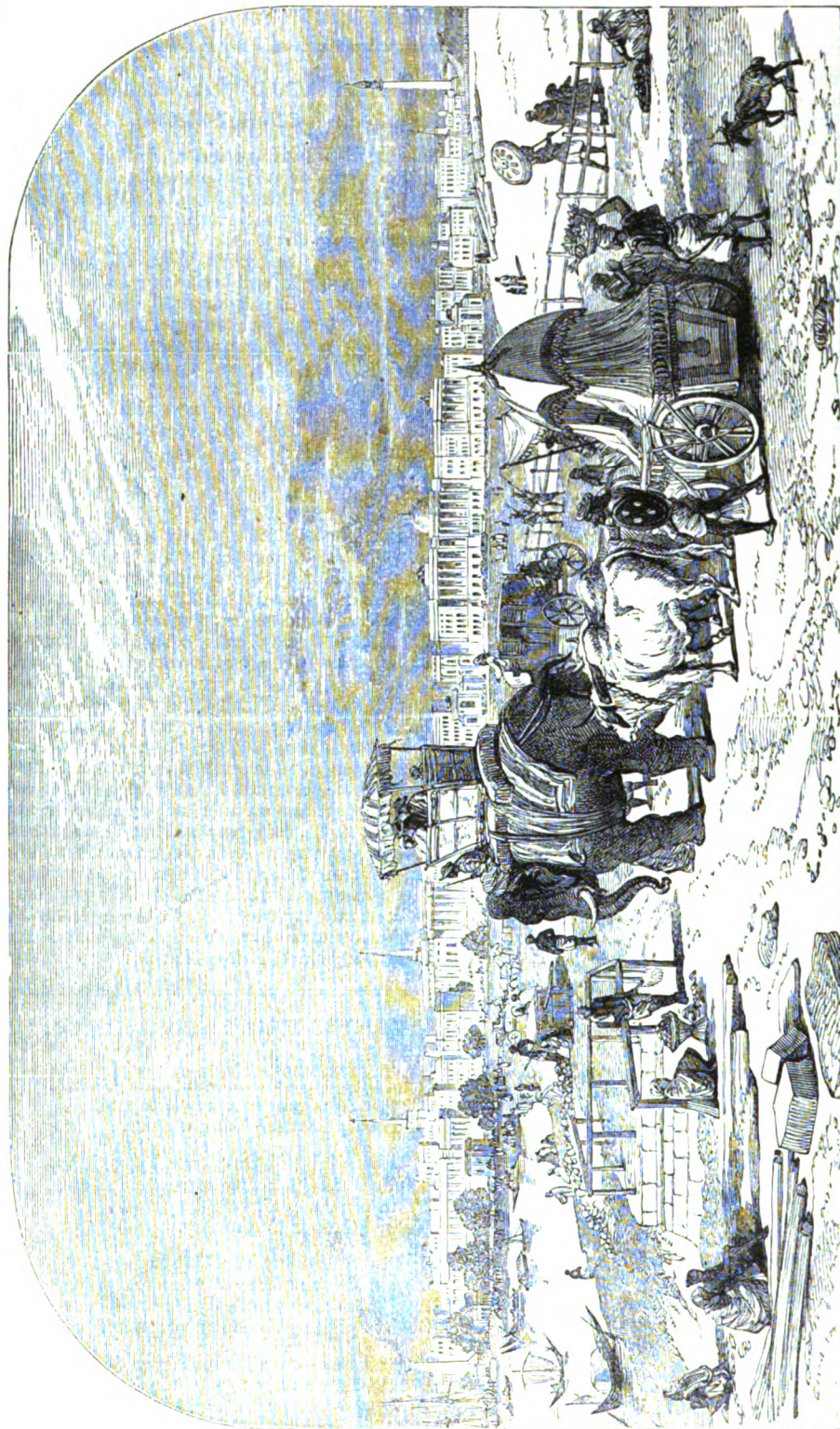
LESSONS FROM SONG-BIRDS.

YE birds that fly through fields of air,
What useful hints for man ye bear!
To teach the soul from earth to rise,
And every lowborn thing despise.

Though rainbow beauty round you glows,
Though without score your music flows,
From pride and all vainglory free,
Ye preach to man humility.

With toilful pains from day to day
Ye build your homes of grass and clay,
And there new broods of minstrels raise
Still to prolong the hymn of praise.

Sweet Birds—we all would learn of you,
Content, life's duty to pursue;
And rise, with earliest beams of day,
Our morning debt of praise to pay.



CALCUTTA.

THE position of Calcutta, which is the chief city of India, and the residence of the Governor General, is very unlike that of Madras. Instead of a fine beach and a rolling sea, it has

only the muddy Hoogley, a branch of the great river Ganges, flowing past it.

The Ganges, after a course of 1200 miles, divides itself into several branches, each about

three hundred miles long, one of which is the Hoogley, upon which Calcutta stands, about a hundred miles from the sea. The country through which these branches flow, which is

called the Delta of the Ganges, is made up of swamps and islands, covered with reeds and thick jungle, the home of the Bengal tiger. Only one of the islands is inhabited by human beings, a place called Saugor, where some Hindoo hermits called *Fakeers* live, and think they become holy by dwelling there. The river is full of crocodiles, so that, what between these in the water, and the tigers on land, the *Fakeers* have a bad time of it. Their fate is generally to be eaten up sooner or later; but fresh *Fakeers* soon take their place, in spite of all the dangers.

The Ganges brings down an enormous quantity of mud every day: as much mud as would cover all England a foot thick, passes along in a short time. The swamps and islands collect a good deal of the mud, and are constantly getting larger: but most of it goes into the sea, which it discolours for a hundred miles. Passengers bound for Calcutta know they are nearing the Hoogley when the ship gets into this muddy water. The vessel passes the dismal island of Saugor, and sails up the river between low banks, covered with jungle, for about fifty miles. When this is passed through, huts and houses appear, rice-fields are seen under cultivation, and the country gets better at every mile, until after passing Garden Reach, a turn of the river discloses the city of Calcutta, with its white palaces, upon the right bank.

Our picture gives an excellent notion of the city. You are supposed to be standing on the Esplanade, with Fort William at your back. Beginning on the left hand, there is the Hoogley with its boats and water-tower; next to this, behind the trees, is the Supreme Court, backed by the spire of the old Cathedral; then there comes the Town-Hall, with the spire of the Scotch church in its rear, then the Treasury and the Government house, distinguished by a dome, and quite in the right the Ochterlony pillar.

In front of these, is the open space called the Esplanade, with its singular vehicles and people. Here 'all Calcutta' comes to take the air of an evening, and here the stranger is always struck with what he sees, men in turbans and flowing robes, their servants holding gay umbrellas above them, women in white carrying children upon their hips, their feet naked, the toes having rings upon them, black soldiers, religious beggars with hair down to their feet, or with an arm held up in the air, which they have held there so long that it has stiffened, and they cannot move it; palanquins, bullock-carts, elephants with *howdahs* and attendant *mahoots*, and lastly the singular-looking stork-shaped 'adjutant birds,' which walk about quite tame, or float down the river upon a human corpse, their wings spread out to catch the wind,



like sails.* These birds are the scavengers of India, and are very useful in stopping the spread of nuisances.

The chief thing in the history of Calcutta is the 'Black Hole,' where as many as 146 English, both men and women, were shut up for a night in 1756. The place was only large enough to hold one person as a prisoner; there was only one small vent to admit air, and the night was unusually hot even for India. No tongue can ever tell or heart conceive what the poor people went through that night: they fought for air, they went mad, they died. Next morning, when the cell door was opened, a lane had to be made through the dead to reach the living, of whom only twenty-three remained. The excuse for shutting the prisoners up, was that Surajah Dowlah, the native prince, was asleep, and could not be awoken. This tragedy decided the fate of India. The country had been till then in native hands, but from that time became an English possession.

Calcutta was then a mean city of filthy huts. The English gradually improved it, till it became 'a city of palaces.' The 'Black Hole' still remains, and is now part of a warehouse. W.

ENGLAND.

THE free, fair homes of England!

Long, long in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallow'd wall!

And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.

* The Hindoos often consign the body of their relatives, sometimes before they are dead, to the river Ganges, which is believed to be holy, and a safe passage to happiness. The body if it escape the crocodiles, is always the prey of the 'adjutant bird.'

'I THOUGHT THERE WAS NO HURRY!'



WONDER whether any one who reads this page has ever wished to be a sailor,—to ride over the tossing waves, and see the wonders of the great deep,—to learn the ways of far-off lands, and bring home presents for mother, sister, or cousins, from China or the Indian Isles! I think I am not wrong in the idea that the very

mention of a sea-life, with its fresh breeze and sparkling foam, its perils and adventures, its novelty and freedom, has a charm for young and buoyant hearts; therefore I write this brief but true story, only asking that my readers will follow me to the end, and not think it dull to listen to the moral at the close of a sailor's tale.

I am a sailor, then; not very old, though I have sailed more than once from my own island home to America, and from Cape Horn to the rich ports of China; returning through Indian Seas, and by the Cape of Good Hope, and the warm, fair islands of Madeira and Canary. I have seen the tented plains of San Francisco, and spoken with the rough treasure-seekers of Australia, bargained with the cunning Chinese, and listened to wild stories of enterprise from every quarter of the globe. Still, I am young enough to remember my boyish feelings and pleasures, and the quick thrill of delight with which I always welcomed the promise of a tale of the sea; I have not forgotten the day I parted with my father and my mother, when my sisters tried to smile as they kissed me, and I hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry that I was really going to be a sailor; and, though I have since found out many hardships and dangers, both to body and soul, that I then little dreamed of, I love the sea still, and I love the young too. I would fain give them a pleasure that I used to enjoy, and will pray God that it will teach them a useful and a lasting lesson.

One day we were sailing with a gentle, favouring breeze, not very far from the shores of America, on our outward voyage, when it was proposed by one or two of my companions to get our lines, and try to add a few fresh fish to our usual salt fare. I was pleased enough to join them, and for some time we had abundant sport. This put me in high spirits, and when at last they grew tired and left me alone, I climbed out nearly to the end of the long spar that I daresay you have seen in pictures projecting from the vessel's stern straight over the sea, and sat there, careless and secure, fishing, and thinking all the while of things far enough away,—the old pond in the orchard, where I had played at home, and my sisters' faces, and my mother's words, watching the changing clouds, and dreaming happy day-dreams. All at once, a sudden roll of the ship, for which I was not prepared, threw me on one side; I felt that I had lost my balance; and, joining my hands over my head, I let myself fall, as if voluntarily diving into the waves beneath. I felt no fear, for I

could swim like a duck; and, seeing my cap, which had fallen off, already at some yards' distance, I struck out towards it, never thinking of the rate the ship was going, or that I should have any difficulty in overtaking her again. I heard my mates call out to me to let the cap go and come, but *I thought there was no hurry*, and swam on, till, just as I had snatched and caught it, I looked round and saw at what a perilous distance the ship was from me. Oh, how I turned and swam! My blood seems to run cold within me now when I think of that moment, and the feelings that gushed upon me as I strove, with all the energy that deadly peril can bestow, to reach the ship's side once more. There were thoughts of home—how different to those so fondly dreamed over a few moments before—but they only flashed across me with a keen, quick pang, and then I thought of death, 'and after that the judgment.' On occasions such as this, the thoughts of hours seem crowded into seconds; and, though you may wonder how, in that brief moment of mortal struggle with the waves, conscience and memory found time to speak, many a one will tell you that the moment of deadly peril is often the time for them to display their most vivid power. And so in terror I swam with the efforts of despair towards the ship. It was my only hope, for they had no boat, as I well knew, that they could lower in time to rescue me.

At last I was alongside of her, and two ropes were flung out to me. Who will believe that, after all my terror, I could trifle still? And yet I hardly caught at the first; when I saw myself within reach of the ship, *I didn't think there was any hurry*. Just at that moment one of the men called out, in a voice that showed he was in earnest, 'It's your last chance, Ned; I can see a shark close astern!' Then, indeed, with a sharp cry of terror, I sprang towards the rope. I nearly missed it, for the men pulled up hastily, because of the nearness of the danger, and it was only by the convulsive grasp of two fingers that I was drawn in safety up the ship's side. Ten minutes after, a monster shark, which must have been within a very few yards of me, was hauled up on deck and despatched. You must picture to your elves, for I can never describe them, the feelings with which I looked into his fearful jaws, and supped that night on some of his flesh, knowing how very nearly he had made a meal of me.

Young reader, my tale is done. Do you think that, in this passage in my life, I was strangely rash and foolish? Do you condemn my delay in turning when I was warned of my danger, and my indifference to the means of safety when within my reach? You are quite right in so judging; but stay a moment, lest you condemn yourself. Have you never acted, in a matter of far more importance, just as I did? You know that there is no help but in Jesus, the saving Ark of God; yet you turn your back on Him, and pursue things that you must own to yourself are the merest trifles in comparison with the salvation of your soul. Friends, parents, ministers, anxious to see you out of danger, call on you to turn and come, but *you think there is no hurry*. You will

go your own way first, and then, when you are older, and have got all you wish, you will turn, and all will be right.

Are you sure that you will then have time to reach the Ark of safety? Oh, turn! Be wise and turn to God while there is time! 'God has promised salvation if you repent, but He has not promised repentance if you delay.'

'EVERYBODY'S FRIENDS!'

WE lately called the little children 'everybody's friends,' and a sad confirmation of the truth of the name comes from Australia. Three tiny boys, colony-born, of Daylesford, in Victoria, started into the bush to look for some runaway goats. The eldest was only seven; but Australian lads and lasses have a continent for a playground, and nothing was feared. When, however, the little ones missed the dinner-hour, and then tea, their parents grew anxious, and searched the neighbourhood in vain.

Night fell, and with the aid of the police the search was extended, and, though it lasted till the morning, the children were still missing. At dawn a storekeeper came in who had seen the small wanderers on the track overnight; and then a boy came who had told them the right road as he passed. This was all that could be gained throughout the second day; but now the whole scattered community had heard of the loss, and was on the alert. The quartz-miners put their tools by, and went out into the bush; so did the sawyers at the steam-mill; and so did the wood-cutters in the scrub, and the third day was thus passed in a vigorous search. Still no trace of tidings, except a faint footmark, going in the wrong direction towards the Waribee River, and therefore the good folks were growing much concerned, and it was settled at a public meeting that all hands should strike work and go to look for the babes. Accordingly, next day—the fourth—every shop was shut, every tool was left idle, and six or seven hundred men, women, and boys, turned out in all directions into the dense scrub, to hunt the strayed ones up. Seventy pounds were collected as a reward for the finder; though no one wanted that incentive, and the man at the steam-mill kept the whistle going all day to guide the little feet home, if they were still able to stir. For days these kindly souls of the Victorian township kept at the hunt. Alas! it was in vain; at the end of the week the shops had to be opened again, and common work resumed, for the children could not be discovered. The heartbroken parents publicly thanked their neighbours for doing all that human gentleness and good-will could do; and so the sad story ends, for the children were hopelessly lost, and must have laid down to die in the wilds. It will be hereafter a colonial tale to match our British 'Babes in the Wood,' with the bluebird and the bellbird for 'cock robin,' and the generous Daylesford folk to make a pleasant verse instead of the 'wicked uncle.'—*Daily Telegraph*.

MY PET.

TWO round eyes and a velvet chin,
A grey little nose, and a sleek, grey skin
Striped with jet;
Furry cocked ears and a sharp 'tooth and nail,'
Pattering meddlesome paws, and a tail,—
That's my pet!

'Three months old and not caught a mouse,'
People say; 'what's the good of a cat in the house,
Racing and chasing and tumbling about,
Scampering in and scampering out'—
Fiddle-de-dee!
Little three months' cat there is time to grow wise,
When the twinkling fun has danced out of your eyes,
Go on catching your blue-bottle flies,
And let the mice be!

The business of life will begin for you
When you've something else in the world to do,
Besides whisking your tail in the face of mankind,
And dancing about on two legs behind,
You ridiculous cat!
When an end of tape or a ball of thread,
Dangled enticingly over your head,
Instead of making you almost mad,
Will get one lazy pat!

Jump on the table and peep in the dish,
Smell at the meat and run off with the fish,
I'll take your part!
Lie and roll on your back and scratch and bite,
Kick with four legs at a time and fight;
Puss mine, though you've ever so sharp a claw
At the very tip end of your velvet paw,
There's no cruel thought in your heart.

Come, lie on my lap in the easy-chair,
Be sure you will never be chased from there,—
Come, sit by me where I sit,
At breakfast, dinner, supper, or tea,
And behave yourself and wait quietly,
For you know you'll get a bit!

Into the garden, along the green grass,
Follow and clutch people's skirts as they pass;
Hide under a bush,
And when some one passes without an idea
Of a little wild tiger in ambush so near,
Out with a rush!

Scratch up the soil on the freshly-dug beds,
Search for the moles, pat the toads on their heads,
They don't care for you;
Bask in the sunshine and sleep in the shade,
Surely a happier kitten ne'er played,
Ate, and slept as you do!

I believe you think everything that's done
Is just for the sake of affording you fun,
You mischievous elf!
Down comes my work-basket on to the floor,
Pincushions, thimbles, and reels you explore,
And then help yourself!



Does one want to write, you must nibble the quill,
Peep in the ink-pot, and possibly spill
Its contents on the desk;
And before one can cry out,
'Oh, puss, what a riot!'
You 're off with a frisk.

Pussy-cat, many long years ago,
When I was a little child, you know
I had but one pet,—

A soft, purring pussy to lie on my lap;
And how I did love it, through good and ill hap,
I remember yet.

I made her a tippet of swansdown and silk,
And gave her so much of my bread-and-milk
That she grew quite fat;
I have had other pets since that time, puss,
But for all their sakes I shall love none the less
My little grey cat.

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Chatterbox.



The Iron Landgraf.

THE IRON LANDGRAF.

FROM THE GERMAN.



HE sun had set behind the forest-covered hills of Thuringia,* and, though in the open country there was a glimmer of twilight and starlight, in the depths of the great oak-forests it was dark—so dark, that a solitary horseman who was trying to make his way between the giant stems, reined in his horse in utter despair of finding any track. He gazed upwards for a glimpse of light between the boughs, but the thickly woven roof of leaves let in just enough to make the blackness around him appear more black when he looked down again. He raised a hunting-horn to his lips, and blew a clear blast. It was echoed an hundredfold from the far solitudes of wood and rock, but no other answer came. Still he sounded the horn again lustily, as if determined not to be discouraged, and was just going to urge on his horse at hazard in the direction in which he had been going, when right before him in the distance he saw red sparks, faint, and dying out almost as soon as they appeared, as if hidden by the tree-trunks. Eagerly he pushed forward, more and more distinct grew the showers of sparks—soon he could hear the ring of a hammer, and at last, following both light and sound, he found himself on a road which skirted the wood at the bottom of a little dell, and before him lay a solitary forge, and through the open door glowed forth, clear and strong, the furnace-light which had been his guiding star. Within, the master-blacksmith with two journeymen made the sparks fly from the ringing anvil, while the apprentice worked the bellows, and made the furnace pant and roar.

As the horseman stopped in the red light of the forge, you could see that he was a young man, slight and fair-haired, dressed in a green hunting suit with silver-mounted belt and bow, and sitting his horse with easy grace in spite of his wearied air.

'Good master-blacksmith,' said he, as the smith observing him ceased his work and came out. 'God's greeting to you!' (The customary salutation of the country, just as we should say, 'Good evening.') 'Can you give a night's shelter to a weary sportsman who has lost his way in the forest, and got separated from his friends? Be sure golden thanks will not fail you on the morrow!'

The sturdy blacksmith, pulling the sleeves down over his sinewy arms, replied, 'You are most welcome, Sir Knight, if you can put up with our homely fare, and a bed of moss with linnen spread over it, which is all I can offer you. But whatever I have, I give right willingly; it is the custom with us that wherever a stranger halts, there he is at home, so speak not a word more of golden thanks, good sir.'

Not half-an-hour afterwards the stranger was sitting with the blacksmith, his wife, the two journeymen, and the apprentice, at supper in the roomy cottage which stood beside the forge. Long splinters of pine-wood, stuck into chinks in the wall, lighted up the party merrily, and on the oaken table were sausages and bread, cheese and milk.

The men, as the custom is, soon began to talk of politics. It was the guest, I believe, who began first, he seemed to be a stranger in the Thuringian land, and asked whether the country were well governed, and if the Landgraf were much beloved among the people? This question seemed like a spark thrown among stubble.

'Well governed!' burst forth from the youngest of the journeymen. 'Sir, ask in the houses of our citizens, in the huts of our peasants, you will hear nothing but complaints, and sighs, and groans. The nobles oppress us past endurance: they plunder our tills, our stalls, and our barns—we can call nothing our own. And as to our Landgraf, if he suffers things to go on thus, if he cannot protect us from injustice and oppression, how can the people love him? The people must despise him, loth as I am to say it.'

And now one after the other followed with many a complaint, many a tale of injustice and violence; and all joined in condemning the Landgraf as weak and soft, without strength of character or courage to help his nobles in check. The housewife alone put in a word in his defence.

'If the Landgraf is too soft, you are too hard on him,' said she. 'Remember how young he is, only twenty-one, and since his good father's death, while he was being brought up at the Emperor's court, the counts and barons had it all their own way here. It mayn't be so easy now to check them. For all thy talk, perhaps thou wouldn't be the man for it thyself, Christopher!' she added to the younger journeyman, who was the most excited over the wrongs of his country.

The master-smith had hitherto spoken but little, but seemed to be thinking all the more. 'A better time is coming,' said he now, 'our Landgraf will ripen to a man at last, and then our deliverance will come. This is my firm belief. This is the hope in which I strike every blow of the hammer! But, Sir Knight, you are weary,' for he had noticed that the stranger had for some time taken no part in the conversation; 'you want rest. Follow me, I will show you your couch.'

So the stranger knight followed the blacksmith up a ladder to a little chamber under the thatch, where he found, as he had been promised, a bed of dried moss spread on the floor, with a snowy sheet over it, and a bearskin for a coverlet.

Scarcely was the young knight alone, when he threw himself upon the couch, burying his face in it.

'I have been deceived and betrayed then—I am hated then! I, who longed for the love of my people beyond all other treasures!' And bitter tears came with the words.

Louis of Thuringia passed that night sleepless. Still the words which he had heard, 'weak, childish, despised by the people,' haunted him, and he

* The old name of the country now divided into the Minor Saxon States.

moistened his pillow with tears of mortification and pain. 'How can I turn the people's curse into a blessing? How can I, inexperienced as I am, escape from the net of evil counsellors and the power of the proud and great?'

And in his perplexity he turned to prayer. He prayed for strength and wisdom from Him to whom he must one day give account of his government. 'Oh, for a sign now,' thought he, 'for something to show me what course I ought to follow!'

The grey autumn morning was beginning to dawn, and from the forge arose the sound of the bellows. Soon the regular beat of the forge-hammer rang loud and clear, and with it the sound of a manly voice, which the Landgraf recognised as the master-smith's; he listened—

'Landgraf Louis, be hard—hard—hard! Landgraf Louis, be hard!' Thus with every beat of the hammer rose the voice. And the Landgraf lay and listened, and with every blow his will seemed to grow harder and harder, his resolve firmer and firmer, his courage to face all difficulties higher and higher. And thus he lay and listened until the sun shone in at the window, then he arose, brimful of energy and earnest resolution—a changed man.

Mounted once more on his impatient horse, the young knight bent from his saddle to grasp the rough hand of the blacksmith, and said, as he pressed it heartily, 'I may not offer you *golden thanks*, good mine host, for all your hospitality and kindness, but let this hearty German squeeze of the hand tell you that your benefits have been bestowed on no ungrateful guest. You do not know all you have done for me. You have welded and wrought me into iron, you have hammered me *hard* on your anvil this morning.'

He was gone before the blacksmith had time to consider whether it could possibly have been the Landgraf himself whom he had entertained.

Before the close of that year (it was the year of grace 1150) all the estates of the land were summoned by proclamation to Eisenach, to hold there a National Council. And they assembled in great numbers, the three estates—nobles, burghers, and peasants. Then the Landgraf caused it to be proclaimed by a herald, that whosoever had any grievance or complaint to make should forthwith bring it before the Council. And, as he sat on his throne in the midst of the assembly, there came before him first, deputies from the citizens, who complained that it was useless to gain anything by manufacture or trade, for the hard-earned fruits of their labours were taken from them by heavy and cruel exactions. And next came a poor peasant, who found courage to bring the complaints of his order before the prince, to tell him how they were ground down and tyrannized by their feudal lords, and treated like beasts of burden under the lash of the overseer.

His words aroused a storm among the nobles, who desired that the 'dog' might be instantly hanged; but the young Landgraf rose from his throne, his eyes flashing with indignation, and said, 'You have oppressed my people long enough, a

day of reckoning is now come, justice without mercy must be dealt to those who showed no mercy.'

There were fierce looks among the nobles, and some laid their hands on the hilts of their swords; but the Landgraf was firm as iron now and shrank not from his duty. He caused inquiry to be made, and evidence collected diligently; and it is said, but on this point chroniclers are not agreed, that he caused all the nobles who were found guilty of extortion and cruelty to be yoked to ploughs, four to each, and made them plough a great field near his castle, the Neuenberg, that they too might taste of the cup which they made others to drink. That field is called the 'Field of the Nobles' to this day. It is said, too, that he sent for the blacksmith and gave him a forge near his castle, that whenever he was in danger of becoming weak and yielding again, and made them plough a great field, he might hear his grimy friend singing over his work, 'Landgraf, be hard!' However this may be, it is certain that Landgraf Louis ruled thenceforward firmly and well in the fear of God, and is known in history as the 'Iron Landgraf.'

A TENDER-HEARTED AUSTRIAN CAPTAIN.

AFTER the battle of Königgratz, writes an Austrian corporal of dragoons, we were obliged to cover the fatal retreat. We had special orders to keep the enemy who was pursuing us from a large village, in order that half a regiment of artillery might pass through it, and thus gain on their pursuers. One squadron had to force its way through a narrow street at the end of which we had to cross swords with the Prussian hussars. Our captain, the young and kind-hearted Count B—, did not lose his head, and led us with all skill and courage where two streets crossed each other. There was a terrible confusion of horses and waggons; and in the midst of them all, we suddenly saw a boy of three or four years of age, very dirty, with his clothes in rags, but with a face beautiful as an angel's. Heaven only knows how he came there. In his fear at our horses, he ran so near to the wheel of a wagon that the projecting axle dragged him to the ground, and the hind-wheel must in the next moment have passed over his head. I was so confused that I scarcely know now how it happened, I only seem to see our captain before me, how in a moment he had the little one by the arm and flung him before him on the saddle. He must have noticed the boy's danger before we did.

He had often shown himself to be a bold, reckless rider. In the exercising ground, when riding at full gallop, he could pick up a sheet of paper from the ground without stopping. Just in the same way, he snatched up the boy, and, when he had placed him upright on his horse before him and pressed the little curly-haired head against his breast, our dear captain's eyes beamed brightly, and were moist withal; he looked as proud as if he had conquered a kingdom. The whole squadron raised a loud 'hurrah!' and with drawn swords we rushed upon the advancing Prussians.

How long we fought I do not now remember; we were at last relieved by the cuirassiers, and had a long way to ride before we could bivouack. Then I thought about the boy, so, under the excuse of bringing him some trifling information, I rode up to the captain. But my information was forgotten at the sad spectacle which I beheld—the boy's head and limbs hung down, he was dead. The captain was pale as death, and gazed upon the poor little boy, and plainly it was with the greatest effort that he could restrain his tears. When we had found a bivouack, all pressed round the corpse of the little fellow. Strange, we had so many brave comrades to mourn for, and yet this boy excited our special sympathy. It is the fate which a soldier expects, to die in the tumult of battle, but why should this be the fate of that poor innocent child? At first he appeared to have no wound, but on closer examination the doctor found that one revolver bullet had pierced the boy's chest, where it still remained, and that a second had passed through his body coming out at the back. The latter the captain drew from his pocket. It had wounded him slightly too, and remained hidden in his clothes. Both these balls would have killed our captain if he had not had the boy on his horse before him.

In deepest emotion he knelt down on the ground beside the child's body and covered the beautiful little face with tears and kisses. I felt so soft-hearted that I had to turn aside and weep. Shortly after, the captain ordered us to mount. He had intrusted the body of his little protector to an old servant who was to take it to his mother, the Countess, in Styria, that the unknown little boy might be buried in the family vault. A division of dragoons had to ride a short distance as escort. Our captain and several officers walked as mourners. The sad procession moved past us, we saluted, the trumpeters blew a funeral march,—it was like the funeral of a guardian angel. God careth lovingly for His own, both for the great and for the small.

J. F. C.



THE CIRCASSIANS.

BETWEEN those two great island seas, the Black Sea and the Caspian, lies a mountainous country called Circassia, which is noted for the bravery of its men and the beauty of its women.

Circassia was a free country until about thirty years ago, when the Russians seized it. The Emperor Nicholas came down from St. Petersburg to see his new conquest, and, at a meeting of Circassian chiefs, said in a rage, 'Do you know that I have got gunpowder enough to blow up all your mountains?' This was an unkindly way of speaking to a conquered people, and ever since the Circassians hate their rulers, and are continually rising up to try and regain their freedom.

The Circassians are a simple people, following no trade; and their coast is closely guarded by Russians, to prevent their traffic with other countries. A Turkish ship, however, sometimes 'runs the blockade,' and purchases female slaves—white slaves—from the people, for sale at Constantinople. The girls who are sold, it is said, do not at all mind it. They believe that they will have a better home in Turkey than their miserable one in Circassia.

While there is, however, no trade, there are many clever Circassian workmen. These make coats of armour and helmets, and very keen swords, with which the people arm themselves, for they have always been a fighting race. The boys are trained up to bear arms and to be expert horsemen. Their swords are often 'heirlooms,' descending from father to son; and a Circassian will generally part with anything rather than 'his beloved sword,' which his forefathers wore before him. An Englishman noticed the date, A.D. 1547, upon the blade of a Circassian's sword; and this man was only of low rank.

The men dress in a long gown of drab cloth, with a girdle round it, into which are thrust the sword and some pistols. They wear a close cap upon the head, which in winter is exchanged for a bushy one of goat's hair. The females dress gracefully—a long gown, loose trousers, tied in at the ankles, an embroidered cap, a laced bodice, and often some ornaments of silver, which, like the swords, are handed down from generation to generation.

When a man puts on his fighting-dress his appearance is quite changed. Now he wears a tight-fitting coat, and over it a coat of chain-armour, which covers also his helmet, and protects his neck. A large quiver and a bow, and sometimes a rifle, but always his sword, form his weapons.

Our pictures represent a group of Circassians in peace-time, and a mounted warrior ready for war, who, upon his milk-white steed, with his chain-armour, and helmet, and plume, looks like a knight-templar.

The Circassian horses are small, of good breed, and of great beauty. The men are trained in riding from childhood and become very expert. The animals are wonderfully sure-footed, and spring from rock to rock, run across chasms with surprising accuracy, and a Circassian prizes his horse and his sword before anything in the world.

W.



A Mounted Warrior.

THE CHILD AND THE DEW-DROPS.

H. CARPENTER.

OH! father, dear father, why pass they away,

The dew-drops that sparkled at dawning of day—
That glittered like stars by the light of the moon,
Oh! why are those dew-drops dissolving so soon?
Does the sun, in his wrath, chase their brightness away,
As though nothing that's lovely might live for a day?
The moonlight has faded—the flowers still remain,
But the dew is dried out of their petals again.

'My child,' said the father, 'look up to the skies,
Behold yon bright rainbow, those beautiful dyes;
There—there are the dew-drops in glory reset,
Mid the jewels of heaven they are glittering yet.
Then are we not taught by each beautiful ray
To mourn not for beauty, though fleeting away?
For though youth of its brightness and beauty be riven,
All that withers on earth blooms more brightly in heaven.'

Alas! for the father—how little he knew
The words he had spoken prophetic could be;
That the beautiful child—the bright star of his day—
Was e'en then, like the dew-drops, dissolving away.
Oh, sad was the father, when lo! in the skies
The rainbow again spread its glorious dyes!
And then he remembered the maxims he'd given,
And thought of his child, and the dew-drops—in heaven.

THE ORGANIST OF ST. LUKE'S.

(Concluded from page 91.)



FRED started forward; the woman was showing the coin to her neighbours. 'Let me see it, please,' said the boy. The woman gave it him, but in a moment the pedlar snatched it out of his hands with an angry exclamation. He was too late. The glance that Fred took at the piece of money was enough. He knew that it was the German coin that by some accident Mr. Niblett had put into the drawer with the missing money; he knew it well; he had asked Mr. Niblett to describe it to him, and he could not mistake. There were the very letters scratched rudely on it.

In his delight at making this discovery, Fred Cummings was at a loss what next to do; till remembering that some of the town-police were to be on the ground to keep order during the festival, he set off in search of one, and fortunately found the very one who had come to examine Henry.

'I've found the German coin!' he said, rushing up to him. 'That pedlar's got it. He must be the man Henry met—he must have stolen the money! oh, do come!'

'Softly!' said the policeman, 'we must be sure about it first. Can you swear to it?'

'That I can!' said Fred; 'so can Mr. Niblett, go and ask him; he's on the ground.'

The policeman took the boy to Mr. Niblett, and made him repeat his story.

'It's all right,' said Mr. Niblett; 'that answers the description of my coin.'

The pedlar was still where Fred had left him, bargaining with the women; Mr. Niblett and the policeman walked up to him.

'I give this man in charge,' said Mr. Niblett.

The pedlar looked round as if with the thought of escaping, but he saw that it was hopeless.

Fred stood by while his pockets were searched, and when the German thaler appeared, he turned to the policeman,—

'Is Henry quite cleared? May I tell father it is all found out?'

'As fast as you like,' said the policeman, kindly, smiling at the child's joyous excitement.

At that moment a bell rang, the signal for the choirs to meet in the schoolroom for the last rehearsal before service.

'Must I go in?' he said entreatingly to Mr. Niblett; 'I thought I could go back and tell father, and bring him back in time for service if I can.'

'It's against the rules,' said Mr. Niblett, 'but I suppose this once——yes, run off, and I'll make it right for you.'

The little boy set off with the full intention of walking back to take his father the good news; but as he left the common, a cart that had just brought in a choir was setting off in Fred's direction, and he begged for a lift. The horse went briskly enough;

but it seemed to the child, in his anxiety to get home, as if the four miles would never be got over.

When the town was reached he jumped down with hearty thanks to the driver, and ran into his father's room almost too breathless to speak.

'It's all found out, father! I saw the tramp this morning—and the policeman's got him—and everybody knows Henry didn't take it—and do come back to service!'

'What do you mean, Fred?' said Mr. Camps; not being able to make out anything from the child's hurried sentences, yet with a hope that something good had happened.

Then the boy tried to calm himself, and told his story in a more connected way, ending with the entreaty, 'Please come to the festival, father!'

The organist was as anxious to go as Fred could be. After such a happiness, where could he go more willingly than to a thanksgiving service? Telling Fred he might run and order a gig from the inn, he got ready as hastily as he could, and with only one regret, that Henry and his mother had gone out for the day, and so could not share his pleasure, he drove off, and reached the common in time to see the procession of choirs leave the schoolroom on their way to divine service.

It might have been his own joy and thankfulness that made all look bright; but the organist thought that he had never seen such a fair, lovely sight as he was looking at now.

The long procession of men and boys, clergy and singers in their pure white dresses, winding through the common, with the shadow of golden-leaved trees falling on their heads; the many-coloured banners waving in the autumn wind against the clear, cloud-marked sky; the exultant sounds of the processional psalm rising up triumphantly into the open heaven.

When the last chorister had passed into the church, the organist of St. Luke's followed. Throwing on his surplice in the porch, he went to the seats appropriated to St. Luke's choir, and took his place. But before the service began there was something he must do; the boys were sitting in the seat before him, he leant over and touched Tom Mitchell's shoulder. The lad looked round in surprise.

'Tom,' whispered Mr. Camps, 'I couldn't let the service begin without speaking to you. Forgive me, Tom, I suspected you.'

The boy turned round, 'I knew you did,' he said in the same tone, 'but it's all right now!'

After that there was nothing to disturb the organist's enjoyment. He did enjoy that service of thanksgiving. The responses had never seemed so full of beauty; the hymns had never been so joyful; the concluding chorus had never been, in his ears, so full, so triumphant, as when the hundreds of united voices sang together 'Hallelujah!'

* * * * *

The rest of that day was pleasant indeed, to the organist and choir of St. Luke's. The merry dinner, when as many of the choirs as could find room dined together in the large, flower-dressed schoolroom, and the remainder picnicked as pleasantly under the trees on the common; the evening service, the drive home through the dusk of twilight, all had

helped to make that day a happy one. But, pleasanter than all, was the organist's evening at home, when, with Henry at his side, he sat in his old place at the harmonium, and sang once more in thankfulness as he had done in hope,—

'He shall make thy righteousness as clear as the light, and thy just dealing as the noon-day.'

THE POOR SEMPSTRESS.

POVERTY is better than crime,' thought Marion Proctor, as she sat late one night over her last piece of work. She could hardly see to thread her needle for the last time that night, before she threw herself down upon her straw mattress and covered herself with a few worn-out bedclothes. Her eyes had become dim with the constant strain upon them lately, for unless she worked from morning until very late at night, she could not earn enough to maintain herself. The rent, too, of the miserable garret must be paid regularly, and although the wind came through the broken windows and made her shiver with cold, yet it was now the only place she could call home.

Her sole companion was a poor cat, lean and half starved, that had followed her one day as she was returning from the shop to which she had taken her work. The cat looked so wretched, that Marion, poor as she was, gave it a little milk and water, and some soaked crust, and from that time the cat was her constant companion.

The poor girl's heart, which, alas! had been getting cold through the want of human sympathy, found that even a poor dumb animal to be fed and cared for, and to share her poverty, had power to bring back some little warmth to her breast.

When she thought over the scenes of her childhood or remembered the time she had said her prayers by her mother's knee—when she mused on her dying father's words, 'Marion, darling, never forget to pray, and God will never forget to bless you'—her heart seemed to soften, and she put her hands to her face and burst into tears.

She had forgotten to pray, she said within herself, and God had forgotten to bless; would He still remember her? 'Poverty is better than crime,' she murmured to herself; and though her last piece of work was done and no more promised, she resolved that she would rather trust God than commit a rash act to which she had been sorely tempted of late. The contents of the small bottle on the window-sill would soon put her to a sleep from which she would never wake in this world; but now she began to think of what would be the result of her crime in the other world.

'Thank God,' she said at last, 'I have come to my senses,' and she poured the contents of the bottle into the street. 'I will trust Him.' She then knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer, and felt the Lord's own words in a way that she had never done before. Her sleep that night was refreshing, and she awoke in the morning happier than she had been for some time past. She took her work to the shop and was told to call again for

some more in three days, for they had none ready at present.

'In three days!' thought poor Marion, 'and how am I to live without work for three days?'

On her return to the attic her cat was missing, and having nothing now to do she went to look for her. She supposed that she had followed her into the street, and had lost her way. She had not gone far before she heard a great noise. A number of boys were just leaving off throwing stones at a poor cat, which was lying half dead, and a kind-hearted old gentleman was speaking to them about their cruelty. A policeman at that time came up and the boys ran off, leaving the old gentleman alone looking at poor puss. Marion soon saw that it was her Tabby, and, taking her up in her arms, she fondly caressed her, and warmly thanked the old gentleman.

'Is that your cat?' said he.

'It has found a home with me,' said Marion.

'She looks very thin,' replied the old man.

'Yes,' replied Marion; 'I am afraid I do not give her quite enough to eat.'

'Perhaps, my poor girl, you have not much to spare?' Marion blushed, but did not reply. 'Have you far to take the poor creature?'

'Not far,' replied Marion, 'only to the next street.'

During this time the old gentleman and Marion were walking together, and were passing a milkman's shop, and he said, 'As I have saved the cat's life, I must finish her cure; I must buy her some milk and see her drink it.'

Marion said nothing, for she felt ashamed of her room; but she could not help it, so she led the way to her garret.

'Have you lived here long?' inquired he.

'No, sir,' replied Marion, 'not more than six months.'

'And you have seen better days than these, I suppose?' he asked.

Marion was at first reserved, but the power of kindness and real sympathy soon drew out her history. In a few words I will tell it. Her father had been the captain of a trading vessel and her mother died whilst she was a baby. For some time her father had been paralysed, and died almost as soon as he had exhausted his little savings. Since his death Marion had taken the attic in which she now lived and supported herself by needlework.

The old gentleman listened to Marion's story, and after much persuasion, made her accept a small present of money, which he said was to keep her and her cat until he could find some way of helping her to earn a better living.

'My father's words are true,' said Marion, as soon as the old gentleman had left. 'As soon as I began to pray, God began to bless.'

Marion had not to wait long in suspense, for on the next morning the old gentleman entered, bringing with him a young lady, his daughter. He then left, and promised to call again. Miss Stuart remained some time with Marion, and was as much pleased with her as her father had been; and the end was, that Marion was engaged as maid to



The Poor Seamstress.

Miss Stuart. The cat had a special place appointed her by the fireside of the old gentleman, and no one had to complain afterwards that she looked half starved or poorly fed. W. M.

Parts I. and II. for January and February, 1868, price Threepence each, are now ready.
All the back Numbers may be had, price One Halfpenny each.

Chatterbox.





THE SELF-MADE BOY.

ANY years ago, a poor boy of seventeen was seen travelling on foot and alone in England. He carried over his shoulder at the end of a stick all the clothing he had in the world, and he had in his pocket an old leather purse, containing a few pieces of money given him by his mother, when she took leave of him near her own cottage.

Our young traveller was the son of poor, but honest and pious parents, small farmers in a village called Ugborough. John Prideaux, for that was his name, had six brothers and five sisters, who all had to labour hard on the farm to assist in getting a living. Being a well-disposed boy, he used to assist the parish-clerk in singing in Divine worship. When the old clerk died, John hoped to fill his place, but another young man was preferred by the parish, and John, to his great grief and trouble, lost the clerkship.

He now wished to leave home, and try to get his living elsewhere. His parents at last consented, and sent him forth with their prayers and blessing. He first went to Exeter, where he met with no success; but as he looked on the beautiful cathedral, and at the books in the shop-windows, a strong desire sprang up in his mind to become a student, and he at once set off for Oxford, two hundred miles distant, walking the whole weary way. At night he sometimes slept in barns or by the side of a haystack. He lived chiefly on bread and water, with a little milk now and then.

When he reached the fine old city of Oxford, his clothing was nearly worn out, his feet were sore, his spirits were cast down, and he scarcely knew what to do. He had heard of Exeter College in Oxford, and thither he went, and was engaged as servant to the cook. Here he might have been seen scouring the pans and at the same time reading a book. His love of study soon drew the attention of the 'dons,' and they took him into the college as a 'poor scholar,' and provided for his wants.

John felt grateful for their kindness, studied hard, and was made what is called a Fellow of the College. He took high degree, and in time he was ordained to the ministry. Some years afterwards he was chosen Rector of the College, then Professor of Divinity, and then Vice-chancellor of the University. While he had the charge of the college, his learning and his winning manners caused it to flourish more than any other college in England, and more foreigners came to it for instruction than ever was known before.

In 1641 he was made Bishop of Worcester, and he used often to say, 'If I had been chosen parish-clerk of Ugborough, I should never have been Bishop of Worcester.' He rose to great honour as a scholar, and was very useful as a preacher of the Gospel of Christ. He was a man of gentle and kind manners of great piety, and of such extensive learning that he was called 'a pillar of the faith.'

He was also to the last very humble, and visited his aged father and mother, who were delighted to see their son not only a 'great scholar,' but a good bishop. He kept part of the ragged clothes in which he came to Oxford in the same closet where he kept the robe in which he left the University. Such was John Prideaux, the pious and diligent boy, and the learned but humble bishop.

APPEARANCES ARE OFTEN DECEITFUL.

By James F. Cobb, Esq.

TO illustrate this, we will relate to our readers two stories which have lately come under our notice.

A French exhibitor, who had recently won high laurels at the Paris Exhibition, invited many of his friends to a banquet to celebrate this happy event.

The dinner was very lively. Connected with a Universal Exhibition, it was naturally composed of guests of different nations. When the appetites were satisfied, the conversation became general and somewhat noisy: they talked about the Exhibition, about the laurels won there, and lastly about the medals, the specimens of which every one had seen. Naturally, they did not agree upon this subject: some thought the design very good, others found fault with the position of the two angels, or of the eagle.

'Gentlemen,' said one of the guest, suddenly, 'we ought to examine things themselves before we judge them. I have with me a gold medal, which has been accorded to me. They are not all distributed yet; but as I am a foreigner, and have to start the day after to-morrow, they gave me mine before the name was engraved on it. Look first, and judge afterwards.'

Thus saying, he drew from his pocket a gold medal, carefully wrapped up, which he passed on to his neighbour to examine. The medal made the round of the table, many observations were exchanged about it, whilst the general conversation continued. In about half-an-hour, the foreigner asked the master of the house to return him his medal, which every one now must have seen.

But great and general was the astonishment when the medal could nowhere be found: they looked under the plates, under the flower-vases, then under the table and chairs, but still no medal was to be seen.

A painful impression came over the whole party; the stranger said nothing; the master of the house reflected what prudence should prompt him to do in this delicate affair. There are impatient persons in every company, and a young man, one of the guests, rose and said,—

'Gentlemen, we cannot all remain under the weight of a general suspicion: I demand that each one of us gets up and turns out his pockets.'

The company remained for a moment hesitating at this proposition; nevertheless, several said, 'Yes,' when another of the guests—a foreigner too, an American—got up and said,—

'I am invited here as an honest man to the table of another honest man, and I will not submit to be searched like a thief.'

These words produced a strange effect upon all. The master of the house made a sign to the owner of the missing object; then he expressed his hope that the medal would be found without proceeding to such extreme measures.

But this strange disappearance had cast a damper over the company. All efforts made to enliven the party were fruitless. They continued to chat in a low voice, and every now and then sidelong and suspicious looks were cast at the Yankee,—whose face, however, did not betray the least guilt. Nevertheless, the majority of the guests were convinced that he had taken the medal.

Just as they were getting up from the table, the little daughter of the master of the house, aged five years, ran up to her mother, and said, in a voice of entreaty,—

'Oh, mamma, may I not keep this beautiful penny? Nurse says that I must give it back again.'

Thus saying, she displayed the missing gold medal.

There was a cry of surprise and of universal relief. It was discovered that the old grandmother had let the medal fall under the table, where the little girl, who was running about the dining-room, had picked it up. This new and happy incident again drew the curiosity—more friendly this time—of the party upon the American. If they seemed to avoid him before, they flocked round him now.

He was a sensible man. He smiled, and then said,—

'Gentlemen, I am sure that I shall please you by explaining the reason why I objected just now to show the contents of my pocket: this is why.'

And he drew from his pocket a little packet, carefully wrapped up, opened it, and exhibited a large gold medal, exactly the same as the other.

'I, too,' said he, 'received a gold medal; and they also gave it to me before it was engraved, because I have to leave Paris immediately. Do you think, candidly, that I could have turned out my pockets, and shown this medal before the other was found? It would have taken me some time to be able to establish that I was the lawful owner of it; and I did not choose, even for a second, to be, with some appearance of reason, taken for a thief.'

My other story, to illustrate that appearances are sometimes against the innocent, is also a French one, of a somewhat different character.

Last summer, the head-clerk of the Bank of France, an old man named Nuzillard, died. During his life more millions had passed through his hands than would have sufficed to purchase an empire.

Nuzillard was always considered the most prudent, knowing, and trustworthy of clerks, but in 1849 he allowed himself to be robbed of 100,000 francs in bank-notes.

He was in great trouble and despair. The director of the Bank, notwithstanding his great confidence in the so often proved honesty of the clerk, could not help feeling suspicious, as it was surprising that 100,000 francs in bank-notes could be taken from him without his perceiving it. He went to consult

the Minister of Police, M. Carlier, who, after he had been informed of the fact, expressed an opinion favourable to poor Nuzillard.

'But only reflect, M. Carlier,' observed the director, 'that 100,000 francs in bank-notes form quite a bulky packet: and how can you account that, having this packet in his breast —'

'All that goes for nothing with expert thieves,' interrupted M. Carlier. 'Look, here is a large newspaper folded up, put it in the breast-pocket of your coat. Well, I will answer that it shall be stolen from you before you leave the office.'

'Oh, I can't believe that!' said the director, carefully putting the newspaper close to his pocket-book.

This done the director remained some time in M. Carlier's cabinet, who, chatting with him, wrote his orders and received visitors.

At last the director got up to go, and after exchanging the usual polite speeches with M. Carlier, the latter said suddenly,—

'By-the-by, about your newspaper? You have it still, I think?'

The director put his hand to his pocket, when, to his surprise and dismay, the newspaper had disappeared, and the pocket-book with it.

'You see,' said M. Carlier, smiling; 'and yet it is not my people's trade,—at least, I suppose not.'

Thus saying he rang the bell, and a servant immediately brought the director the newspaper and his pocket-book, which an individual, instructed by a note from M. Carlier, and having appeared in the room for only an instant, had time and skill to carry off.

Nuzillard was afterwards completely cleared of the accusation.

SOME PLACE FOR ME.

WHAT if a little ray of light,
Just starting from the sun,
Should linger in its downward flight,
Who'd miss the tiny one?
Perhaps the rose would be less bright
'Twas sent to shine upon.

What if the rain-drop in the sky,
In listless ease should say,
I'll not be missed on earth, so I
Contented here will stay?
Would not some lily, parched and dry,
Less fragrant be to-day?

I am a child. It will not do
An idle life to lead,
Because I'm small—with talents few—
Of me the Lord has need,
Some work or calling to pursue,
Or do some humble deed.

I must be active every hour,
And do my Maker's will;
If but a ray can paint the flowers—
A raindrop swell the rill—
I know in me there is a power
Some humble place to fill.



The last few years have settled both questions, but not until great sums of money have been spent, and many men's lives thrown away.

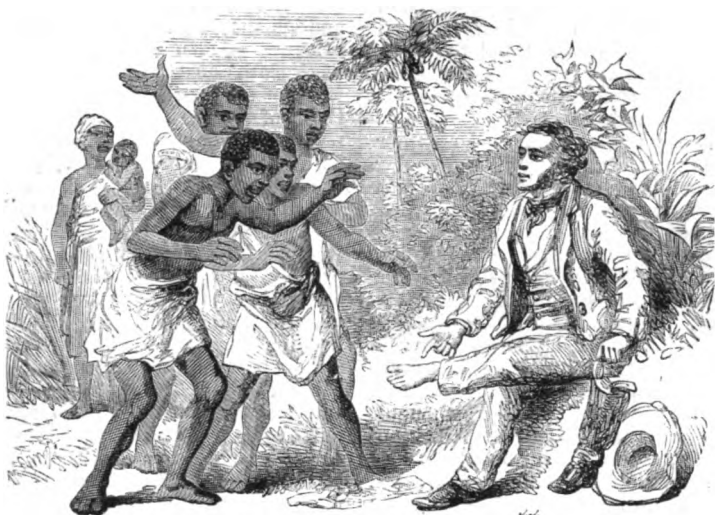
How the source of the Nile was discovered by Captain Speke the readers of *Chatterbox* have been already told. It is of the Niger, and of

MUNGO PARK AND THE NIGER.

THE two great rivers of Africa, the Niger and the Nile, have puzzled learned men for 2000 years. What they wished to know was, where the Niger went to, and where the Nile came from.

Mungo Park, its first explorer, that we wish now to speak.

Mungo Park was born near Sellirk, in Scotland. He received a good education, and when he became a young man, made a voyage to India as ship's surgeon. The voyage gave him such



Mungo Park showing his feet.

a love of travel, that on his return home he engaged himself to the Royal Society to go to Africa and try to find out whether the Niger ran from the east to the west or from the west to the east—a subject which excited much attention at the time, although it may seem to us trivial now.

He sailed in 1795, and landed at the Gambia, having two or three thousand miles of dangerous country before him to thread, of which no man whom he came near knew anything whatever. He started *alone*, and turned his face, with faith in God, towards the interior, passing through Foulah, Bendon, and the country of the Jaloofs. Often and often was he detained in captivity on his way; many times was he sick and hungry, but he still went on, often barefoot, till the sight of the Niger *flowing from west to east*, 'a glittering river, as broad as the Thames at Westminster,' rewarded him for all. His 'first act was to give thanks to the Ruler of all things.' Having succeeded in settling the direction of the current, he returned by another route of a thousand miles, through many hostile tribes, to the sea, and returned home after three years' absence.

His story made a great sensation at the time, far more than the return of an African traveller would make now. There was something novel at that time in the stories of black chiefs and kings, with their towns, houses, occupations, palavers, and so on.

Park lived at home for some years, till he was summoned to London by Government, with a request that he would lead an expedition to discover this time where the Niger emptied itself into the sea. His friends, who much loved him, all begged him not to accept the offer. Riding one day with Sir Walter Scott, Park's horse stumbled and fell. 'Ah, Mungo,' said the poet, jestingly, 'that is a bad omen.' 'Fears follow them that fears follow,' was the instant reply of the traveller.

In 1805, Park, accompanied by a party of five, left

England once more. In Africa thirty-five volunteers accompanied him, and all set off, keeping to the track by which Park had returned. In a few days the ranks were thinned by fever. In a few weeks three-fourths of the party had died. Reaching the Niger they turned to the west, and followed its course. In a short time longer all the party had died except himself and four soldiers, one of whom was mad. Park wrote, 'I am determined to discover the termination of the Niger or perish in the attempt.' Brave Park! He *did* perish in the attempt, for he was killed by natives at a place called Boussa, through persisting to pass against their wish.

Since then there have been many other Niger expeditions, all with more or less evil fruits. Clapperton and the two Landers followed Park, and discovered the termination of the river. Others have since *ascended* the river to the place where Park died, and so have completed all. The river, however, is now found to have for a thousand miles a course from north to south, rather than from east to west. It receives many great rivers as it rolls along, one of which is the Tshadda. The junction of the Tshadda with the Niger is the subject of our large picture.

The other picture represents an incident in Park's first journey, at Bondou. He had great difficulty in making the people believe he was a white man, and had to show his feet, &c. They told him that he was originally black like themselves, but had been dipped in milk when young, and that his nose had acquired its shape by pinching till it grew so. When he praised their flat noses they called him 'honey mouth'—flatterer.

While Park found the men often cruel, he found the women kind. Being very hungry one evening, a woman brought him a broiled fish for supper, and offered him a mat in her hut to sleep on. She then called her friends and neighbours in to assist her to

spin flax. They lightened their labour by songs, of one of which Park was the subject. He heard them sing as follows :—'The winds roared and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn.'

Chorus. 'Let us pity the white man—no mother has he to bring him milk,' &c.

One more incident is worth telling. Park was benighted in the wilderness, had just been robbed of everything, and had sat down on the sand, naked, wet, and lonely, to perish. Full of gloomiest thoughts, he tried to comfort himself that he was still under the care of Providence, and happening to cast his eye on the ground, he saw a small plant of beautiful moss growing—'the whole not larger than the top of one of my fingers.' 'I could not,' he says, 'contemplate the formation of its roots, leaves, and cups, without admiration! Can that Being, thought I, who planted, matured, and brought to perfection in this wilderness so obscure a thing, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after His own image?' He started up, travelled on in spite of his fatigue, and found relief close at hand.

WANTED, A BOY.

A Story of German Peasant Life, from the German of Dr. Willdenhalm.

VALENTINE and Margareta had lived for fifteen years in faithful companionship, and in their diary (if they had kept one) there would not have been a single hour recorded in which they had made life bitter to each other.

The village where they lived was called Hafersgiin (Greenoats), and for a very good reason—because the people who lived there saw the oats every year at least *green* in the fields. *Yellow-oats* the place could not have fairly called itself, for the good grain did not every season attain to that colour. Greenoats lay in a valley high up among the mountains of Saxony. There are many mines among these hills, where copper, and iron, and silver ore is found, and most of the people are miners.

Valentine, however, was not a miner, but a very clever maker of spoons, or 'spoon-smith,' as he was called, although he had had in this trade no other master than himself. The pewter spoons which came from his hands were almost as bright as silver. Valentine was quite a rich man too, and was envied for three miles round. The cottage in which he lived with his Margareta, and which was allowed by all the neighbours to be worth fifty florins, belonged to him almost without debt; he had been paying for ten years every year three florins, and now he had only twenty florins more to pay, which he owed to the miller.

Valentine paid his rates and taxes not a day later than they were due; every four weeks, regularly on the first Sunday of the month, he ate half a pound of meat with his wife; and bread there was always in the cupboard, enough to give any poor travelling journeyman who passed. He had also a smart

Sunday coat, dark blue, with bright metal buttons; and his Margareta had no need to be ashamed of her brick-red woollen skirt, sky-blue linen apron, and black cloth jacket. Valentine had accomplished a work of art for the decoration of the last: he had made of his bright tin a very neat clasp with four moveable joints; and when that was cleaned up with whiting and spirit, and Mrs. Margareta fastened it on her breast, they both were delighted, and Valentine often said, 'Greta, that clasp becomes thee uncommon.'

And then they both went to church almost proudly, and greeted their neighbours right and left with a 'Glück auf!' or 'God greet thee,' just like a king and queen going through their land and nodding graciously to their subjects. If they looked proud, however, they were not really so; no one entered the house of God more humbly than Valentine and Margareta; and though Valentine, as a householder, had his own seat, and paid four groschen a-year rent for it, he had chosen it in a quiet corner near the organ, and never flaunted it in the face of his neighbours that he was the rich spoon-maker of Greenoats.

Now it came to pass that for some time very strange thoughts ran in Valentine's head, so that he often sat dreaming at his work, and when his wife asked, 'Valentine, what's the matter?' he always answered, 'Nothing, Greta,' and went on dreaming. Greta let this go on for many weeks, and thought at last that her husband must be inventing a new pattern for spoons; for hitherto he had only made two kinds, oval ones and round ones; and as every thing in the world makes progress, Greta thought in her simplicity, why should there not be a new fashion in spoons?

So one morning, as Valentine sat brooding and dreaming, she said to him, 'Well, Valentine, have you nearly made out the new spoon-pattern?'

'What about spoon-patterns?' asked the husband, starting.

'Why, because you're always thinking and dreaming about something. If it isn't that, I should like to know what it is you're thinking of?'

'Ah, Greta!' sighed the man, and he pushed away the sheet of tin on which he had just marked out half-a-dozen spoons.

'Dear me!' cried the wife, 'now you've come to sighing, shall I make you a cup of camomile tea, if you don't feel right?'

'Ah, Greta!' sighed Valentine again, 'you are right, I am ill; but it's not in the body, but in the heart. Oh, Greta, it would be so pleasant, if it only could be!'

'There's always something wrong with you,' the wife said, almost crossly; that was not true though, for Valentine seldom complained of anything, and had not sighed in that way for fifteen years; and then she did not even know what it was for.

'I will tell you,' Valentine went on; 'for it will squeeze my heart off if I don't. See, Greta, if it was running about here, and eating and drinking with us, it would be such a pleasure to us!'

'What?' asked Greta. 'You don't mean a

spitz or a dax,* do you? You know I don't like dogs, for it's waste to give them bread, it's better to save it for the poor. So *that* was what you were dreaming, and droning, and worrying your head about! You'd better have thought out a new spoon-pattern!

'Ah, no! Greta,' answered Valentine; 'I don't mean a little dog, I mean a little lad.'

'What! a little lad?' said the wife; 'I thought, Valentine, you were resigned to the will of God, who has not been pleased to give us any children.'

'I did not mean to murmur,' said Valentine, quickly. 'I mean this: poor Frederick there, over the way, has six live children—you know them all—you have given them many a bit of bread. The Fredericks are good, honest people; the father works hard in the mines, and the wife does all she can at home—but, God pity them! a poor miner with eight mouths at table, that's no joke! And so I thought we might adopt Gotthold, he is such a pretty boy, and always smiles and laughs merrily, even when he's hungry.'

But Margareta shook her head slowly, and answered, 'You have a kind heart, that's certain; but don't you know there are still twenty florins due for the house, and the spoon-trade is not as good as it was!'

'Never mind,' said Valentine, 'I've thought of all that; if we two have enough to eat, there's enough for Gotthold too; and I have an old coat in the cupboard that's as good as new, and Gotthold can wear it these ten years to come, when it has been altered for him. And we need not pay the tailor. Lame Seifert will cut it to oblige me, and you can sew it—it will do very well.'

'Yes,' said his wife, 'if it was only the coat and the food, it *might* do; but the boy will grow, and he must go to school, and after he is confirmed he must learn something to live by, and all that costs money, and the twenty florins are still due. No, Valentine, it's all very well, but *we* are not the people to do such a thing.'

'Why, Greta? why are we not the people to do it?' asked the spoon-maker. 'We have bread enough, thank God, and in six or seven years we shall have cleared off the twenty florins, and by that time Gotthold will be a big lad and can help me with my work. He may carry the spoons to sell; he looks quite sharp enough for that. I'm sure, Greta, I've often pitied you, running about in all weathers—and, after all, a woman's place is at home, more than abroad in the streets. And when such a boy as Gotthold comes, and offers spoons to people,—ah! sure nobody would send him away or drive hard bargains with him either.'

'Yes, that's all very well,' replied Greta, 'but, as I said before, we are not the people to do it. When the miller sees that we are so grand, why he'll ask for his twenty florins at once, and then we must get out of the house.'

'Oh, the miller won't do that!' rejoined Valentine. 'He gets his interest every year, and can't do better with his money. But only think, Greta,

if the little lad was running about, in and out here, and said his morning and evening prayer with us, and said, "Good morning, mother!" and ran to the town for you to fetch chicory and oil, it would be mighty pleasant and cheerful.'

'Yes, that is true,' said the wife.

'And then,' continued Valentine, more earnestly, 'I am often away whole days long, and you are quite alone in the house; well, one *does* want sometimes to have somebody to say a word to! I know how it goes with me when you are out with the spoons. I get tired of being alone. But with such a boy it would be quite another thing. Gotthold never shuts his mouth the whole day long, and he talks like a parson. I've had a deal of fun with the boy already.'

'Yes, that is true, Valentine,' said the wife.

'And then,' continued Valentine, 'I've always thought, if God does not give one any children, He always intends that we should take a child of some one else's. When we two lie down and die, there's not a soul to close our eyes. And do you know, Greta, why I've been thinking of this thing, and it has been in my head these four weeks? It's all the parson's fault. Don't you recollect how he said, people could help each other more in troubles of body and mind, if they were to *think* about it more; but most people thought there was nothing they *could* do, because they were poor, but yet the best help was often that which cost not a penny of money? And then he spoke of the text, that whoever shall receive a little child in our Saviour's name, receiveth the Saviour Himself. Now since that time I have always felt that it could not do us two any harm to receive our Saviour; think what He has done for us. We can never do a quarter so much for Gotthold!'

'Yes, that is true,' said the wife again.

'And then,' the spoonmaker went on, 'though I have nothing to say against the Fredericks: they are good people; yet those six children make the mother's head turn round, and she can't always be running after Gotthold, and so the boy sees and does many a thing that isn't quite right perhaps. Now I thought, if we were strict with him, and always told him what is right before God and what is not, it might do us good as well as the boy. For I've heard the parson say, that parents might learn a great deal from their children.'

'Yes, that is true, Valentine,' said the wife.

'Well,' concluded he, with a persuasive smile, 'Greta, shall we adopt Gotthold?'

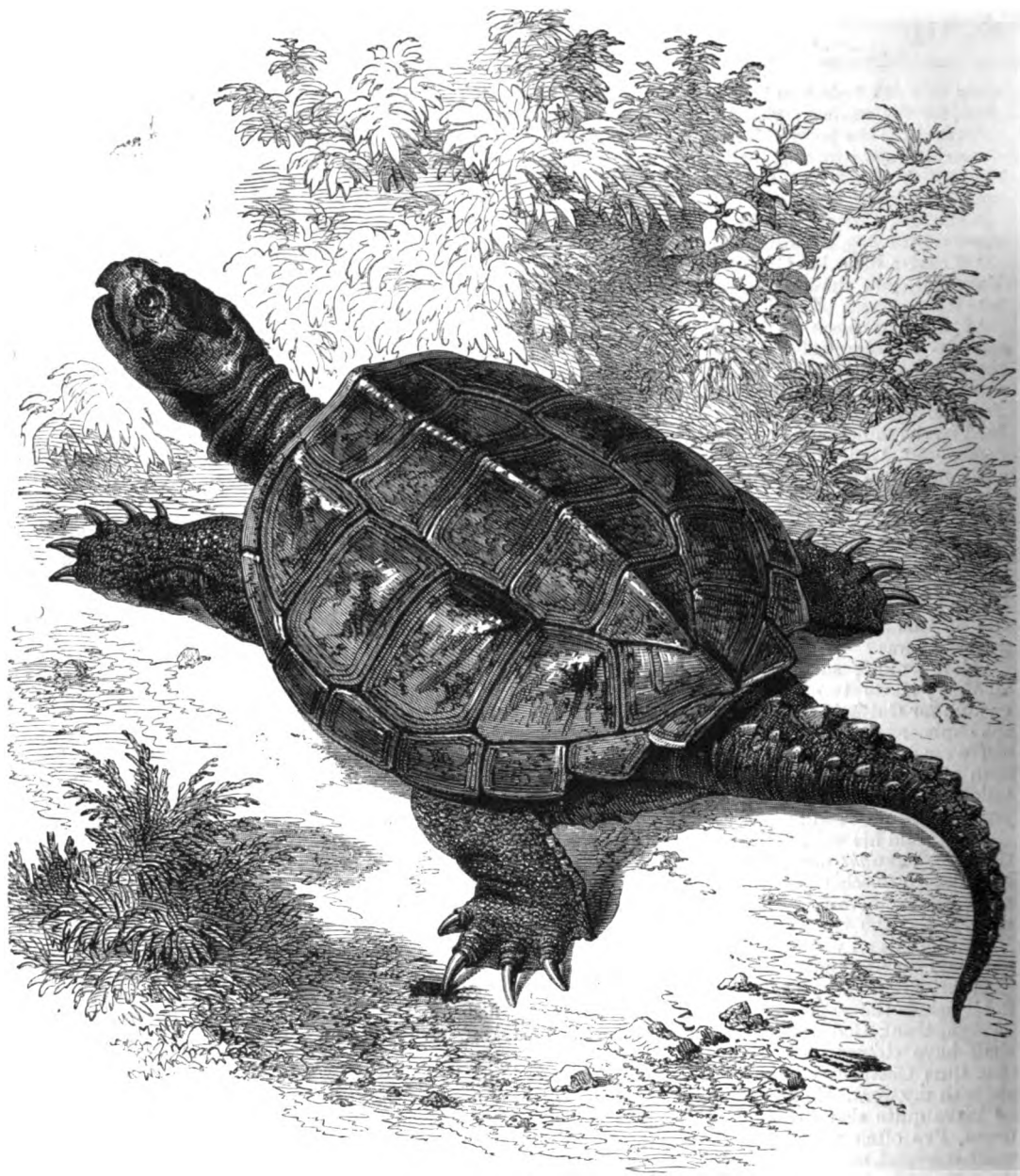
'Well,' answered his wife, 'as it is not God's will that we should have children of our own, I don't mind doing it. But you might as well tell the miller not to be anxious about the twenty florins.'

'Certainly,' said Valentine, 'that I will tell him. Well, Greta, you might go over at once to Frederick's and fetch Gotthold.'

'No, Valentine,' returned Greta, 'you had better do that yourself. I should feel so queer, going and asking Mrs. Frederick for her boy. Go yourself, Valentine, you know I must get ready a bed for the boy.'

* Spitz, a Pomeranian dog; dax, a smooth terrier.

(Continued at page 122.)



THE TORTOISE.

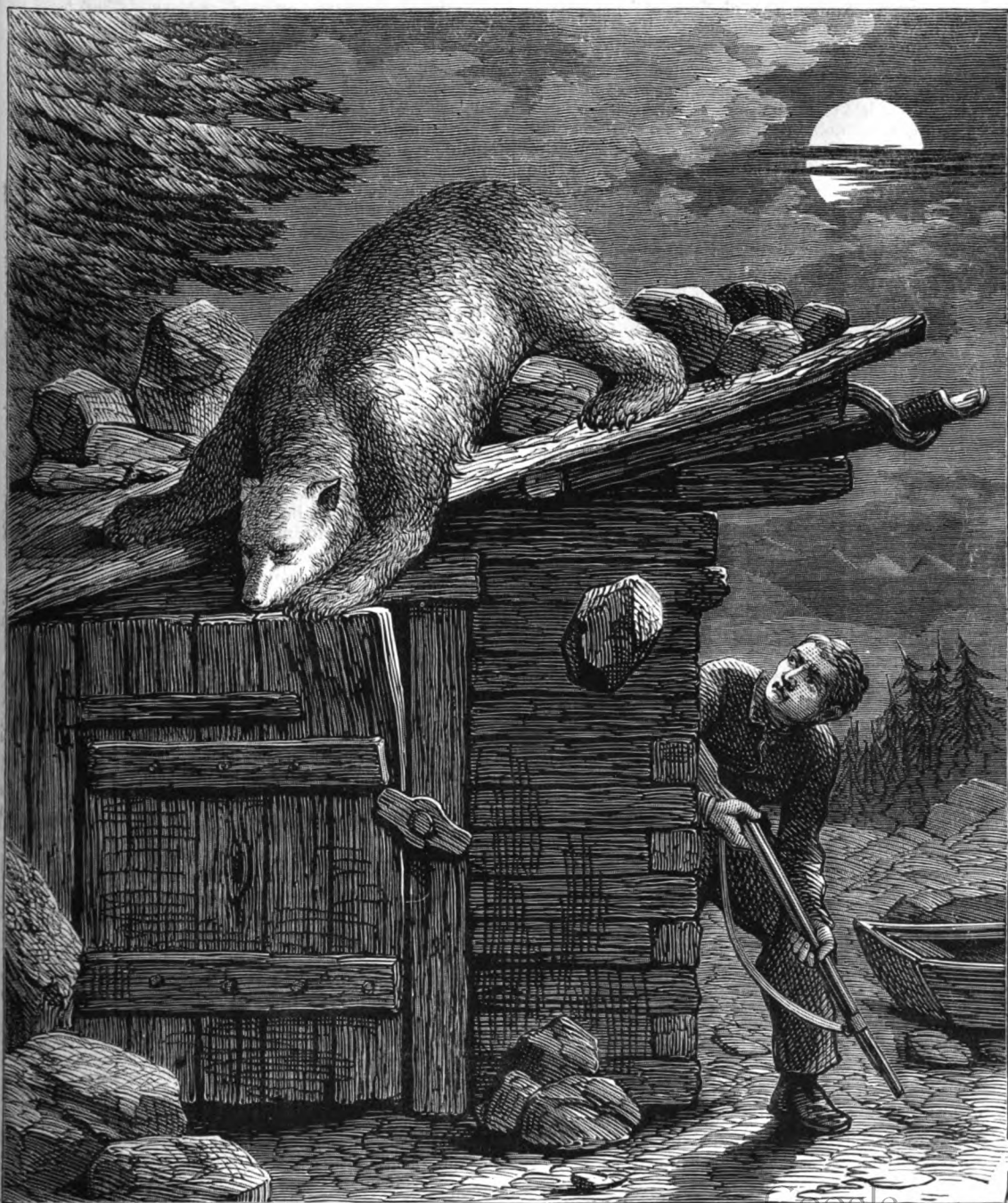
THERE are several kinds of tortoises—such as the common land-tortoise, the chicken-tortoise, box-tortoise, mud-tortoise, and so forth. The one whose picture is given is the alligator-tortoise, or terrapin. This reptile is an American species, and lives mostly in the water. But like the alligator, which it is named after, it now and then leaves the water and is seen on the river-banks, or in the meadows.

On land its motions are awkward; it walks slowly, with its head, neck, and long tail extended. After

having walked a short distance it rests awhile, and then proceeds on its journey. Most of our readers will remember the fable of the Hare and the Tortoise, which proves that 'slow and steady wins the race,' and that it is not the most quick or busy that get through the greatest amount of work.

In many of the northern cities of America these tortoises are brought to market in great numbers, and are considered excellent food. They are often kept in tubs of water for months, and fed on offal, but they never become fat or increase in weight.

Chatterbox.



Master Bruin at the Stall.

BRUIN AMONG THE ALPS.

By J. F. Cobb, Esq.

MASTER BRUIN, of whose gigantic strength and apparent good temper one hears so much, is in the highlands of Switzerland a rare and most unwelcome guest. Among the glaciers of the Bernese Oberland he is now seldom seen. The bear is a tolerably good climber, and a much faster runner than we should take him to be; but he cannot at all come up to the fleet chamois, and must in swift-footedness yield the palm even to the goat.

Bruin, whose noble race has by no means died out in Switzerland, is still to be found among the grim ravines of the lower Engadine, and among the rocky labyrinths which surround the mountains of the Valais and the Jura chain. In the last-named district he has his most comfortable quarters, as he is seldom disturbed there by huntsmen, unless the love of a good meal drives him from his remote hiding-place to more inhabited regions. Friend Bruin is a thorough epicure, and if he be obliged to eat goats or bullocks uncooked, he likes also a salad, without oil and vinegar, composed of the rich herbs and vegetables which grow in the meadows, and is not a little disappointed, if afterwards he cannot enjoy a dessert of strawberries, pears, or grapes, and especially of sweet honey, a luxury for love of which he often gets into great scrapes.

In the lower Engadine there are several families of bears, upon whose traces huntsmen wandering among the rocky defiles constantly come. They generally choose their dwellings in the rugged ravines, between steep precipitous rocks, which are grown over with stunted pines, and are not far from the regions of perpetual snow. From thence they, now and then, make bold excursions into the inhabited regions, and down into the sunny vine-grown slopes of Tessin. But it is seldom that they leave their rocky homes, for their enemies the villagers are always on the alert to pursue and kill them. In 1857, in the Engadine alone, eight old and young bears were killed; and many curious hunting adventures are related by these bear-Nimrods.

Bruin therefore generally is obliged to content himself with the meagre fare of mountain-ash berries and even field-mice. But, if the desire for better food become irresistible, then in the night he trots off to a goat-stall, if he can, makes a hole in the roof with his strong paws, or, just as a man would do, runs and fixes his broad back against the door, thus breaks in, and fetches out a goat for his supper. Our picture, 'Master Bruin at the stall,' represents a true incident. The goatherds in one of the most desolate spots of the Rhetian Alps remarked once that the grass round their cottages had been eaten very smooth and short, and that the door of the goat-stall had been scratched at. In vain they searched through the neighbourhood for their uninvited guest. They determine to watch for him, and one of them fetched an old musket up from the nearest village which he loaded with

much caution. They observed how timid the goats were, fearing to go away to any distance. For two nights the shepherds watched in vain. But, on the third, they were suddenly awakened by a noise in the goat-stall, and soon discovered a bear who was endeavouring in vain to open the door with his paw, at which attempted intrusion the flock inside were noisy and restless. The two goatherds, who like faithless sentries had slept at their posts, were no bold huntsmen, and, at the sight of the strange visitor, they were somewhat frightened. One slid back to his chalet to call all their companions to his aid, while the other, quaking with fear, got ready his old musket. Meanwhile the determined bear had succeeded in forcing open the door with his powerful paw; at once the goats rushed out of the stable, and bleating saved themselves in the adjoining rocks. But Bruin had secured one of the fugitives and was preparing to enjoy a meal upon his victim. But just at this moment the whole force of the shepherds, armed with sticks, milking-stools and other unpleasant weapons, cautiously began the attack. One of them, a former chamois-hunter, took the musket out of the hands of the trembling sentinel and went up to the bear. To him it seemed remarkably disagreeable to be thus disturbed in his meal, he raised himself immediately on his hind-legs and showed his ill-humour by growling loudly. This did not frighten the shepherd, who took aim and shot the bear in the right ribs. In a fury he tried to avenge himself by violent blows from his paws, but now neither his rage nor his strength availed him, for the other shepherds came up and beat him to death.

The story does not always end so unhappily for Bruin. In September, 1853, one bear devoured in a few days not less than fifteen sheep, several of which he seized from the midst of an angry herd of cattle: a circumstance the more remarkable, because the herds, in attacks from this sort of robber, always collect themselves in a circle, forming a strong phalanx with their horned heads bent down upon the ground turned outwards, and thus boldly await the foe.

A bear, if it be not molested, seldom attacks a man; if, however, he is fired at and not struck, he turns at once upon his adversary, and, if he is wounded, he becomes furious. The following adventure of the huntsman Rindi of Dissentis proves this. Following one winter a bear's footsteps, he lost trace of him towards evening at the foot of a steep precipice, which could only be climbed by a narrow, dangerous path past a yawning abyss. He bravely scrambled up this path till he discovered a hole in the rock which he suspected to be the bear's dwelling. Rindi cautiously crept in and saw two eyes which sparkled at him out of the darkness of the narrow hole, like flaming coals. The bear's paws hung so far out that he might have taken hold of them with his hand. After two unsuccessful attempts, the bold huntsman at last fired, and the bear's furious roar echoed through the mountains at the same moment as the report of the gun, and seemed to make the rocks

tremble. Rindi retired as far back as he could from the hole in order to reload his gun. All was now silent in the hole, and when he approached nearer he could neither see the eyes nor the paws of the beast. After a time he thought he heard a low scratching and snorting, and overcome by a feeling of sudden terror he hastily left the spot.

Next morning he took three other hunters with him to search for his enemy. This time the attack was made from above. The men clambered down a fir-tree to the bear's den. Scarcely had the first one, August Biskholm, reached the path in the rock, his musket strapped on his shoulder, when the bear, furious at this second visit, sprang upon him, seized him in his arms, and, expertly as a practised wrestler, flung him on the ground. Biskholm calling loudly for help rolled together with his enemy down a slope; at last he succeeding in freeing himself from the dangerous embrace and tore his rifle from his shoulder. But the angry Bruin was just as quickly on his legs again, so that the man had scarcely time to hold out the butt-end of his gun in self-defence when he rushed upon him for a renewed attack. But Rindi now happily came to his friend's help, and sent a ball through the bear's ribs. The animal retired a few paces, but was just about to throw himself upon the huntsman again when Biskholm fired and mortally wounded him. On examining the bear they found that the shot on the previous evening had shattered his jaw, which doubtless saved Biskholm's life when he was in his embrace. As by a miracle, too, he had been preserved from falling over a hideous precipice close upon the edge of which he had been during his struggle with the bear.

There is a story of a Bergamesque shepherd, who was trotting over the Buffalora pass on his horse, and suddenly came upon two young bears. They ran away crying and frightened, upon which their mother, imagining her offspring to be threatened, ran up in a fury and fell upon the horse, who defended himself by kicking out strongly, while the shepherd sprang from his back. After repeated attacks the woolly cloak of the shepherd fell from the horse over the bear's face. Doubly enraged at this, she turned round and tore it into an hundred pieces. But the shepherd, not idle, did not think it advisable to wait till she had finished; he sacrificed his cloak, jumped on his horse, and galloped off as hard as he could.

The terrible story of the Norwegian Captain Lorck who some years ago for a foolish wager let himself down into the bear-pit at Berne and came to a sad end, proves that even when well fed and half tamed the bear retains his bloodthirsty nature. Even the tame dancing bears, which we used to see so often led about the streets by a rope, happily now so rare in England, though still common, especially at fairs abroad, has a remnant of the old stuff in him, as a lad of Emmmenthal in Switzerland experienced, who took it into his head to wrestle with a dancing bear. The fellow was one of those muscular young fellows who every year take part in the great national wrestling-matches at Berne. The rash youth, who had so often overthrown many a brave

adversary, thought he had a still better prospect of victory with such a wretched bear. The bear-owner certainly seemed to look seriously upon the dangerous undertaking, but at last gave his consent when a five-franc piece was given him which he was to keep if his bear were the victor.

Crowds assembled to see the struggle. The bear, who did not understand what it was all about, growled a little at first, but found no time for resistance. The wrestler at the first round whirled him like a feather in the air and threw him so expertly on his back, that Bruin seemed to lose all sense of sight and hearing. Had he been a regular and well-educated wrestler, Bruin would at once have acknowledged himself beaten. But he understood the matter differently, and with a furious growl he slung his strong arms round the sinewy body of his conqueror, whom this rough embrace threatened to deprive of breath. The bear, enraged by his previous defeat, was only persuaded by the blows of his master to release his almost-suffocated opponent, who afterwards confessed that it seemed to him as if all the ribs in his body were being broken. If the bear had not been muzzled, it would have been a still more serious matter for the strong son of the mountains.

We only know one instance in which a bear showed himself to be generous and grateful. The old keeper of the bears in Berne had made quite a favourite of one of the bears; he used to give him the most dainty bits, for which the thankful animal would lick his fingers. One day, after he had fed the bears, the keeper was quietly going up the steps which led from the bear-pit, when he suddenly remembered that he had left the gate of the bear-pit open. Terrified, the poor deaf old man turned back; but it was too late—only two steps behind him was the male bear, his huge form almost filling up the narrow staircase gravely following him, but not showing any signs of evil intentions, but close behind him came the female, with angry growls, which made the old keeper tremble with fear. In this dreadful moment the old man, who was almost in his dotage, took a strange means to make his dangerous neighbour retreat. He gazed most reproachfully at the brute, and then in the most entreating tones recalled all the kindnesses he had shown him, the money he had spent on him, and ended with words which must touch a bear's heart, 'Mani, you will be the most ungrateful fellow in the world if you don't go back now!'

And 'Mani,' the strong bear, was overcome by the moral weight of this reasoning, and slowly and gravely returned. But the lady was not so easily moved, and tried, grinding her teeth, to pass by her soft-hearted husband and get at the keeper. But the severe Mani, jealous of his authority, took this as an insult to himself, and gave his wife such a violent box on the ear with his powerful paw that she flew down the steps as if struck by a bombshell, and crouched down to her den, whither he followed her, and quietly permitted the poor keeper, who was trembling in every limb, to fasten the door behind them. The keeper paid for his want of care by a serious illness.

The noble 'Mani,' who behaved so well on this occasion, may still be seen stuffed in the museum of Natural History at Berne,* where his gigantic size excites the admiration of all visitors.

* The arms of the city of Berne contain a black bear, and it has been an immemorial custom for the municipality of the city to maintain a bear-pit, containing several bears, in one of the deep trenches of the fortifications, at the expense of the state. Eagles are kept at Geneva for the same reason.



THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.

THE death's-head moth is the largest and one of the most beautifully-marked insects of the Moth species. It is not very commonly seen, owing to the way in which it conceals itself.

The caterpillar of the moth is very large, sometimes measuring five inches in length. It feeds on many plants, the jessamine and potato being its favourites.

Owing to a very striking resemblance of a death's-head and bones on the back or thorax, the insect produces much fear in the minds of ignorant people, who think that it is a messenger of pestilence and woe. The Rev. J. G. Wood tells the following anecdote in his Natural History:—'I once saw a whole congregation checked, whilst coming out of church, and assembled in a wide and terrified circle around a poor death's-head moth that was quietly making its way across the churchyard walk. No one dared to approach it, until at last the village blacksmith took heart and with a long jump leaped upon the moth and crushed it beneath his hob-nailed feet. I keep the flattened insect in my cabinet, as an example of popular ignorance, and the destructive nature with which such ignorance is always accompanied.'

GIVING AWAY A CHILD.

ON board one of the lake steamers, bound for the far West, were an Irish family—husband, wife, and three children. They were plainly very poor; but the beauty of the children, two girls and a boy, attracted the notice of their fellow-passengers. A lady who had no children of her own, wished to adopt one of the little travellers, and applied to the father, through a friend, who gives the following touching account of the bargain he tried to make.

Finding the Irishman on deck, I said to him kindly,—

'You are very poor.'

'Poor, sir!' said he, 'ay, if there's a poorer man than me troublin' the world, God pity both of us, for we'd be about a quail.'

'Then how do you manage to support your children?'

'Is it support them, sir? Why, I don't support them any way; they get supported some way or other. It'll be time enough for me to complain when *they* do.'

'Would it be a relief to you to part with one of them?'



'Very well; and which of them is it to be?'

It was too sudden; he turned sharply around.

'A what, sir?' he cried; 'a relief to part from my child? Would it be a relief to have the hands chopped from my arms, or the heart torn out of my breast? A relief, indeed! God be good to us, what do you mane?'

'You don't understand me,' I replied. 'If now, it were in one's power to provide comfortably for one of your children, would you stand in the way of its getting on in the world?'

'No, sir,' said he. 'The God in heaven knows that I would willingly cut the sunshine away from myself, that they might get all the warm of it; but tell us what you are driving at.'

I then told him that a lady had taken a fancy to have one of his children; and, if he would consent to it, it should be educated, and finally settled comfortably in life.

The poor man scratched his head, and looked the very picture of bewilderment. The struggle

between a father's love and a child's benefit was evident and touching. At length he said:

'O, murther, wouldn't it be a great thing for the baby? But I must go and talk with Mary—that's the mother of them; an' it wouldn't be right to be givin' away her children before her face, and she to know nothing at all about it.'

'Away with you then,' said I, 'and bring me an answer back as soon as possible.'

In about half-an-hour he returned, leading two of his children. His eyes were red and swollen, and his face was pale.

'Well,' I inquired, 'what success?'

'It was a hard struggle, sir,' said he. 'But I've been talking to Mary, an' she says, as it's for the child's good, maybe the heavens above will give us strength to bear it.'

'Very well: which of them is it to be?'

'Faix, and I don't know, sir,' and he ran his eyes doubtingly over both. 'Here's little Norah—she's

the oldest, an' won't need her mother so much; but then—it's myself that can't tell which I'd rather part with least; so take the first one that comes wid a blessing.—There, sir,' and he hauded over little Norah; turning back, he snatched her up in his arms, and gave her one long, hearty father's kiss, saying, through his tears:—

'May God be good to him that's good to you, and them that offers you hurt or harm, may their souls never see St. Pether.'

Then, taking his other child by the hand, he walked away, leaving Norah with me.

I took her down to the cabin, and we thought the matter settled, but in about an hour's time I saw my friend Pat at the window. As soon as he caught my eye, he began making signs for me to come out. I did so, and found that he had the other child in his arms.

'What's the matter, now?' I asked.

'Well, sir,' said he, 'I ask your pardon for troubling you about so foolish a thing as a child or two, but we're thinkin' that maybe it'd make no differ—you see, sir, I've been talkin' to Mary, an' she says she can't part with Norah, because the creature has a look ov me; but here's little Biddy, she's purtyer far, an' av you place, sir, will you swap?'

'Certainly; whichever you like,' said I.

So he snatched up little Norah, as though it was some recovered treasure, and darted away with her, leaving little Biddy, who remained with us all night, but, lo! the moment we entered the cabin in the morning, there was Pat making his mysterious signs again at the window, and this time he had the youngest, a baby, in his arms.

'What's wrong now?' I inquired.

'Well, sir, an' it's meself that's almost ashamed to tell ye. Ye see I've been talking to Mary, an' she didn't like to part with Norah, because she has a look ov me, an' I can't abear to part with Biddy, because she's the model of her mother; but there's little Paudeen, sir, There's a lump of a Christian for you, two years old, and not a day more; he'll never be any trouble to any one: for av he takes after his mother, he'll have the brightest eye, an' av he takes after his father, he'll have a fine broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the world. Will you swap again, sir?'

'With all my heart,' said I: 'it is all the same to me; and little Paudeen was left with me.'

'Ha! ha!' said I to myself, as I looked into his big, laughing eyes, 'so the affair is settled at last.'

But it wasn't, for ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when Pat rushed into the cabin without sign or ceremony, and snatched up the baby, and said,—

'It's no use; I've been talking to Mary, an' we can't do it. Look at him, sir; he's the youngest an' the best of the batch. You wouldn't keep him from us. You see, sir, Norah has a look ov me, an' Biddy has a look ov Mary; but little Paudeen has the mother's eye, an' my nose, an' a little of both of us all over. No, sir, we can bear hard fortune, starvation, and misery; but we can't bear to part with our children, unless it be the will of Heaven to take them from us.'

A CURE FOR SWEARING.

THERE lived in Paris a brave general who had never flinched before the enemy, but who also, alas! never flinched at an oath. And what terrible oaths they were which he used! They were worse and more frequent as he grew older. The general was advanced in years, he was losing his health, his strength, and the activity of his youth, but he preserved the habit of swearing. And this began to trouble him: he saw how wrong it was, for he had still some Christian feelings left at the bottom of his heart, which age and suffering had revived.

At this time he was attacked by a violent fit of gout, which caused him cruel sufferings, and made it necessary for him to have continual attention for several days. He decided to send for one of those good women who in France devote themselves to the care of the sick, and that evening a Sister of Charity was installed near the old general's arm-chair. It was not long before, according to his habit, he began to utter dreadful oaths. The good sister felt as if she would fall to the ground. She had never heard anything like it before.

Nevertheless, like a sensible woman, she quickly recovered herself, and gave the old general a regular scolding.

'What do you wish, good sister?' said the general, a little confused. 'I can't help swearing! It is a habit of thirty years, and it is impossible to get rid of it.'

'Come, come!' said the sister, smiling, 'I think I have heard it said that the word *impossible* is not French. At all events, it is not a Christian word when it concerns a duty which has to be done. Now, general, if you seriously wish to be cured of your wicked, ugly habit, I assure you that you may succeed. Well, will you?'

'Yes. Certainly I will.'

'Promise me that you will submit to the prescriptions which I shall impose in order to cure you?'

'I promise you!'

'On the word of a general?'

'On the honour of a soldier!'

'Well, this is what I order you as the one and only remedy. Every time that you happen to swear or blaspheme, you will give me five francs (four shillings) for my poor.'

'Five francs for every oath!' cried the general; 'you wish to ruin me, sister!'

'You have given me your word, general,' replied the sister, laughing, 'and I shan't give it back to you. Moreover, it only depends upon yourself. Don't swear, and you will have nothing to pay.'

'Don't swear! Don't swear! That is all very easy for you to say. A pretty remedy, indeed you have discovered! Thanks to your invention, you will see that I shall have to die in the poor-house!'

The general said a great deal more about it; but he had promised on the honour of a soldier, and he had nothing to do but to keep his promise. At the first acute pain which his gout caused him, he launched forth a terrible oath, according to his custom.

'You owe me five francs, general,' said the sister quietly. 'Where do you keep your money?'

The general showed her the key of his desk, and while the sister was taking the five-franc piece for her poor, he scratched his head, and murmured between his teeth, 'There, I have already forgotten the agreement! I must be more attentive another time.' Half an hour after, a second twinge brought out a second oath; but this time the general did not get to the end, but stopped short half way, thinking of the five francs which he would lose. Nevertheless, as the worst had been said, he had this time to pay the five francs agreed on. At the third twinge, the general—who found that ten francs lost was enough for one evening—restrained himself so well, that he scarcely began the first syllable of the fatal oath.

At the fourth attack he said nothing at all, but contented himself with claspings his hands and groaning.

The next and following days, it still happened that he forgot himself from time to time; but, as he had always to pay for his forgetfulness, the oaths were fewer and further between: and the fourth day, he did not swear at all. He had lost forty or fifty francs, which the sister had gained for her poor; but he was cured of his deplorable habit.

Since then he has altogether given up swearing. This story proves that we can do pretty much as we wish with regard to fulfilling our duties and correcting our vices; that, among other things, we can give up the habit of swearing, as well as every other vice, and that to succeed, only one thing is needful, viz., to be as much afraid of offending God as of losing a five-franc piece.

J. F. C.

THE CATS' MEAT MAN.

By W. Baird, M.A.

IT is calculated that there are somewhere about 300,000 cats in London. This rough calculation was made some years ago, allowing a cat to every inhabited house—an allowance which is under the mark, for it takes no account of what may be called the 'itinerant cats,' who have no settled abode, but trust to casual hospitality. However, it is better to err on the safe side, and understate rather than overstate the case. Supposing, therefore, that there are only 300,000 cats in London, it is clear that even this modest number must be supplied with food. It is not with us as with country folks, where milk is no object. We set far too high a value upon the blue liquid, which does duty among Londoners for the produce of the cow, to set our cats down to lap up a basin of it.

Hence the demand for cats' meat has created a supply, and the vending of food for the cats and dogs is a regular branch of street trade. If we take a walk in the morning in some quiet neighbourhood, we shall very likely meet with an elderly gentleman in a shiny hat, and black plush waistcoat, with his shirt-sleeves tucked up above the arm, his body tightly girt with a coarse blue apron, and a

multitude of neckerchiefs encircling his bull-like neck. He wheels in front of him a small barrow very much like an ordinary gardener's wheelbarrow. This is filled with meat, part of which is cut up into fragments and spitted upon wooden skewers, and part left uncut in a rough mass of coarse offal, which certainly does not look very inviting, at least to the human appetite. The cart is provided with a small ledge or shelf in front, on which the remainder of the meat can be cut up into slices at the pleasure of various customers. This is a merchant who purveys for the wants of the cats and dogs of London. The meat in his little cart is not, as might be thought at first, the refuse of an ordinary market; it is meat which he specially provides, with a view to the palates of his customers. It is horse-flesh. The richer representatives of the trade buy it in large quantities from the 'knackers,' who carry away horses which die in the streets.

The writer remembers seeing a number of legs hanging up in the back-yard of one of these sellers of cats' meat. Though the flesh is generally kept in tolerable preservation, the odour arising from it is so disagreeable, that it is not always easy for an extensive dealer in cats' meat to secure a local habitation. People are naturally rather sensitive on the subject of having horse-flesh forced upon their notice. One dealer in the article told the writer that he had been driven from one place to another in London, owing to the objection of the neighbours to the stench arising from horse-flesh being kept on the premises. The cats, however, are by no means sharers in this prejudice.

As the cats' meat man passes by the different houses, and announces his approach by a peculiar nasal yell, the cats may be seen furtively stealing up their respective areas, and eagerly seizing the meat which is thrown down to them. In large warehouses or breweries in the city, where numerous cats are kept, 'feeding-time' is a scene almost worthy of the Zoological Gardens.

For the convenience of all parties concerned, the meat is fastened on small white skewers and thrown down into the areas. Of coarse, casual customers pay for the meat as they get it, but it seems that people who deal in large quantities pay by the week, and look for the approach of the cats'-meat man with the same regularity as they would for the coming of the milk-man. So fond are our London cats of this meat, that after being long accustomed to it, they turn away with a well-bred disgust when anything else is offered to them as a substitute. Nor is this altogether matter for surprise. Unpalatable as the food would be to many of us, it may easily be believed that there is many a half-starved human being, buried in the hopeless abyss of some London court, who in his hungry agony would even swallow eagerly the worthless offal which is cast to our cats and dogs.

There is probably no branch of street-trade in which there are so many different degrees of success as in this. We find men, like our friend in the picture, who earn a very fair livelihood in this way, and do their best to maintain a respectable appearance. On the other hand, this branch of street



The Cat's Meat Man.

trade numbers among it men, whose sole worldly possession is the miserable basket, in which they carry their merchandise, and women, who can just manage to crawl along from house to house with their scanty baskets of horseflesh. It is impossible exactly to state the number engaged in this business in our streets, but there must be many hundreds. And, if Mr. Mayhew's calculation, that £100,000 is annually spent in London and the suburbs on the purchase of cats' meat be correct, the statement is a little startling. When it is re-

membered that human beings are sometimes left in this great Christian city to die of starvation, this care of dumb friends first seems very like reviving the old order, and casting 'the children's bread to dogs.' We would not have one cat or dog less well fed, but we should be thankful if the thought that these dumb animals are thus supplied, should stir men up to a more tender care for the bodily wants of many a brother and sister in Christ who is less carefully fed than many a cat, less tenderly housed than many a dog!

Parts I. II. and III. for January, February, and March, 1868, price Threepence each, are now ready.
All the back Numbers may be had, price One Halfpenny each.

Chatterbox.



WHAT A WISE SAYING MAY DO.

A MERCHANT in a large German city had, by childlike trust in God, diligence and cleverness, obtained a large property, so that at last he owned a beautiful house and kept a shop with costly wares before which many people constantly stood in wonder and admiration. Among these were often poor people and not a few vagabonds, who took care to stay in a whisper, 'This rich man once had nothing just like us.'

The merchant heard this remark one day, and, as he perceived that among the admirers of his shop there were generally a great many children, he hung a tablet over his shop-door with the following inscription, which a very short rhyme in German of four lines, means in English,—

Learn something,
 So you can do something,
 So you can get something,
 Then you will possess something.

One day, when the merchant was old and had given his business up to his son, he received a letter from Cadiz in Spain, and when he opened it he read a warm expression of gratitude from a man whom he had never known, never even seen. And what did the strange man thank the merchant for? That he had made a diligent, regular man of business out of him. And how was this? The writer was a school-boy at the time when the merchant hung up the lines over his door. He read them as often as he stood before the shop and pondered the proverb always in his mind. It had such an effect upon him that not only at school, but also as an apprentice and man of business, he kept steady and diligent, till at last he too became wealthy and prosperous, and hung also over his shop in Cadiz the golden words,—

Learn something,
 So you can do something,
 So you can get something,
 Then you will possess something.

J. F. C.

WANTED A BOY.

(Continued from p. 111.)

AS you please, Greta—I'll go,' said her husband, and jumped up joyfully, and was just going to put on his coat, when the good wife said,—

'Do you know that, Valentine, I have nothing against it, if it must be so; but do wait till to-morrow. We can sleep upon the thing, and one day makes no difference. Meanwhile I'll get the bed ready, and to-morrow morning—well, I can't tell you, Valentine, quite how I feel about it. I will do it willingly, as it is to be, and as it gives you pleasure; but when I think how you will come in with Gotthold and say, "Here, this is our boy!" Ah! I think crying will come easier to me than laughing. I don't know why, but I feel so now, even.'

The poor woman spoke the truth, for she

looked very sad, and put her apron to her eyes again.

'Well, Greta, I'll tell you how we'll manage it,' said the spoonmaker, 'you can go to-morrow morning to Schlettaw or Annaberg—the two dozen spoons are ready, and when you come back in the evening, you will find Gotthold here, and you can think it's a sort of Christmas-box come while you were away.'

'Very well,' answered Margareta, 'I will think it's a gift from God; that will be the best way. Yes, Valentine, we will do it as you say.'

And now Margareta went into the bedroom and got a bed ready for Gotthold, and cried over it; but Valentine cut the bright tin with a merry heart, and turned out the round and the oval spoons even more neatly than usual.

Next morning Margareta went to Schlettaw, and was so fortunate as to sell all her spoons at one place. Now when she was passing a shop, and saw in the window some pretty stuff for waistcoats, she stood still and fastened her eyes on the bright colours. She had often seen suchlike there before, but never stopped to look at them; to-day, however, she seemed to see them with different eyes.

'That red with the yellow stripes, that would do well for the boy,' she said to herself. 'When lame Seifert cuts out the coat, he can cut out the waistcoat too, and I can make it up.' She had her hand already on the door of the shop, but suddenly she turned away, went on a few steps further, and said, 'No, it can't be done; the twelve groschen which I have are already portioned out; two groschen for the rates and taxes, one for the savings' box, four for bread, and then two for coffee and sugar that I must fetch to-day, one for candles and two for the miller towards the twenty florins. No, I can't do it—another time!' But when she had gone ten steps further she stopped, looked back to the shop, and said, 'That waistcoat was very pretty! If I were to put nothing in the savings' box this time, and to give up the candles too, it might be done perhaps. Gotthold would be so pleased, and Valentine wouldn't be vexed either.' So she put her hand the second time on the handle of the door, and went in.

'God greet thee!' called out a young lad who had a very businesslike air, although he was so small, that his head was scarcely half a foot above the counter. 'What do you want, good woman? here you can get anything! Do choose something—if I might suggest one of these pretty handkerchiefs, the newest fashion, such as the ladies in Paris are wearing now? or would you rather have some stuff for a dress? then you will have even more choice—just the same as in Paris!'

Margareta was usually good-natured, and could speak kindly to every one, but it seemed as if she did not like this boy. 'I should rather speak to the mistress,' she said; 'is she not at home?'

The shop-boy took this question ill. 'If you think that you can make a better bargain with the mistress than with me, you are mistaken!' he said in an offended tone.

'Fetch your mistress!' persisted Margareta, 'I

should rather buy from her.' So the little shop-boy was obliged at last, with a very cross face, to fetch the owner of the shop.

'Ah, Frau Margareta!' cried she on seeing the spoon-maker's wife. 'So you are going to patronize me for once! What can I serve you with?'

'You have such pretty stuff for waistcoats there,' Margareta answered, 'red and yellow together; if it is not too dear, I should like to have some of it.'

'Aha!' said the shop-woman, smiling, 'you want to smarten up your Valentine a bit. The stuff is more suitable, perhaps, for young lads, but it will please your husband too.'

Margareta shook her head and answered, 'No, it's for a little boy.'

'Aha!' cried the shop-woman again, 'of course for your godson who is to be confirmed at Easter. Well, it will do capitally for him.'

'No,' repeated Margareta, and smiled at having a secret, 'the boy is nothing to me. It's only that Valentine and I have taken a great fancy to Frederick's Gotthold, and the Fredericks have six children, and we have none, and the stuff is so pretty!'

'Aha!' exclaimed the shop-woman once more. 'Now I understand you, Frau Margareta. Well, you are doing a work of charity, and we won't be so particular about the price. It is really worth seven groschen, but you shall have it for six and a half.'

'Six and a half groschen!' cried Margareta, in astonishment. 'No, that's more than the worth of a whole dozen spoons. I can't answer that to my husband. The pattern is lovely, that's true, and it would be just the thing for the boy; but what would Valentine say if I was to spend so much money?'

'Ah, well!' said the shop-woman, 'you are an honest woman, and although I don't like giving credit, I'll do it for you. Take the waistcoat with you, and if you pay me half a groschen every week, it will do. And take some stuff for trousers too; a new waistcoat and old shabby trousers don't suit together. Here is a stout material, pepper and salt. There, put them both together, and it rejoices one's heart to see it—such a contrast. Now you will want four ells of this, that will be sixteen groschen—twenty-two and a-half groschen altogether; and because you can remember a thaler better, take this blue striped handkerchief, that costs three groschen, but you shall have it for two and a half. And now say nothing more, Frau Margareta, I must come to Greenoats myself to see Gotthold, I think.'

Margareta was frightened at going a whole thaler in debt; but the waistcoat, and the trousers, and the handkerchief, had won her heart. 'I ought not to do it,' she said, 'but the boy will be so pleased. Half-a-groschen a-week, then—it will go on for a year, but you won't lose by it in the end; and Valentine will have nothing against it.'

'If everybody was as honest as you and your husband, it would be a good thing for trade,' replied the shop-woman.

Margareta was just going, when she put her hand in her pocket, took out the twelve groschen, and said, 'Well, I think I would rather pay you the half thaler at once; it's the best way, and when it

is done, Valentine will have to be content with it.'

And now, the business being thus concluded, she took her parcel under her arm and walked out of the shop, smiling as if she were a crowned queen.

Now the way from Schlettaw to Hafersgrün goes for a couple of miles along the highroad, then it turns off to the right. When Margareta had got out of the town, she opened her parcel, and feasted her eyes again on the bright colours. She stood still and spread the waistcoat over her chest, and laid the stuff for the trousers over her knee, and the handkerchief over the arm, and admired it all.

'It's a great deal of money, though, a whole thaler,' said she, 'Valentine must cut four dozen spoons, and then there's the price of the pewter besides; it's no joke; and the miller must have his twenty florins too. I should be frightened if it wasn't for the Lord that can help us; but the waistcoat is so pretty, and Gotthold will be dressed like a prince!'

As she was folding up the things again, she heard a noise behind her, and looking round she saw a strange equipage coming after her. A cart with four small low wheels, covered with grey linen, dirty and torn; a lame horse, on which one could count every rib, dragging the cart painfully, and hanging its head down on its bony chest as if it were tired of life. Beside it walked a man in a short blue cloth jacket and shabby broad-brimmed hat, and with legs naked up to the knees, and swelled with walking. In the right hand he held a whip, and with the left he led a little boy about three years old. Poor little fellow! his little bare feet tripped along so fast on the hard ground, and his coat was much too big and too long for him, and swept the road behind him, and his cap hung down over his eyes, so that he could hardly see where he was going.

Margareta felt as if she could not go on; she was forced to stop and let the cart pass.

'God greet thee!' said the man.

'God thank thee!' answered Margareta. 'Where are you going to?'

'A long way off, good woman,' said the man. 'To Poland.'

'To Poland!' cried Margareta, in pitying astonishment; 'and the little boy, is he to run all that way? Why don't you put him in the cart?'

'So I do when he's tired,' replied the man.

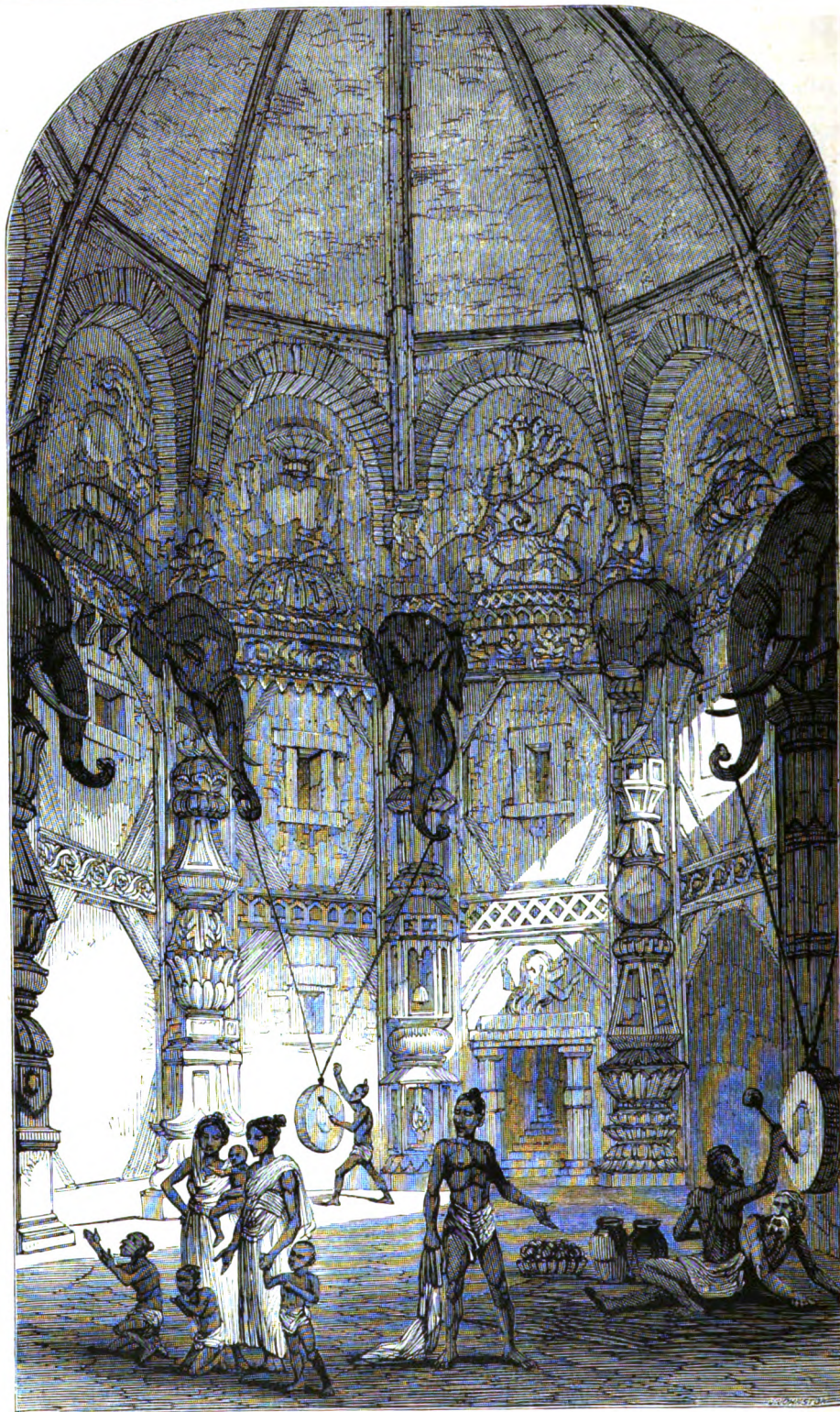
At that moment a piteous sound issued from the cart, like the cry of a young child.

'What is that screaming inside there?' asked Margareta.

'It's little Frank,' answered the small boy, and drummed with his little hands on the framework of the cart, and commanded: 'Frank, be quiet.' But the man seemed quite indifferent, as if he had given up the charge of Frank to his little son, and everything was as it ought to be.

'Are you not going to do anything?' Margareta asked, quite distressed. 'I suppose that's your child in the cart. What is the poor child crying for?'

(To be continued.)



The Temple of Ganesa.

BENARES.

BENARES, the holy city of India, is the place of pilgrimage for every Hindoo. The city, and the country for ten miles round it, are held to be so sacred, that whosoever has the honour of dying there goes to heaven at once, even though he should be the greatest sinner in the world! Hence Benares is always thronged with pilgrims from all parts of India, who pass the day either bathing in the Ganges, or worshipping some of the idols of the place at corners of the streets, or in the numerous idol-temples of the city.

Our picture represents the interior of the Temple of Ganesa, whose fabled exploits are carved all over it. This god is always drawn as a fat b. y., with an elephant's head in the place of his own. The story runs that, as Ganesa and another were one day fighting, Ganesa lost his head; the conqueror took it up and ran off with it, and Ganesa's mother presently coming to look for her son, found him lying, headless, on the ground. As he was still alive, however, she vowed that the head of the first living creature she met when she went out of doors should supply her dear Ganesa with what he had lost. She had hopes of seeing some beautiful boy doubtless, but lo, the first creature she met was an elephant! She had made the vow, and there was the animal. It could not be helped, and so the elephant lost his head, and Ganesa gained it.

There are many other foolish stories about Ganesa, all which are devoutly believed by the Hindoos. He is generally represented seated upon a rat, because he conquered a giant an hundred miles high, who changed himself into a rat in his attempt to escape. Ganesa mounted the rat's back, and cried, 'From henceforth you shall be my beast of burden.'

In many parts of India the people will not on any account, build a house without having first placed an image of Ganesa on the ground, and offered to it a sacrifice of flowers and oil. An Indian song begins thus:—

Worship the elephant-headed Ganesa,
Prosperity will abound,
Worship the clever-faced elephant god,
You will never want rice any more.'

In the picture you will see some little children actually praying to this ugly idol, while their mothers look approvingly on: an old man has been brought into the temple to die, and two priests are sounding gongs in Ganesa's praise.

The other picture represents a legend in the life of Vishnu, who, under the form of this young Krishna, is another 'child god' of India. Krishna had a mother, too, who, when her child was two years old, went out one day, leaving him at home. She charged him not to go out till she came back, and, to make him more safe, she fastened him by a strong band to a heavy log of wood. No sooner was she gone, however, than the young Krishna crawled out of doors on hands and knees, dragging the log after him. There were two trees growing in front of the door, and between these the infant determined to crawl. He made the attempt, but the log came crossways against the trees and stopped him.



Kri-hna.

The mighty child gave, it is said, a gentle pull, and dragged down both the trees. This was the first proof of his being a god. The figure of Krishna, made of brass and clay, exactly in the position shown here, is one of the commonest idols in India. One day he stole some butter and denied the theft, yet for this act also the god is greatly honoured. The legends of Hindoostan are in general very shocking. These are some of the best of them. What can the religion be which is based upon false fables? How sad to think of the children who are trained up under such teaching; and how much more will be required of us who have the pure and holy lessons of the Bible, and who have the example of Jesus, 'the spotless Lamb of God.' W.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

A GREAT boy in school was so abusive to the younger ones that the teacher took the vote of the school whether he should be expelled. All the small boys voted to expel him except one, who was scarcely five years old. Yet he knew very well that the bad boy would probably continue to tease him. 'Why then did you vote for him to stay?' said the teacher.

'Because if he is expelled, perhaps he will not learn any more about God, and so he will be more wicked still.'

'Do you forgive him, then?' said the teacher.

'Yes,' said he; 'father and mother and you all forgive me when I do wrong; God forgives me too, and I must do the same.'

MOZART'S FIDDLE.

IN the Josephstadt at Vienna, there lived about forty years ago, a poor man who traded in all sorts of second-hand articles and curiosities. This man, whose name was Ruttler, was blessed with a numerous family, and the profits of his business were barely enough to provide decently for his wife and his fourteen children, the oldest of whom was scarcely sixteen years of age. Nevertheless, in spite of his poverty, Ruttler was benevolent and obliging, and no one in trouble appealed in vain for his help and counsel.

Before Ruttler's shop a man passed every day whose serious, thoughtful features excited respect and interest; he appeared to be suffering from an incurable illness, only, when he saw Ruttler's children, who always respectfully greeted him as he went by, as they played about in the streets, a smile passed over his colourless lips and his gaze directed towards heaven seemed to implore for them an existence happier than his own.

Ruttler, too, had noticed the stranger, and, as he never lost an opportunity of serving a neighbour, he requested to be allowed to have a seat ready for him when he returned from his usual promenade. The sick man accepted the friendly offer, and every morning Ruttler's children came out bringing a chair for the stranger.

One Whit-Monday morning, the invalid returned earlier than usual from his walk, and Ruttler's children at once surrounded him with the news—'Dear sir, we have had such a pretty little sister born in the night.' The stranger entered the shop to ask Ruttler how his wife was going on. The good man at once came out and concluded his thanks with the words, 'Yes, dear sir, this is now the fifteenth which the good God has sent us!'

'My good man, you have then much to care for; but have you already found a godfather?'

'No, sir; when one is poor, godfathers are not so easily to be found. My other children's sponsors are neighbours, all poorer than I am.'

'Call the girl Gabriel,' said the stranger. 'I will give her this name. Here are a hundred florins for the christening feast, which I will attend, and which I request you to provide.' As Ruttler hesitated, he added, 'Take it, take it, when you know more of me you will see that I am not unworthy to share your cares. But you can do me a service; I see there in your shop a violin, be so good as to bring it out to me, I have a happy thought and must at once put it on paper.'

Ruttler took down the violin from the hook and gave it into the stranger's hand, who soon drew such wonderful tones from it, that the street was speedily filled with eager and curious listeners, and many persons driving by, whose ear recognised the great musician in these notes, stopped their carriages to enjoy the beautiful strains. But the invalid, completely absorbed in his melodies, did not heed the crowd which had assembled before Ruttler's shop.

When he had finished his piece, he wrote it down on a music-sheet which he took from his pocket, and

then said farewell to his new friends, leaving his address, with the request that they would let him know the day of the christening.

Several days passed away and the invalid did not appear. The chair before Ruttler's door stood unoccupied.

Ruttler decided at last to go himself and inquire after his kind guest. He arrived at the house to which he had been directed. The door was hung with black, a coffin surrounded by burning tapers, a number of gentlemen who were crowding into the house as pall-bearers and mourners, made him guess the truth.

Here he learnt to his astonishment that Mozart was to have been his daughter's godfather, and that this sad crowd had assembled to accompany the great man to the grave.

At his house, Mozart, sitting in his chair, had composed his glorious Requiem, his last song of the Swan—his Funeral Hymn.

After Ruttler had paid the last honours to the great master, he returned home; but he was surprised to find his modest dwelling surrounded by a crowd of people who, as it so often happens, first began to honour the great genius at the moment when he was taken from them. This event brought Ruttler into so prominent notice that his business became quite a flourishing one; he was able henceforth to make a good deal of money, to get situations for his children, and to pass his old age in ease and comfort.

His youngest daughter he called Gabriel, as Mozart had wished; when she was sixteen he gave her the fiddle which Mozart had used a few days before his death. This violin was afterwards sold for four thousand florins (4000*l.*). Ruttler would never part with the chair, though large sums of money were offered to him for it. He preserved it as a memorial of his poverty—as that which had led to his good fortune.

J. F. C.

THE MUSIC MISTRESS.



LARA and Alice Vernon were the daughters of the captain of a large mail steamer. They lived with their mother at Southampton, and had the best education that money could obtain. Clara's chief delight was in music, while Alice preferred drawing and painting. Three or four times a year when their father returned from his voyage, he took pleasure in seeing their improvement. 'Many accidents happen at sea, my children,' he would say; 'and though you are well off now, and may never need to exert yourselves to earn your living, yet I would advise you to be prepared for the worst that may happen.'

Captain Vernon was not only a good sailor, but a good man; not only could he manage his ship, but he could manage his seamen as well. Never would he allow an oath to be uttered on board in his presence, and if a man were known as a swearer he would soon find him out. 'Jenkins,' said he one

day to a sailor, 'would you be afraid to go up and unfurl that sail in this storm?'

'Afraid, captain!' said the man; 'I am afraid of nothing; whatever another sailor can do I can.'

'Do you think so, Jenkins?'

'Yes, sir, I am sure.'

'You know the quartermaster; don't you?'

'Yes, captain, I know him well, and a very steady man he is; but I would not even give in to him; I dare do all he can.'

'You are quite sure?'

'Yes, captain, quite sure.'

'Well, now I will put you to the test. Some time ago I found him swearing, and he promised to give up the wicked habit, and he has kept his word; dare you promise to give up your swearing too?'

'Ay, ay, captain,' said Jenkins; 'you have me now, but I will try.'

'May God help you, my good fellow!' said the captain.

But Captain Vernon's seamanship and uprightness of character could not save him from the perils of the ocean. In one return voyage his ship encountered a frightful gale in the Bay of Biscay. The bulwarks were washed away, the masts were broken, the vessel sprung a leak, and quickly filled. The boats were manned, and many of the passengers and several of the crew were saved, but the captain would stay with the vessel until the last, and he himself, with about twenty others, went down with the steamer.

The person to bring the sad news of the captain's death to Mr. Vernon was the chief mate, an old and attached friend. He was soon after appointed to the command of another of the Company's steamers, and Clara was not unwilling to share the perils of the sea with Captain Westmacott as her husband. The 'Souchong' was bound for China with passengers and merchandise. The voyage was prosperous, and they were well-nigh their journey's end, when one night the man on the look-out gave an alarm that a fleet of native pirate boats ('junks,' as they are called) were waiting right in the ship's course.

Before long the 'Souchong' was surrounded by the piratical junks, which seemed like a swarm of bees, there were so many. In fact, the Chinese were a hundred to one against the merchantman's crew. But surrender was not even thought of. The few guns were manned, and the cutlasses and rifles dealt out to the men. The first pirate who attempted to board the 'Souchong' was cut down by the captain: but still they climbed up, and the sailors could hardly cope with them.

'Hard to port!' shouted the captain to the man at the helm. 'Put on all steam,' he cried to the man below; and dash! crash! and one junk was under the bows of the 'Souchong' broken and sunk. A horrible yell arose from the sinking pirates; but still others came on. At the next shout from the captain, the vessel did not answer the helm, and the next junk escaped. He looked astern in surprise, but alas! the man at the wheel lay dead.

Not a moment was to be lost, the steamer

was dashing through the sea, and still the pirates were on all sides. The captain himself seized the helm, and soon two more junks were under the bows and their miserable crews were perishing. Another was about to share the same fate when the steamer suddenly veered and she escaped. Alas! the captain was lying wounded by the side of the wheel. The pirates, finding that an attack on a British steamer was not quite so profitable as they imagined, now began to disperse, and by morning light not a junk was to be seen.

But alas! the poor captain was mortally wounded, and nothing that his devoted wife or the doctor could do might avail to save him. In two days his body, wrapped in the flag he had bravely defended, was committed to the deep until the time when 'the sea shall give up her dead'; and almost at the same time Clara's maid also died of a fever. The poor widow was left in a sad condition. The shock caused by her husband's death, together with the want of proper attention, well-nigh cost her life.

Meanwhile, by an unfortunate mistake, it was reported in the English newspapers that Captain Westmacott had been killed, and that his wife had died of a fever a few days afterwards. This sad news soon reached Mrs. Vernon and Alice, and receiving no letter to contradict the report, they gave up all hopes of Clara, and mourned for her as dead.

Not long after this Alice married the son of a rich merchant, and removed with her mother to Gains Hall.

For some time, Mrs. Westmacott remained at Hong Kong whither she was taken after her husband's death, and when at last she was well enough to write the letter did not reach her mother. After some time she recovered, and returned to England with her little boy, who was born shortly after his father's death, and sought her mother and sister at Southampton, but no one knew their address. Here, indeed, was sorrow upon sorrow, but her brave heart was sustained by her God in whom she trusted; and, as she was very poor, she went across to the Isle of Wight, and accepted an engagement as a music mistress at Ventnor.

She hoped soon to find her mother and sister, but in the meantime she wisely turned her musical talent to account, and diverted her mind by teaching a few young ladies at their homes. On one Saturday afternoon she went and sat in the churchyard overlooking the sea, and thought over the short year of happy married life she had spent. She felt lonely and sad; the world was dead to her, and but for little Harry, her pet and darling, she would gladly have been away and at rest. Her dear mother and sister seemed to be no nearer to her; all letters had failed to bring any satisfactory news, but she trusted in God and lifted up her soul in prayer.

At this moment a lady and gentleman strolled into the churchyard and observed her pensive look. The lady gave a start, her husband looked at her pale face, and had but just time to support his wife in his arms, for she was fainting.



Clara was aroused, and got up to assist, and to her astonishment she saw her beloved sister Alice. As soon as Alice had recovered, matters were explained, and the sisters embraced each other. Mr. and Mrs. Makington had come to Ventnor for a few weeks, and thus, by God's guidance, had found the sister who had been mourned for as dead. A letter was immediately sent off to Mrs. Vernon, at Gains Hall, and before long Clara found there a new home. Little Harry became the life and joy of the house,

for there were no other children; and when he grew up, and was able to understand the history of his father and grandfather, he greatly admired their bravery and goodness; and one thing alone kept him from being a sailor like them, and that was love to his mother. For whilst she lived he resolved that he would never leave her, though, he said, he feared none on land or sea except God who made him, and who 'is not far from every one of us.'

W. M.

Parts I. II. and III. for January, February, and March, 1868, price Threepence each, are now ready. All the back Numbers may be had, price One Halfpenny each.

Chatterbox.



Do not forget the Three Tentions.

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THE THREE 'TENTIONS.'

WAS some time since at a railway-station, waiting for a train. On the platform, seated on a form, were an old gentleman and two little children, who I guessed were his grand-children. I could not help hearing the remarks he was making to them, which were spoken in a pleasant and loving manner.

'Be sure,' said he, 'you do not forget the three *Tentions*: *Intention*, *Attention*, and *Retention*.'

We might apply these 'tentions' with much instruction in a variety of ways; but children, at school in particular, may profit much by remembering them. Let us take 'Intention' first. If a boy has a sum to work out, or a lesson to learn by heart, he will not be likely to succeed unless he goes to it with a will, or unless he 'intends' to do it.

Secondly, 'Attention.' If he is to succeed, a boy must withdraw his thoughts from tops, balls, kites, and such like; he must not chatter with his school-fellows, but he must for the time give his whole mind, or 'attend,' to the lesson before him.

Thirdly, 'Retention.' It is of little use to learn any thing unless we remember it, or 'retain' it in the mind.

So, boys and girls, try to remember the old gentleman's advice, 'Be sure you do not forget the three "tentions";' *Intention*, *Attention*, and *Retention*.'

WANTED A BOY.

(Continued from page 123.)

I DON'T know," answered the father. "It can't be hungry, for it drank the whole bottleful an hour or two ago. I suppose it's crying for its mother."

"And where is the mother?" asked Margareta.

"Where is she?" repeated the man. "Will Wilhelm," he said to the child, "tell where mother is?"

"Mother's in heaven," answered the boy; and drummed again on the cart, because Frank in there was still crying.

"Ah!" cried Margareta; "so the child has no mother! and you drag the poor thing such a long way through the world!"

"What can I do?" the father replied in excuse. "My wife died on the journey, and perhaps it was the best thing for her, for she was fretting so about having to go so far. I consoled her as much as I could, but it was no use. So she lay eight days on the way, till at last she died. God have mercy on her! It cost me a deal of money."

"God pity you!" cried Margareta, restraining her tears with difficulty. "And now what's to become of the poor baby?"

"My comfort is," said the man, "that it will soon follow its mother. And that would be the best

thing for me too. I'm always plaguing myself with the child, and yet it cries day and night. I think there must be something wrong in its inside. I wish it was all over with it."

Margareta stood there tortured by conflicting thoughts. "Do let me see the poor little thing," she asked at last, for the baby screamed more and more, and so piteously, that it went to her heart.

The man uncovered a corner of the cart, put in his hand and brought out something which looked like the strapped-up bundle of a travelling journeyman.

"Ah, God pity it!" cried Margareta again, when she saw a little face, covered by a black fur cap, looking out of the bundle of rags. "You might give me the poor forsaken little thing," she said; "I will take care of it, and it shall want for nothing."

"If you will take it, it's just the same to me," answered the father; "it won't give you much more trouble; soon it will be all over. The boy's name is Frank, but you may call him what you please."

"So you give me the child willingly?" asked Margareta.

"Why should I not?" he replied. "When the mother is gone, the baby is only a misery. It is my own child certainly, but I am a poor, homeless, banished man, and have scarce bread enough for myself and little Wilhelm there. Believe me, good woman, it pains me to give away Frank, and I had almost rather it had died already, and lay in its mother's grave, for then I should know what had become of it. But what can I do, if you want to take it? Give the poor thing Christian burial; its poor mother I had to bury like a heathen, because the people in the village where she died, forbade me the churchyard, and I had nothing to pay the priest and the sexton either. It's a miserable life for us poor people, you may believe that."

Margareta seemed scarcely to have heard all this: she was busy with the child, she pushed back the cap which covered its eyes, dried the tears which were on its dirty cheeks, and cried over it herself all the time. Then she sat down on the bank, unfastened the tight straps which were round the child, and wound it up again more comfortably, then rocked it in her arms, saying to it, "Be quiet, my lamb." And the little Frank, a poor, thin, withered baby of about four months old, seemed to perceive that a womanly heart and a womanly hand were once more taking care of him, for he stopped crying and looked at Margareta with big eyes, as if he would say, "Thank you for being a mother to me."

"Well, if it must be so," said the man, "take the boy with you, and give him Christian burial, and when you pray at his grave, pray for his poor mother too, whom I buried like a heathen. God forgive me, I could not even say the Lord's prayer over her for grief and misery. Now, Wilhelm, say goodbye to Frank."

"Goodbye," said Wilhelm, and trotted off with his father, sweeping the road with his long coat;

and the horse went coughing on his miserable way, and the father flourished his whip, and they went off to Poland.

As long as Margareta was on the road with the baby, she had eyes and thoughts only for it, and hastened to get home as soon as possible that she might make it more comfortable. But when she saw her cottage before her, she began to get frightened. 'What will Valentine say?' she exclaimed. 'And was not Valentine to fetch Gotthold to-day? Two children at once! Oh, why did I forget Gotthold? If he could only stay away! He's not so badly off as poor Frank. Gotthold must go away again, if he has come already; I will give him the waistcoat and the trousers and the handkerchief, then he may be content.'

The nearer she came to the cottage, the more her heart beat with anxiety; and when a neighbour's wife met her, she felt ashamed and hid the child under her arm. But a woman's eyes are not so easily deceived in such things.

'Why, neighbour, what's that under your arm?' asked the woman. 'It looks almost like a baby; and so it is! Where did you get the creature? And such rags! It looks almost as if you had picked it up in the street.'

'Perhaps you are right,' answered Margareta.

'But what do you mean to do with the poor thing? It looks so miserable, as if it was starved.'

'Perhaps you are right there too. And that's just why I took it,' returned Margareta. 'I think God will give us bread for it. And now goodbye, neighbour, I must make haste, for the child is getting restless again; and if you want to know more, come to me; you can give me some advice perhaps, as you've had nine of them.'

And then she hurried on to her house and left her neighbour in great astonishment.

'What will Valentine say?' she thought, with beating heart, as she stood at the door, and she had hardly the courage to open it. But when she went in, the room was empty.

'That's God's doing,' said she, 'that Valentine is not here. Now I shall have time at least to attend to the child first.' And she laid the baby on the bed, and opened all her drawers and boxes to get some clean clothes for it, and ran like an anxious mother to a neighbour who had two goats, and bought a little milk. And still Valentine did not come back.

But where was Valentine in the meantime?

When Greta was off to Schlettaw with the two dozen spoons, he meant to go at once to Frederick's and fetch Gotthold. But then it occurred to him that he had no clothes for the boy as yet.

'Lame Seifert must cut out the coat this very day,' said he. 'But, when the lad goes to church with us, he can't run barefoot; and to church he must go, that's certain. If I could only get a pair of boots for the boy.'

No sooner said than done. He ran up to the garret in eager haste. There stood a pair of old boots, painted green all over, for the mould had been busy with them. 'The leather is still good,' he said to himself, and he washed and brushed

the boots until they began to look quite clean again. And because the feet were too long, he cut two inches off at the toes without further ado, and stitched up the great wounds so cleverly, that he nodded and smiled with pleasure at the finished job, and said, 'The boy will be quite smart!'

All this had taken some hours, and, as it was now near dinner-time, he first lighted the fire, and put the pot on it which Margareta had already prepared. And, when the potato-soup was warmed and only the bacon remained to be done, Valentine took off his working apron, put on his Sunday coat, and went over to neighbour Frederick's. Their houses were about two hundred steps apart.

When Valentine entered Frederick's cottage, he found the mother and the six children very busy. The elder boys were making birdcages and wooden spoons and toys. The girls were making lace, and the mother spinning flax: but Gotthold, for whom the visit was really intended, a bright looking boy of about ten years old, was sitting behind the stove, and his eyes were red with crying.

'God greet thee, neighbour,' said Valentine, keeping his black cap in his hand, not so much out of respect for the poor miner's wife as out of shyness and because he had never said a word to the mother of his intentions, and now did not know how to begin about it.

'God thank thee, neighbour,' answered the woman, and went on spinning; 'sit down, neighbour. What do you bring?'

'I bring nothing,' he answered. 'Rather, I come to get something.'

'Then you have come to the wrong place,' replied the woman, smiling, 'there's not much to be had here.'

'Yet you are rich,' said Valentine, 'much richer than I.'

'You're laughing at me, neighbour,' returned she. 'You have a house of your own, and we are only tenants; you are only two, and we have eight to feed; we are never out of anxiety and debt, and you put a groschen in the savings' box every week; so how are we richer than you? Yes, richer in hungry mouths, there you are right.'

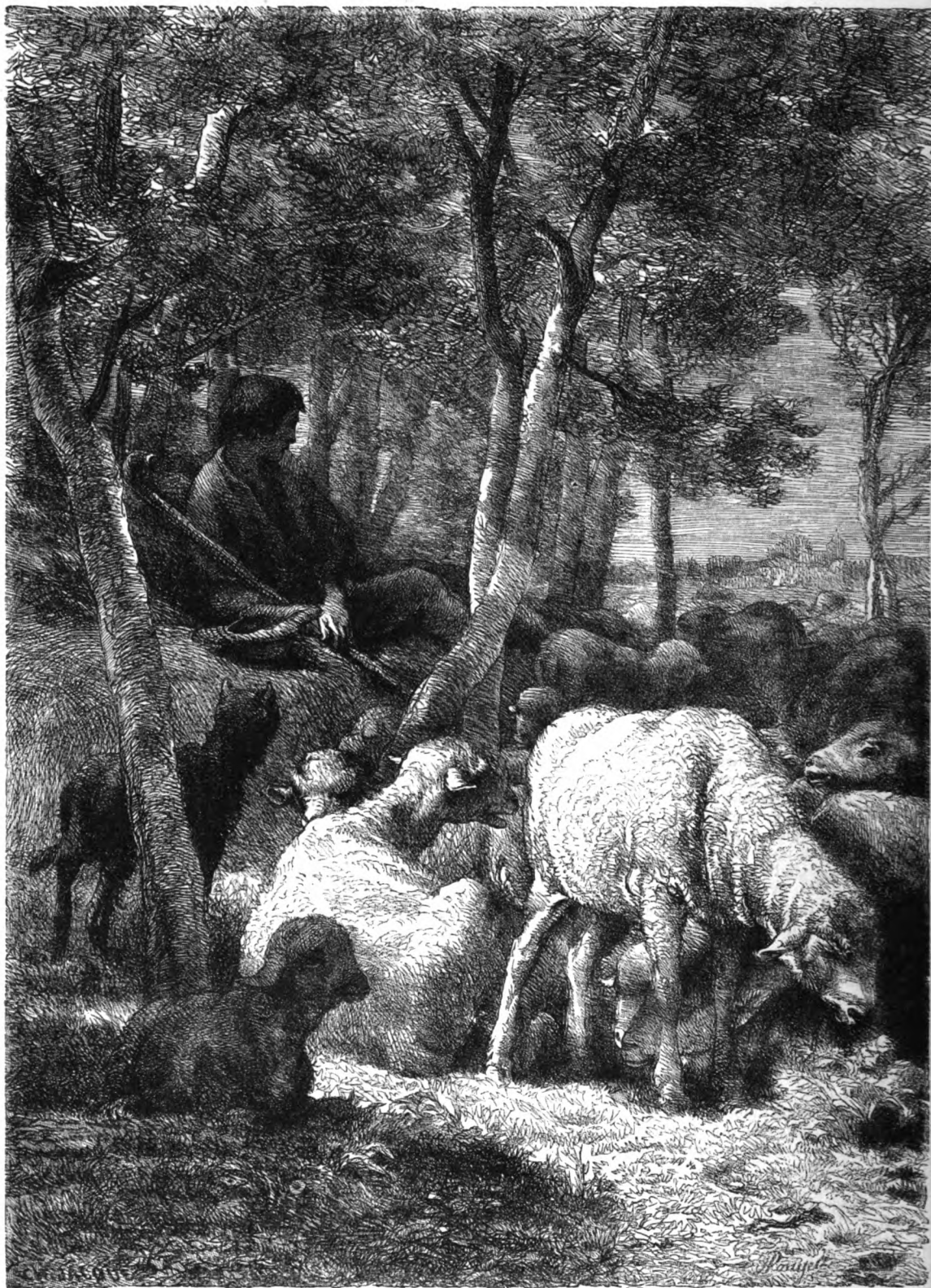
'Well,' said Valentine, 'I want to take one mouth off your hands, if you are willing.'

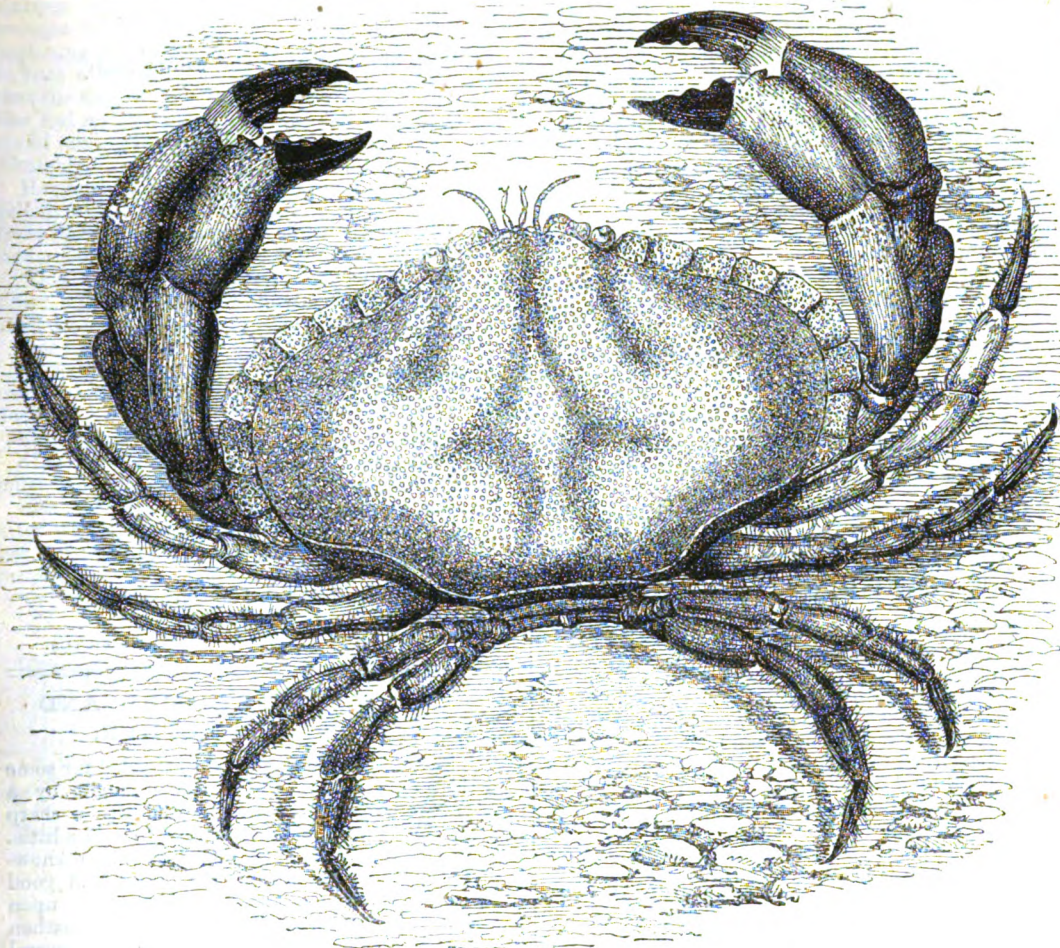
'O, all the six!' she answered, half joking, 'especially the boys, you may take them all, and Gotthold first of all—I have no end of trouble with him, he's a good-for-nothing.'

'Why, what has he done?' asked Valentine, 'the little lad is always so merry and friendly that it's a pleasure to see him.'

'Him?' said the mother, and made her spinning-wheel buzz tremendously. 'He's a scapegrace and a harum-scarum! eating and drinking is the chief thing with him, but as to work—why then he always has the headache, or he cuts up the sticks instead of making cages of them. There is Fritz, now he's three years younger, and can make such pretty things, it's quite wonderful to see—but Gotthold—yes, look out from behind the stove, you good-for-nothing boy! Wait till father comes home, he'll help you!'

(To be continued.)





THE SHEPHERD AND HIS DOG.

SOME years ago, in the part of Scotland which borders on England, a shepherd had driven part of his flock to a neighbouring fair, leaving his dog to watch the remainder of his flock until his return, which he expected would be the following morning. Unfortunately at the fair he forgot both dog and sheep, and did not return home until the third day. His first inquiry was if his dog had been seen: the answer was, 'No.' 'Then,' said he, with anguish, 'he must be dead, for he was too faithful to desert his charge.' The shepherd instantly set off for the heath, and, on arriving there, he found that his faithful dog was not dead, but had just enough strength left to crawl to his master's feet.

Although hungry and thirsty, the brave dog preferred death rather than give up the charge committed to him by his master. There are many instances on record of the faithfulness of the shepherd's dog, from which both old and young may well learn a profitable lesson.

THE CRAB.

I HAVE no doubt that most of our young readers, during their walks along the sea-coast, have seen the shell-fish whose picture is given above. There are many kinds of crabs, but the one in the picture is the common, or eatable, crab, and is very plentiful about rocky coasts. Fishermen catch these crabs in various ways; but the usual way is by means of baskets called crab-pots. These baskets are round, slightly flattened; they have an opening at top, through which the crab passes. When inside the pot it cannot get out again, because the opening is guarded with short osiers, and arranged something like the wires of a mouse-trap.

With a number of crab-pots in his boat, the fisherman rows to the best fishing-ground within reach, and having put some pieces of fresh fish in his pot as bait, together with a few stones to sink it, he lowers it by a rope to the bed or bottom of the sea, where it varies in depth from three to forty feet. After he has marked the place by means of a

buoy or float, he rows a little distance, and lowers in the same manner another crab-pot, and so on until all his baskets have been sunk.

When a crab is caught it pretends to be dead ; but when touched, it seizes the object with its powerful claws. If any of our readers are ever caught by a crab's claw, the best plan is what sounds rather a cruel one, namely, to twist off the entire joint, and then pull open the claw. This is necessary with the common crab, because it will hold its grasp as long as it lives, and it will make a serious wound in whatever it catches.

This crab is much used for food, and hundreds of thousands are brought to the London fish-market every year.

LILLA.

GOOD Christian man, who lov'st to see
Young children round thee cling,
I pray thee tell thy boys from me
How Lilla served his King.

King Edwin reigned from Humber's flood
To Forth's far-sounding tide ;
And Lilla was a soldier good,
Who fought on Edwin's side.

And Edwin wrought with all his strength
Ill deeds to purge away ;
In justice ruling, till at length,
Beneath his upright sway,

The robber and the bad man bold
So curbed their lawless hand,
A maid might bear a purse of gold
Unscathed through all the land.

But Cuichelme, the grim Wessex lord,
Was Edwin's ruthless foe ;
And one who served in Cuichelme's horde
With deeds of wrong and woe,

Well trained in guile, beneath his cloak
The assassin's dagger hung,
And came to Edwin's gate, and spoke
With false, misleading tongue ;

And said that he some message bore
From Wessex, from his chief,
And feigned that hatred was no more,
And craved a parley brief.

Then on with licensed foot he strode
Toward King Edwin's knee ;
And, ere or king or soldier trowed
So foul a fraud could be,

The accursed blade had gleamed on high
Amid their peaceful ring,
And, fleet as summer lightnings fly,
Was going to pierce their king.

No time to seek the resting sword,—
To check the falling blow,—
Between the assassin and their lord
The accustomed shield to throw.

Time only—barely time—for him,
Who filled the foremost place,
With his great heart and willing limb
The falling blow to face.

O, life is dear ! but rarely well
His part the soldier knew.
The impetuous weapon fiercely fell,
And pierced my Lilla through ;

Who stoutly, while 'twas aimed above,
Into its path had prest,
Its fury quenching in the love
Of his unshrinking breast.


So Edwin lived and Lilla died.
Yet lives my Lilla's name,
Enshrined for age, his king's beside,
In the bright scroll of Fame :

Enshrined amid the great and good,
The sons of love and truth,
Whose annals aye shall stir the blood
Of our sweet English youth.

And thus, good Christian man, to thee
The deathless tale I bring,
And pray thee tell thy boys from me
How Lilla served his king.

W. GRIFFITHS.

A CAFFRE GIRL AND HER MOTHER.

 YOUNG girl had attended for some time a Caffre school taught by a native teacher. She was a sharp girl, and had learned to read a little. She plainly wished to obtain knowledge, and it was hoped that good impressions had been made upon her youthful mind. Her heathen father became alarmed, as several girls from the same school had refused to be sold. She was taken from school, and the poor, deluded parent declared that the Christians should not rob him of his child. But God laid his hand upon her, and soon after she had been removed from school she took ill, and, after a short sickness died. I hope that the Lord, in His abounding mercy, took her away from the evil to come, to be with Himself.

The father was stupefied, and sullen : the mother was frantic ; whether from the loss of expected gain, or really from the loss of her child, I was unable at the time to say. She was urged to look to God, who alone could make up her loss and heal her wound. But she became more violent ; she had hard thoughts of God : in the words of Zechariah, 'She refused to hearken, and pulled away the shoulder, and stopped her ears that she should not hear.' She said,—

'As God has killed my child, He may kill me too ; I do not care !'

How wonderful is God's forbearance ! A heavy

sickness was laid upon the poor mother, which brought her to the gates of death. At the very beginning of her sickness a great change appeared to pass over her; she seemed from the first to feel that the God of the Christians was dealing with her. She had resisted Him, but now she discovered how sinful and dangerous it is to 'strive with the Almighty.'

Her husband urged her to have a Caffre doctor called, who could by his incantations deliver her from the power of witchcraft; but her feelings had undergone a great change. She said,—

'God has spoken to me to-day, and said in my heart, "If you seek help from a Caffre doctor, you shall die; but if you pray, you shall live."'

Her husband said,—

'I fear Magomo! (the chief). He will eat me up if we break the customs in not sending for a doctor!'

She replied,—

'Do not fear; Magomo sits in darkness; but I must hear the Word of God.'

She recovered without heathen incantations; after which, she soon came forth 'clothed and in her right mind;' and cast in her lot with the Lord's people.

FRANK FOSTER.

FRANK FOSTER, a cavalry officer, was stationed with his regiment in Ireland. Being very fond of field sports, he never lost a chance of joining the hunt whenever the hounds met near the barracks.

About the time I am now writing, the regiment had orders to move to another part of the country, quite unknown to Frank.

In about a week after they had been settled in their new quarters, our friend had heard that the hounds were to meet at Ballyknockmore, a small village ten miles distant. He obtained leave for the day, but was under orders to be in by ten o'clock that evening. The meet took place at eleven o'clock, and a fox was soon found. Reynard gave the huntsmen a hard run, and was not killed until nearly one o'clock.

Fortunately, for those who were hungry, the fox made for Ballymore Park, the seat of one of the gentlemen belonging to the hunt, who immediately invited Frank and several others to luncheon. After luncheon, the huntsman said, that if they drew the wood close by they would be sure to find another fox, and he was right; another was quickly found, and he gave them also a long run. Frank was an excellent horseman, and perhaps a little proud of his riding. His host rode by his side, and being mounted on a splendid horse cleared everything. Frank, having full confidence in his horse, followed his companion closely, and both being so well mounted left the others behind. When the day's sport was over, Mr. Macgowan insisted that Frank must come home and dine at Ballymore Park. He

pleaded his colonel's orders, and feared he should not have time to accept his new friend's hospitality.

However, Mr. Macgowan said that dinner would be ready punctually at six; and that he could get to the barracks in good time if he started at half-past seven. Frank accordingly consented, nothing loth to have a good dinner, and very glad to give his tired horse a good rest. Six o'clock came, however, but no dinner; a quarter-past, and Frank began to be uneasy; half-past! and he was going to implore Mr. Macgowan to let him go, when John came and announced dinner.

His host apologised very much for the delay, but said, 'I tell you what, captain, if you don't mind going back by the coast, I can tell you a road that will save you five miles at least. It is a bright, moonlight night, the tide will not be in until half-past nine, and if you can pass Balbrigan Point by nine o'clock, you are safe. At eight o'clock I promise you, you shall be on your journey. Fifteen miles is nothing for such a horse as yours in two hours.'

Mr. Macgowan kept his word, and permitted Frank to start before the clock struck eight. A groom went with him a few miles to show him the way, until he got to the shore, and then the way to Balbrigan Point was so plain, that he needed no further direction. As soon as he got upon the sands, he started off at a swinging canter, and was quickly five or six miles on his journey.

The tide was now coming in, and the sand-beach was covered, he must go the rest of the way on the shingles, and ride rather nearer the cliffs. The evening was getting cloudy, and the moon now and then obscured.

Just as a cloud was passing over, Frank heard a loud, rumbling noise, as of distant thunder. What could it mean? No, it was not quite like thunder nor guns. He paused, and heard another noise just overhead, but before he had time to see what it was, he was off his horse, and the poor creature was lying upon the beach struggling in vain to get up.

The moon emerged from the cloud, and Frank found that a huge piece of rock, loosened by the late rains, had fallen down, and, to his dismay, he discovered that his poor horse's leg was broken. But 'time and tide wait for no man,' and so our friend found to his cost. It was now ten minutes to nine, the tide was fast coming in, and he knew not what to do. A large wave came rolling up, washed over the horse's legs, and made the poor creature struggle; the next wave sent the salt water into his nostrils; nothing could be done, the horse must be drowned, and the master too for all he could tell. So with a heavy heart he left his good steed to his fate.

Until this time he was not thoroughly conscious of his own danger, but when he felt that, although he kept close to the rock, the waves were gaining upon him fast, and as he looked up to the high-water mark, he felt he had not long to live. Poor fellow! he had not been much used to prayer since he learnt to lisp his simple petitions at his mother's knee; but he felt now that only One could save him. So in the hour of his need he lifted up his voice in the



words our Lord Himself has taught us : ' Deliver us from evil,' cried poor Frank in fearful earnestness.

At that moment he heard voices, and when the moon emerged from another cloud, he saw several men in a boat. They were about to pull away when they saw him, but he begged so earnestly, that they pulled towards him, and took him in. He begged them to land him at a place as near as possible to the barracks. But they said he must submit to be blindfolded, and let them lead him for a short time in darkness.

Frank had no choice but to submit, and the smugglers, for such they were, took him into their

cave, and then one of them led him by a bye-path, and when he had gone some distance took the bandage off his eyes and pointed the way to the village inn. Then, without stopping to be thanked or to accept any money for his trouble, the smuggler hastened back to his comrades. Fortunately, there was a horse and car at the inn-door, the driver was just taking a little refreshment on his return home, and was very glad of an extra fare. Frank promised the man double his proper fare if he could drive him to the barracks in time. They set off at a gallop, and just a few minutes to ten Frank was ready to present himself to his colonel.

Parts I. II. and III. for Jan. Feb. and March 1868, price 3d. each, are now ready.
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Chatterbox.





NEARING SHORE.

WHEN I was a youngster, I lived a good deal abroad—chiefly at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in Germany. All over the world the Newfoundland dog has the reputation as a saver of life, and he often deserves this reputation, on the score of which he is mighty popular. Alas, I have met handsome dogs of the breed, large and powerful, with very aquatic names, or called after heroes of the deep—such as Nelson, Rodney, Van Tromp—who would not venture far, even into the most innocent puddles. Well, at that time there lived an Austrian nobleman at Frankfort (I am speaking of more than thirty years ago) who represented his country at the then existing Diet. He always kept some magnificent Newfoundland dogs. There was then also existing an arm of the river Maine—which had been cut artificially, long, long ago, to work some saw-mills—which, however, have long disappeared; but the cut, with its deep and rapid current, remains, and I have often seen these dogs jump off a remaining buttress of the old fortifications, some nine to twelve feet high, into the water. Sometimes they were practised with a large, heavy hay figure the size of a man. But I believe there was no need for this, since dogs know, by a sort of intuition, that water is not so natural an element to common bipeds with clothes on as to them, whom a good shake and a race rids from the wet and cold of it.

A friend of mine has a fine Scotch sheep-dog which, besides every sheepfold and household accomplishment, is an excellently in deer-stalking. One day she and her master, with some friends, were in a boat on Loch Luiehart in Scotland, when a grey hen, the female of the black cock, flew overhead. A grape-shot brought her down, and she fell into the water. Lassie, who never before had fetched and carried, was immediately overboard, and retrieved the bird in a masterly style. Except for a deer at bay, in a burn, she never had faced water before. My friend, much pleased, thought this was a new accomplishment, and presently threw a lady's glove overboard. But Lassie did not see the necessity at all that she should go again, and they had to fish it up themselves.

Major Hutchinson, in his book on dog-breaking, the best ever published—you can get it at Mr. Murray's, in Albemarle Street, and it is delightful reading, and is fit for young as well as old folks, whether they want to teach dogs or not—tells a similar story of an Irish setter, who as beautifully and unexpectedly fetched a snipe out of a piece of water into which it had dropped. But when the delighted owner wanted her to retrieve on land afterwards, she distinctly declined. In both cases the clever animals saw the immediate necessity for the action; and I conclude that an animal so fond of the human race as the Newfoundland dog would exercise similar judgment.

Old 'Bo' (the short for Boatswain), a splendid dog, actually pulled back by his coat a friend of mine, who was only a visitor at Bo's master's house, when my friend was nearly walking over the cliff's edge into the sea, while looking up to the sky after a flight of birds at which he had fired, instead of minding the path on which he stood. Poor old Bo is dead long since, but there are many as good, if not quite as clever as he, wagging their tails now.

But, being an old fogie, I must do a wee bit of preaching, and I hope you will read and remember it.

Firstly, I must say, do not *lark* with a dog. It is only another form of *teasing*. Teasing is stupid and ungentlemanly: it tells of an empty head and a shallow brain: if it does not proceed from that, it must come from a *bad* heart. By *larking* I do not mean having a little fun, or petting a dog. I mean the sort of play which is continued till it has long ceased to be agreeable to the dog. I will not give examples, for fear of some unlicked cub trying the experiment; but I could do so. One thing, however, I will tell you, and that is, that in most cases of so-called *treachery in dogs* I found the beginning to have been in this sort of *larking*. I have read a story of a fine young man, and splendid swimmer, who amused himself with holding down his large dog, when they were both sporting in the water together, till he struggled himself free. The dog unfortunately returned the fun, and, not being able to judge of time, his master got drowned. It was no avail afterwards that the poor animal refused food and died too. People will romp with a dog till it gets excited and bites too hard—not *meaning* it, and then they say 'he turned upon me savagely,' and get him killed.

Then there is another thing which I would much impress: Do not bathe or swim your dog without you can let him run about till he is quite or nearly dry. It is cruel and thoughtless to allow dogs to take the water when close home and late in the day, for he will be chained up, or locked into a stable, to shiver and feel wretched all the dark, dull night. I know a fine Irish water-spaniel—by the bye, they are a most intelligent breed of dogs—who got rheumatic after such a late bath in the Serpentine. He lived in Belgravia. When he got well again, he declined the water altogether. It always pains me when at the seaside, to see a gallant dog left to shake and shiver, or *sitting down*, after exerting himself in the water for the amusement of his master, perhaps long after it was a pleasure to him. Poor dogs! they not only often do, for your sake, what they do *not* like; but they even pretend to be pleased. People should try and think whether it is *what he does* that *pleases* the dog, or whether it is *the thought* that he is *pleasing* you.

Nothing is difficult to the brave and the faithful.



A LEAP FOR LIFE.

MR. TOMPKINS' school re-opened on the first of

February, twelve boys were expected to return after the Christmas holidays, but whether it was owing to the severe weather or the desire of some of the more idle of the boys and more indulgent parents, for just one day's extra holiday, so it happened that on the evening of the second, only four little boys clustered round the schoolroom fire, a little sad, a little dull, wishing for the return of the rest of their schoolmates. Mrs. Tompkins put her head in at the door about five o'clock, "Boys," she said, kindly, "run up-stairs and make yourselves tidy, and then come into the parlour, you shall all have tea there to-night." Off scampered the four little boys, charmed at the prospect, for they knew that tea in the parlour meant no end of muffins, games, and chat, and perhaps bedtime put off half an hour. This evening, however, when tea was over, the cold weather made them all cluster round the fire, and Mrs. Tompkins proposed that they should have stories, and that everyone should tell the most remarkable thing that had happened to them in their life. Of course the boys fidgetted and were shy of beginning, so Mrs. Tompkins asked her niece Alice, a girl of twelve, who had only lately come from India, to take the lead, as she was sure she must have some adventure to relate. The boys liked Alice, and they liked the thought of an exciting Indian story, so they all said, "Please do begin," and Alice, with rather red cheeks, began her story:—

"You know, Aunt Tompkins, all about my wonderful escape in the railway accident, but I don't think the boys have heard all about it, so I will begin at the beginning. When the doctor said I should die if I did not soon go to England, my father settled I should set off by the very next steamer, so there was no time to be lost, as we lived some distance up country. Mother packed my clothes, and in two days we started. You know father has a situation on the railway in India, and superintends all the Chickabaudy line, which goes over mountains far higher than any you have in England. Well, he said it would be the quickest way to go over these mountains, the only drawback was, that part of the line was not complete, and only goods trains travelled on it as yet; however, father said that no doubt we could get a lift somehow, as he was so well known, and so we made up our minds to go that way.

"Father described the line to me as we jogged along the first twenty miles in a bullock cart. It seems that the mountains are so steep that trains have to zigzag up them, just as you sometimes see carts doing on a hilly road, only on a very large scale; thus a train runs perhaps a mile or two in one direction, and then comes to what is called a reversing station, where the end of the train which has a second engine attached to it, takes the lead, and puffs off up the next incline, all the while mounting a terrific height; however, we were on the wrong side of the mountain for ascending it, and

should have to descend this zigzag line which is so steep, that all steam is shut off, and the whole train sweeps along moved by its own weight, from station to station. I rather liked the idea of this strange journey, but I think father was a little anxious about taking me, though he had often been himself.

"Well, at last we reached the top of the mountain-chain, and, oh, what a splendid view there was from it: higher mountains still, all around, precipices and ravines on every side! My father wished to lose no time, so very soon I saw my little boxes packed in a truck, one of a train of about twenty which were going to take a trip down the face of the mountain. I thought I was to sit upon my property, but my father said that if I liked I should ride with him on the engine, and so have a better view of the country. I had never ridden on an engine before, but I soon got used to it, and stood by father as we whirled along. Father made me notice as we neared the first reversing station, how completely it seemed to hang over the face of the cliff.

"How would it be if the train did not stop at the proper place, father?" I asked.

"It would go whizzing over into the valley beneath, child," he said.

"That thought made me shudder a little, for father said that it was a fall of nearly 1000 feet that lay between the station and the valley beneath. However, I had not much time to think about this, for just as I was saying how easy it would be to drop a stone on to a train which I saw coming up the zigzag exactly below us, our engine-driver gave a short cry, and I saw his face turn deadly pale, 'Jump for your life,' said my father to me, seizing my hand, and motioning towards the bank on the left of the train. We jumped hand in hand off the engine. I remembered no more. A week later I woke up in the hospital at Surrapore, with a broken arm and an injured head, and then I heard the rest of our story. The momentum of the train had been too great for the brake to control, and the terrible accident happened which my father had described when I asked him about the train not stopping.

"Passing the reversing station at full speed, the engines and trucks had all dashed over the precipice into the ravine below. The two guards and the driver of the other engine failed to seize their one chance of life, and perished at their post. If our train had been a passenger train, many more lives would have been lost.

"Father wrote me word last mail that now all engines are allowed to keep a little steam on going down the zigzag, so that a train can be stopped when going too fast down hill. I hope this will prevent other accidents, but I should think it would always be a very dangerous line. And now my adventure is told, and it is some one else's turn."

But every one seemed inclined to ask more questions about Alice's story, and Alice was quite willing to answer them, so that the hall-door bell rang at nine o'clock, and talking was only stopped by the arrival from the station of Mr Tompkins and some of the boys who had been prolonging their holidays.

H. A. F.



THE SEDGE WARBLER'S NEST.

WITH all my might I make request,
 Dear boy, harm not my little nest ;
 Oh, do not try to peep therein,
 Where lie my little children.
 They'll scream with terror and surprise,
 If thou show'st them thy large round eyes.

The boy much longed the birds to see,
 Yet quietly far off stood he ;—
 In peace the poor bird reached her nest,
 And warmed her young with downy breast ;
 Then warbled forth her song of joy
 To the kind-hearted little boy.



THE ROEBUCK.

THIS deer is one of the most active little creatures of the deer species, and, unlike the Fallow-deer, always prefers to run about on the highest ground where the air is purest. The roe-

buck is about two feet seven inches high, and, though the smallest of the deer tribe, is the most elegant of them all.

It is unlike the other kinds of deer in some respects. Instead of going about in herds, it lives in separate families, composed of a father, mother, and young.

The young animals, brought up and nourished together, have so strong an attachment for each other that only accident can separate them. The roebuck is sometimes tamed and made a pet. It is a *dangerous* pet, because it is very apt, when it is full-grown, to attack people whose appearance it dislikes. Women and children are often attacked by it, and frequently very serious wounds are made with its sharp-pointed horns. A writer about the deer states, that one day, at a public garden near Brighton, he saw a roebuck chained in an enclosure. Pitying the poor animal, he asked its keeper why he put such a heavy chain around its neck. The keeper replied, that, small as the deer was, the chain was quite necessary, as it had attacked and killed a boy of twelve years old a few days before, stabbing the poor little fellow in several places with its horns.

HAIL! HAIL! ALL HAIL!

NOW listen, now hark!
 Surely something's the matter,
 Why really it's hail
 That is making this clatter.
 On the slates and the leads,
 And the new green-house glass;
 And now look how it seems
 All alive in the grass.
 Looking like smoke
 On the meadow and lawn,
 Driving along
 On the field of young corn.
 See it jumping and bounding
 On all the hard ground;
 Tapping on window-panes—
 Favourite sound.
 See the small hands
 Are all stretched out to catch it!
 Nooses pressed flat
 In the effort to watch it!
 Alas! in the warm
 Little hands how it melts!
 Come shut down the window,
 For see how it pelts!
 How nice would be hail
 If it only would last!
 But, like all things in this world,
 How soon it is past!
 How well we could play
 With its balls small and white!
 We catch them—we grasp them—
 They're gone from our sight!
 How like to the fleeting joys
 Earth can afford!
 There's a treasure that *lasts*
 In the hand of the Lord.
 So lessons of wisdom
 Pray learn without fail,
 From the rain and the snow,
 And the sharp driving hail.

J. E. C. F

WANTED A BOY.

(Continued from p. 131.)



O Gotthold does nothing at all?' put in Valentine.

'O yes, running about is the thing for him,' answered the mother. 'If he might scramble about in the woods from morning till evening, and all night too. That would be just his delight,—and climbing trees after squirrels and tearing his trousers, that's what he's up to! I can't even send him for whortle-berries, he does not bring a single one home—he says he can't find any, but I reckon he eats them all by himself.'

'Ah no,' said Valentine in excuse, 'if he did, he'd bring a black mouth home.'

'Not he,' said the mother, 'he would rub his lips so that one could see nothing. You can't think what a plague that boy is to me.'

'Well,' returned Valentine, 'I will tell you what—give Gotthold to me. When there's enough for my wife and me, there's enough for him too.'

'How do you mean?' asked the woman, and stopped her spinning-wheel.

'Well, I mean so,' answered he, 'we will adopt Gotthold, as if he were our child.'

'And that for ever?' cried the mother, 'and he's not to sleep at home?'

'Just as if he was our own child,' explained Valentine, 'I have already spoken about it to my Greta, and she has agreed—and so I just came to fetch him over at once.'

'Is that what you mean?' said the mother in surprise, 'no, neighbour, that can't be. Where there's enough for five, there's enough for six too.'

'But,' objected Valentine, 'you said just now you would give away Gotthold first of all, and he did nothing but plague you.'

'O yes,' said the woman, 'one talks so. It is true, the boy is a good-for-nothing young scamp, and is as much afraid of work as he is of Rupert.*'

'Oh mother,' came a voice from Gotthold behind the stove. 'I'm not afraid of Rupert any more.'

'Hold your tongue, you bad child!' cried the mother. 'It would be better if you *were* afraid of something, then you'd obey your mother better perhaps.'

'Well, neighbour,' and Valentine began his bargaining for the child again, 'I had thought of it in this way—we have no child, and you have six, and so you can spare one. Gotthold will be well taken care of; and we don't live quite at the other end of the world, and, if you like, the boy may come and see you every day; and if he takes pains he may become a good spoon-maker some day.'

The mother was silent, and reflected, and shook her head. 'It's very odd,' said she at last, 'the boy gives me nothing but trouble and vexation

* A traditionary mountain spirit of the Erzzeberg.

every day of my life, and, yet somehow he has grown into my heart. It can't be done without my husband's consent at all ; wait a little, neighbour, he will soon come in from the mine.'

And a few minutes afterwards father Frederick came in, with the old miner's greeting 'Glück auf!' (All happiness!) He took off his black working-dress, washed his face and hands, and then shook hands heartily with his neighbour and said, 'Welcome, Valentine!'

'Now, tell him what you want,' said the wife to the neighbour.

'What's the matter?' asked the miner, seeing that Valentine could not get his words out, and that his wife was looking troubled.

'He wants to take Gotthold with him,' answered the wife, 'and that not only for to-day and to-morrow, but for ever.'

'Then the boy will be taken better care of there than with us,' said Frederick.

'How can you say that?' cried the mother, 'is Gotthold not taken care of at home?'

'No, Christel, I don't mean that,' answered the father. 'I only mean, the boy will get more to eat at Valentine's than at home, likely.'

'And you can give your child away like that?' said the mother with a pained expression.

'Am I giving him away, Christel?' asked Frederick. 'Is he not still our child all the same if he went to the world's end or no matter where? One less to provide for is something in these hard times, and, if neighbour Valentine was a bad man, it would be a different thing too. No, Christel, if our neighbour is in earnest, let us do it in God's name. The children must leave us some day or other. A little sooner or later does not make much difference. Neighbour, are you really in earnest?'

'Certainly I am in earnest,' answered Valentine.

'And your Margareta has nothing against it?' he asked again.

'Certainly she has nothing against it,' assented the spoon-maker. 'We agreed yesterday that it was the will of God that we should adopt a child, because we have none of our own.'

'Well, Christel,' said Frederick, 'if it is so, I think we may do it, in God's name.'

'Yes, if it is so,' said the mother sadly; 'but I think Gotthold won't want to go.'

'O yes, mother,' cried Gotthold behind the stove, for he was still in there for punishment, and was afraid to come out.

'You want to go, you bad child!' asked the mother.

'Yes, mother,' persisted the boy, 'but I'll come and see you every day, and I should like to be a spoon-maker too!'

'Why the child has heard everything,' exclaimed the mother. 'But I tell you, you naughty boy, you must be good and quiet, and not plague Frau Margareta as you do me. Yes, you may laugh; but, if they send you away again, you must not come back to us.'

'O no, I won't,' promised Gotthold, and jumped from the ground for joy.

'Do look at that bad child!' cried the mother, but she went on, 'Well, neighbour, in God's name

then: if you were not such good people, I would not do it; but perhaps it may be for his good. Will you take the lad with you, just as he is?'

'Certainly, neighbour,' replied Valentine, 'you need take no further trouble about him. Well, Gotthold, come along!' he called smiling to the boy, who still stood behind the stove, afraid to come out.

'Mother!' he now cried in an entreating tone, 'may I come out?'

'Ah, you naughty boy, what can one do?' answered the mother. 'Mind not to break the sticks another time.'

'Yes, mother,' promised Gotthold, and ran up to his mother, gave her his hand, and said, smiling, 'Mother, I won't do it again.'

'You pickle, you may well talk,' replied the mother with a sad smile, 'you can't break any sticks at Valentine's, because they have none. Well, it's God's will, and it must be. Gotthold, I tell you, mind and behave well, and perhaps you'll come to-day and pay me a visit?'

'Yes,' promised the boy, dancing with joy; then he ran up to his brothers and sisters, kissed them, and then his father and mother. After which he ran out of the door and away, so fast that Valentine could not keep up with him.

That was much too sudden for the poor mother; she called to the boy from the window, 'Gotthold, come back again.' And, when the boy slowly and almost sadly came back into the cottage, the mother pressed him to her heart and cried over him.

'Gotthold,' she said, 'I wish you had not been so glad to get away!'

'Mother, I won't do it again,' said the boy; but when Valentine appeared at the door, he ran after him again merrily, and was soon the foremost.

'The bad child!' said his mother, and dried her tears with her apron. 'If the boy was only not grown into one's heart so! God give His blessing on what we have done!'

(Concluded in our next.)

WHAT THE MINUTES SAY.

WE are but minutes, little things,
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track,
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes: each one bears
A little burden of joys and cares;
Take patiently the minutes of pain,
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes: when we bring
A few of the drops from Pleasure's spring,
Taste their sweetness while yet ye may,
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes: use us well,
For how we are used we must one day tell.
Who uses minutes has hours to use;
Who loses minutes whole years must lose.



THE GAME OF POLO.

THIS is a game which is very popular in Central Asia, and which has been called 'hockey on horseback'. A space of about a quarter of a mile long by eighty yards wide is walled off, and into this area the players ride, each having a long stick, slightly turned at the lower end. The game is simple, consisting merely of driving a ball about. There are two goals, made of stones, one belonging to each party, and when the ball enters a goal the game is over; but the spirit of Polo is to keep the ball moving, each side preventing the other from getting it 'home.'

If we were to pay a visit to see Polo played in Thibet, where the game is most practised, we should see a lively sight. The morning is cool, for the sun is not so hot in Thibet as in India and the countries further south, and all the people are out-of-doors in holiday attire. As we go along the road, past the numerous temples of Buddha by the way-side, each with its high pointed roof—the idol within being neglected to-day—all the talk that we hear is of Polo. The people get thicker as we reach the place where the game is to be played. The spectators stand upon the broad walls surrounding the place, and there are banners and bands of music. The trumpets sound, and twenty men ride into the arena on handsome ponies, which seem to be as eager for the sport as their riders. The horsemen trot forward, and then wheel off right and left

into two parties—ten on a side. The music plays; a ball is thrown into the centre of the field, and the sport is begun. The men give their horses a loose rein, and they bound forward. The ball is struck and sent three hundred yards away. All turn and gallop towards it. The foremost hits it, and it flies over the heads of the others, back to the other side of the field. The spirits of the players rise—at each hit they get more and more excited (as we may see in the picture)—and each time the ball bounds from side to side, the whole twenty are after it, while a cloud of dust hides them as they fly over the course, out of which the ball is seen to rise in the air. Before it falls the men are on the spot, and it is sent into a new direction, to be sent back again, and so on, until one party gets it 'home,' when the drums and trumpets of the musicians make a lively din, and the people cheer. The game affords excellent sport, and none but good horsemen can engage in it.

The game is very ancient, and it is probably the same as the Caliph of Bagdad was ordered to engage in by his physician, in the 'Arabian Nights,' for the cure of his illness. It said that, when the king took the mallet and struck the ball, a virtue came out of the handle of the instrument, which entered into the palm of his hand and cured him. The king's illness most likely was laziness, and exercise was a better medicine than any other. W.

☛ All the back Numbers may be had, price One Halfpenny each.

Chatterbox.



Janet's Lamb.

JANET'S LAMB.



LITTLE maid of ten years old
Lived on a mountain-side ;
No brothers, sisters had she left ;
Her parents, too, had died.

And Janet with her grandsire old,
Both solitary and poor,
Watched the sheep—runs all summer long,
Upon the hilly moor,

Until the hard, hard winter days—
Then, all the sheep housed in,
The shepherd and the child came down,
Into the town's harsh din.

The gloomy town, where angry men
And hungry women brawled,
And many a sight and sound of pain
Poor Janet's heart appalled.

But when the heavy winter past,
And March returning smiled,
Up to the quiet hill-side hut
Went the delighted child.

Two collie dogs, one frail old man,
One lassie, blithe and free,
They spent their days upon the moor,
A happy company.

Then when night fell, within the fold,
Furze-thatched, peat-walled, and warm,
The mother ewes and tender lambs
They shut up safe from harm ;

And Janet, with contented heart,
The hut-door closed, and lay
Down on her bed of heather twigs,
And slept till break of day.

But once, just in the dead of night,
She woke with startled haste,
Thinking she heard a sound amid
The sighing of the blast.

A cry so like that little lamb's
Lost last year on the hill ;
She sat up—listened—once again
The cry came—then was still.

Said Janet, 'Sure it cannot be ;
I counted them all round,
Twenty-three ewes, six lambs, two twins—
Hark, Grand-dad !'—He slept sound.

But, creeping past the hut, the wind
The door-posts shakes and jars,
And through the window Janet sees
The black sky, sown with stars.

Her teeth were chattering with the cold
Her heart is full of fear ;
But yet that melancholy cry
She cannot choose but hear.

And out upon the fearsome hill
Grand-dad or she must go,
Or else some little wandering lamb
Will perish in the snow.

'There was no snow last eve,' she thought ;
But conscience showed her plain
A tiny ledge of glittering white
Against the window-pane.

And through the north wind's angry howl
Still conscience bore the cry ;
'If no one goes,' said Janet, 'sure
The little lamb will die.

'Poor Grandfather (how sound he sleeps !)
Is tired, lame, and old :'
And then she trembled at the dark,
And shivered at the cold.

'I will not fear,' said she at last,
And rose up quietly ;
'If I take care of my poor lamb,
God will take care of me.'

So out upon the midnight hill
The little lassie stole,
Her limbs all shaking as she went,
But courage at her soul.

Out, out beneath the starry sky,
So lonely still and grand,
With not a living creature near
In all the sleeping land.

The stunted firs rose grim and dark,
The white whin-bushes gleamed ;
And yet that feeble, helpless bleat
Further and further seemed.

Her numb feet crunched the new-fall'n snow
She shook at each faint noise ;
Yet higher, higher up the hill
Pursued the piteous voice.

The loud wind roared—the weak cry ceased.
'My lamb is dead !' she cried,—
When underneath a heather bush
She saw it at her side.

* * * * *

Janet is now a woman grown,
With bairns about her knee ;
The same bright smile and pleasant word
For them, and you, and me.

But if you ask, she'll laugh and say,
She ne'er was gladder, sure,
Than when she found the dying lamb
Upon the midnight moor.—*Our Year.*



WANTED A BOY.

(Continued from p. 143.)

WHEN Valentine arrived with Gotthold at his home, he pushed the boy in at the door before him, and called joyously out to his wife,—

'Well, Greta, so you are here before me. Here's a present for you!'

Now Valentine had expected that his wife would welcome the boy with much joy, and would

take his hand and speak to him in a motherly way. But this was not the case. Margareta was sitting on the bench beside the stove, and the dark place behind the stove was covered with a large cloth, so that one could not see into it; and Margareta's face looked very odd, Valentine thought.

'Well, Greta, are you not pleased?' he asked.

'O yes,' she answered, but in a tone which seemed to contradict her words.

'But what's the matter with you?' continued Valentine in astonishment, 'and why have you covered up the dark place with a cloth?'

'And so you have really come to an agreement with the Fredericks?' she asked in return.

'Certainly I have,' he assured her, 'I am heartily glad too, to have succeeded so well in the affair. But, excuse me, Margareta, it almost seems to me as if you had changed your mind.'

'And suppose I had?' she answered rather snappishly.

'Now, Greta,' said Valentine seriously, 'that is not right at all of you. Yesterday we agreed together to do it, and then I go and fetch the boy, and then you say, "Suppose I'd changed my mind!"'

Just as Margareta was about to answer, a shrill, short cry was heard from behind the stove, and ceased again immediately.

'What was that?' asked Valentine, almost frightened.

But Margareta was still more frightened, she turned red and pale and at length said, 'I suppose it's the cat.'

'How can it be a cat—you know we have no cat in the house, and I don't like them,' replied Valentine.

'But it *must* be the cat,' said his wife, with determination, and placed herself in front of the opening, because Valentine was trying to get a peep into it.

'Margareta!' exclaimed he, 'what is the matter with you? I never knew you so in my life. There is something behind there, and it is not right of you to go on in that foolish manner and make-believe. If it is the cat, show her to me!'

The poor woman could now no longer conceal her secret: she pushed back the cloth, took out of a basket the baby now nicely wrapped in clean linen, held it out to her husband, so that he was obliged to take it in his arms, and said,—

'Valentine, there's a present for you too!'

Valentine stood as if turned to stone, gazed, first

at his wife then at the child, with his mouth open as if to speak, but no words came.

'Well,' said the wife, 'will you keep little Frank?'

'Frank?' repeated Valentine, in the greatest astonishment.

'I will tell you all about it,' went on Margareta with more courage. 'I brought the poor child with me from Scllettaw, from a man who was going to Poland, and the child's mother died on the road. The child was crying so piteously in the cart, and oh! what a sight it was when I took it up! I do think it would have died if I had not come to it!'

'So that's it,' exclaimed Valentine, 'and you have taken this child and want to rear it? And what's to become of Gotthold?'

Before Margareta answered, she took her baby from her husband and laid it in the basket behind the stove—then she said,—

'Valentine, whatever is God's will, that we must do—and I am quite certain that I *must* have done what I did. You always wanted a boy, and now you have one. Gotthold has his own parents still, but this poor little thing has neither father nor mother now, and, if we don't keep it, it must die miserably.'

'But Gotthold?' asked the husband, 'what is to become of the boy there?'

'O well, you must take him home again,' answered the wife shortly.

'What?' cried Valentine angrily, 'No, that I will not do. First we agree together, and then I go and arrange with the Fredericks about the boy; and I bring him over, and now I am to take him back again,—no, that I won't do.'

'Well, he shall not go empty-handed,' suggested Margareta. 'I have brought something for Gotthold, a very pretty waistcoat, and four ells of pepper-and-salt for trousers, and a handkerchief besides, that cost a thaler, and I have given the twelve groschen that I got for the spoons towards it; so we now only owe twelve groschen, and the shopwoman is to be paid half a groschen at a time.'

'And that too!' cried her husband and clasped his hands over his head in despair; 'the spoons are gone, and half a thaler debt, and the child into the bargain! No, it is too bad! And when you go to-morrow to Annaberg, you'll go another thaler in debt I suppose, and perhaps bring a girl home with you! O, if I had known what you were going to do!'

And then he went to the side of the stove and sulked; and Margareta sat down beside the basket where Frank lay, and was silent too; and Gotthold stood bewildered between the two. But he was not a boy to remain still long; he went to Valentine's work-table and rattled the pieces of tin, and made himself quite at home.

A quarter of an hour passed in this manner; the wife did not speak, neither did the husband; Frank began to cry once or twice, but Margareta quickly quieted him.

At last Valentine said defiantly,—

'Frank must go away again—I won't keep him.'

'And I say, Gotthold must go away—I won't keep him,' answered Margareta.

There was silence again ; the stove as before divided the two, and Gotthold rattled away with the tin. Thus another quarter of an hour passed away. At last Valentine could bear it no longer ; he stood up, went round the stove and said,—

‘Margareta, I tell you what—if you will keep Gotthold, I will keep Frank.’

‘Yes, I will,’ answered the wife.

‘Very well,’ he answered, with recovered cheerfulness, ‘show me the child again for a minute.’

And, when he had taken the little orphan in his arms, he kissed it and said,—

‘Poor little thing ! Well, if it must be so, I’ll be a father to thee !’

And Margareta took the waistcoat and the trousers and the handkerchief, gave them to Gotthold, and said,—

‘There, my boy, there’s something for you ; only do as I bid you, and you may call me mother too’—and with that she pressed him to her heart.

And thus it happened that Valentine and Margareta had come in a strange way by two boys at once ; but what became of the two boys I cannot tell you at this time.



A Sanga.

BRIDGES.

PART I.

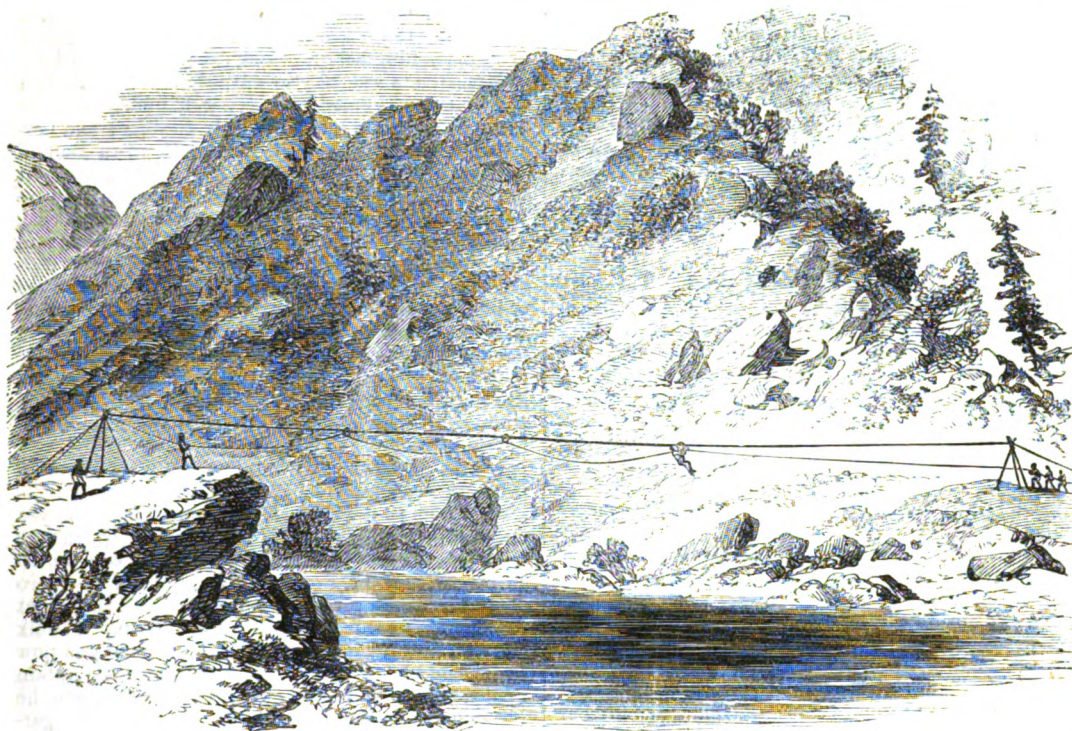


It would be curious if any one could find out what the first bridge was like. It is singular that in the Bible, the oldest of all books, there is no mention of any bridge ; the word does not occur once.

Bridges, however, must have had a very early beginning. When men began to wander about the face of the earth, their progress must often have been stopped by rivers. The most natural way to cross a river, for a rude people, is by wading through it, or swimming over, as animals do ; the next, is by

floating over it upon a plank or trunk of a tree, which, perhaps, was the origin of the first boat ; but of the first bridge we have no knowledge. It is probable, however, that the wanderers from Babel, whom we know were builders (Gen. xi. 4), were also the first bridge-makers.

Very various are the kinds of bridges in different parts of the world. The ruder a people are, the ruder their bridges will be, while, on the contrary, fine and noble bridges are marks of a great people. Upon Dartmoor, in Devonshire, there remains to this day a rude bridge, the oldest in the country, known as ‘The British Bridge.’ It consists merely of a single slab of stone thrown across a stream, supported by two low walls of uncemented stones. It has been there for ages, and was probably first



Rope Bridge.

placed so by the ancient Britons. If we compare this ancient erection with the stately bridges and viaducts we now possess, such as Waterloo Bridge in London, the Crumlin Viaduct in Monmouthshire, or the Suspension Bridges at Bangor and Clifton, not forgetting to look at the old triangular bridge at Croyland in Lincolnshire, erected in the middle ages, on the way, we shall see by these, as well as by any other signs, what advances England has made in 1800 years.

Our pictures this week present us with the appearance of two bridges in the Himalaya mountains of India. The first one is called a *Sanga*—a very simple one—merely two or three logs of wood thrown over a river. In the one before us the surface of the logs seems to have been overgrown with moss, which has caused the horse to slip off in the middle into the torrent below.

In the same part of the country are bridges made merely of two kinds of rope, called 'swinging bridges,' for upon one of the ropes the passenger has to hang and swing until he is hauled over to the other side. The foremost of the party crosses first; he has to do very hard work—swing himself over by muscular exertion, and then assist in pulling the others over by cords. The second picture will explain the way in which this is done. We fancy we would rather be the last of the party, as then there would be several men to pull, and our own journey would of course be quicker and easier. W.

DUTY VERSUS A CAULIFLOWER.

MRS. RIVERS looked up from a note she was writing, and glancing at the clock on the chimney-piece said to her son, 'Oh! Alan, I wish you would run down to Miss Numford's and fetch Tiny.' There was no answer for a few moments, and then Alan coming to the end of a chapter asked, 'Did you say go for Tiny?'

'Yes, I wish you would—and at once, for school is over at twelve, and I see it is five minutes past already.'

'But why doesn't James go for her?' asked Alan in an injured tone.

'James is cleaning the plate this morning, and I want him to get it done before lunch,' said his mother.

'Well, why can't Nurse go?'

'My dear, nurse has enough to do with the baby and Freddie, without running on errands.'

'Well!' grumbled Alan, 'I think Tiny is a great muff not to be able to walk home alone; why I do believe she is five if she's a day.'

'Yes, she is five: but I beg you will say nothing to her about walking home alone, or being a "muff," for every morning she is entreating that I will not send for her, and just see how steadily she will walk home: but I can't trust her, she is so very wild—running every way except straightforward, staring behind her, I'm afraid of her falling down in some

of the open cellar flaps, or getting under horses' legs—Oh! I can't think of trusting her.'

Alan was on his legs now, looking sulkily at himself in the glass over the fire-place, and kicking the fender; as his mother ceased speaking, he very rudely muttered, 'Bother,' and then sauntered out of the room. In about ten minutes he looked in again with his cap on 'Where is Miss Numford's? I'm sure I don't know.'

'Not gone yet?' said Mrs. Rivers, 'Oh! Alan do make haste; supposing Tiny should run off alone.'

'Well, where is the place?'

'You have been there twenty times. The next house beyond the Rectory.'

Alan gazed out of the window for a minute, and then said, 'Is Whats-his-name Thingumytite at home now?'

'What do you mean?' asked his mother.

'Why that fellow Foster.'

'If you mean Captain Foster, he is at home: he came to the Rectory on sick-leave about three weeks ago.'

'Oh! then he's ill in bed,' said Alan more cheerfully.

'No he is not; he is about, and much better your father says.'

'What, out?'

'Yes: but do run off at once.' And, there being no excuse for any further dawdling, Alan lounged away.

Now Mr. Alan Rivers was at present at that very inconvenient and unpleasant age—half past fifteen. He was inconvenient even to himself, for he was not at all sure that he was properly speaking a man, though he was very sure he was by no means a boy: he was at school still certainly, but that proved nothing; don't lots of fellows stay at school till they are nineteen, and he would like to hear any one tell them *they* are not men.

No one would have guessed from the way in which Alan had spoken to his mother, that Captain Foster was to him a hero of the first water: but so it was. The Rector's only son was more or less of a hero to the whole of his native town: for had he not charged with the Light Brigade at Balaklava? and was he not one of that six hundred of whom Tennyson has sung—

'When can their glory fade?

O the wild charge they made!

All the world wonder'd.

Honour the charge they made!

Honour the Light Brigade

Noble six hundred!'

And so the townsfolk honoured and admired to their heart's content the young officer whom many of them had known from his birth: but though Alan's acquaintance was of course much shorter than that of his elder neighbours, and though he in fact knew hardly anything of Captain Foster, perhaps that gentleman had not anywhere such a faithful imitator, and ardent admirer as this boy.

The peculiar style in which Alan had questioned his mother as to Captain Foster's whereabouts, was caused by a certain shyness as to his devotion being known: he had therefore pretended to forget his

name altogether at first, and had afterwards spoken of him as 'that fellow Foster,' which latter familiarity made him feel quite sick even as he uttered it.

Mrs. Rivers was not so entirely blind to all this as her son imagined, she very well understood the feeling that made him so unduly familiar; and perhaps if we only knew it, our mothers in general know a little more about us than we imagine. It is possible that even after we are grown up they are not quite so much awe-struck at our feats as they kindly pretend to be: for they have known us, and our ways long before we knew much about ourselves; they have watched us pass all the breakers of life from vaccination to our 'Great go,' and having watched as only a mother can, with all her heart in her eyes, to say nothing of a trifle of experience she may have picked up some time before we saw the light—it is possible I think that at least half the admiration they seem to have for us, may be put on for our comfort and satisfaction.

It was the fear of what Captain Foster would think of a young man of his age going to a little girl's school to fetch his sister home, that annoyed and perplexed Alan more than anything in the business: at first he had hoped that he was too ill to be up; for he would far rather that his hero should be laid up with a serious illness than that he should see his degradation in having to walk through the town with Tiny. That hope was now at an end, he could only trust that the Captain might chance to be out of the way: here again he was doomed to disappointment. The Rectory garden was much higher than the road, so that though the top of the wall was far above Alan's head, it only just reached to Captain Foster's knees as he stood on the lawn above.

Alan was passing without looking up when a voice shouted, 'Hullo! curly wig, shy me up that stick; will you?' for Captain Foster had dropped a walking-stick over the wall, and did not feel inclined to toil down twelve steps into the road, on such a broiling day, to fetch it; he had therefore been waiting about ten minutes, in the hope that some one would pass to whom he could address the above remark, with such variations as the passer's appearance might suggest. The only people who had passed before had been a child carrying a baby nearly as big as herself, which burden, if once set down, could never be resumed, as the Captain at once saw; and Miss Numford; and, if anyone would like to ask Miss Numford to 'shy up a stick,' I should like to see that person. Just as the Captain was beginning to think that he must go down himself after all, Alan passed; and, as the stick twirled through the air, and landed at his feet, he looked down and said,—

'Why, if it isn't that boy Rivers! where on earth are you going up this forsaken lane?'

There it was, come at last. There was no shirking it; it was a straightforward question, and required a straightforward answer; for he *could* only have been going to Miss Numford's, to church (and there was no service), or to the County Lunatic Asylum, and that was three miles further on: so, feeling himself driven up in a corner, he prepared to

confess the disgraceful truth, when Captain Foster, without waiting for an answer, continued,—

‘Can’t you come up and talk to me a bit?’

I am happy to be able to record that Alan had the proper feeling to regard his mother’s commands as to Tiny, so far as to decline this most flattering offer; and so saying, ‘Thank you, I should like it very much, but I must go on,’ he departed up the lane.

This refusal seemed to him so heroic, self-sacrificing, and noble, that any amount of ill-temper might be fairly expended on Tiny, as the cause of his disappointment; and so, when that young damsel came leaping out upon him with shouts, and much dancing, he very sternly told her that, unless she instantly altered her conduct, nurse should put her to bed directly she got home. This greatly surprised Tiny, for Alan had only come home from school the night before, and generally he was good-tempered to the little ones for the first week at least, and on this Tiny had counted; and, feeling much gratified by the attention he showed her in fetching her home, she considered his present conduct the more extraordinary. In this state of doubt and depression, she walked down the lane a few steps behind her brother, and quite silent.

Alan glanced up at the Rectory wall, but the Captain was gone; so that was well: he did not care so much now.

Just at the corner, round which they turned into the principal street, stood the greengrocer’s shop; and here Tiny’s spirits revived, and she called from the rear,—

‘Oh, Alan, stop one moment, ma always lets me carry—’

The last words were lost, as she sprang into the shop; in a minute she again appeared, with a bunch of radishes in one hand, while with the other she was tugging violently at a large cauliflower, which the woman of the shop was trying to hold back.

‘Miss Tiny, my dear, indeed you hadn’t ought; it’s a sight too big for a young lady like you to be dragging up the town. Now, leastways let me send Jim with the colly, and you take the raddishers yourself.’

‘No, I won’t—I will—you shan’t,’ shouted the perverse little Tiny, still pulling, and stamping wilfully.

Alan was more shocked than he could express; coming back, he said,—

‘Tiny, I will not let you carry it; Mrs. Barnes, don’t let her.’

But it was too late; Tiny had gained possession of the cauliflower, and dashed across the road to avoid the snatch Alan made at it. That gentleman, in great wrath, walked off homewards; and when Tiny, feeling her cauliflower was now safe, ran forward and joined him, he stopped, and turning round upon her, said passionately,—

‘I tell you what it is, you shan’t walk with me, looking such a guy; you might as well be an errand-girl; go and walk behind—a mile behind, if you like—and see if you don’t catch it when I tell my mother, you naughty girl!’

(To be continued.)



A MIGHTY CURE-ALL.

SEVERAL gentlemen were talking one evening at the house of a friend when one of them exclaimed, ‘Ah, depend upon it, a soft answer is a mighty cure-all.’ At this stage of the conversation, a boy, who sat behind, at a table, began to listen; and repeated, as he thought, quite to himself, ‘A soft answer is a mighty cure-all.’ ‘Yes, that’s it,’ cried the gentleman, starting, and turning round; ‘yes, that’s it; don’t you think so, my lad?’ The boy blushed a little at finding himself addressed, but answered, ‘I don’t know that I understand you, Sir.’

‘Well, I’ll explain, then,’ said the gentleman, wheeling round in his chair; ‘for it is a principle you ought to understand and act upon; besides, it is the principle which is going to conquer the world.’

The boy looked more puzzled than ever, and thought he should like to know something about it.

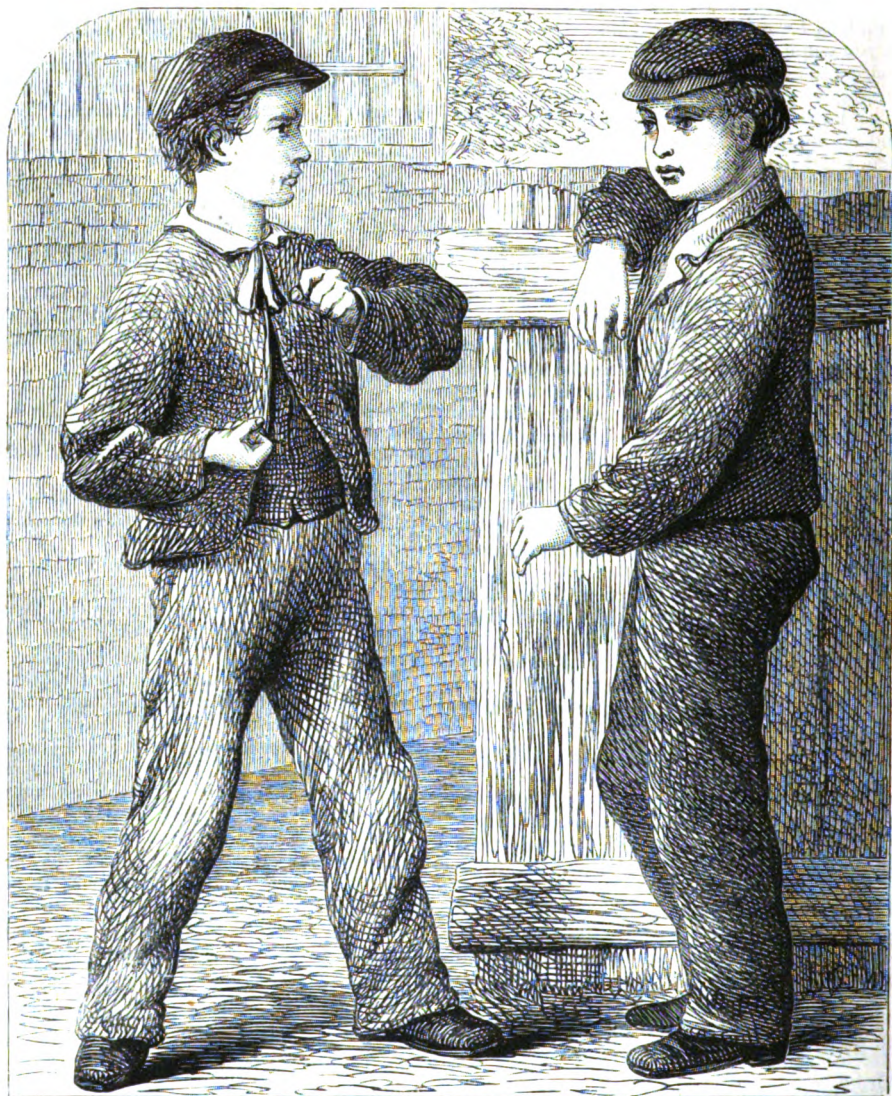
‘I might as well explain,’ said he, ‘by telling you about the first time it conquered me. My father was an officer, and his notion was to settle everything by fighting; if a boy ever gave me a saucy word, it was, “Fight ‘em, Charley, fight ‘em!”’

‘By and bye I was sent to a famous public school, and it so happened that my seat was next to a lad named Tom Tucker. When I found he lived in a small house, I began to strut a little, and talk about what my father was; but as he was a capital scholar, very much thought of by the boys, we were soon pretty good friends; and so it went on for some time. After a while, some fellows of my stamp, and I with the rest, got into a difficulty with one of the ushers; and, somehow or other, we got the notion that Tom Tucker was at the bottom of it.

“Tom Tucker! who is he?” I cried, angrily. “I’ll let him know who I am;” and I went in a passion to Tom, and shouted, “I’ll teach you to talk about me in this way;” but he never winced, or seemed in the least frightened, but stood still, looking at me as quiet as a lamb. “Charlie,” he said, “you may strike me as much as you please—I tell you I shan’t strike back again; fighting is a poor way to settle difficulties, when you are Charlie Everett again I’ll talk with you.”

‘Oh, what an answer was that! how it cowed me down! so firm and yet so mild. I felt there was no fun in having the fight all on one side. I was ashamed of myself, my temper, and everything about me. I longed to get out of his sight. I saw what a poor, foolish way my way of doing things was. I felt that Tom had completely got the better of me; that there was power in his principles superior to anything I had ever seen before; and from that hour Tom Tucker had an influence over me which nobody ever had before or since; it has been for good, too. That, you see, is the power, the mighty moral power of a soft answer.

‘I have been about the world a great deal since




'Charlie, you may strike me as much as you please.'

then, and I believe,' said the gentleman, 'that nearly all, if not all, the quarrels which arise among men, women, or children, in families, neighbourhoods, or even nations, can be cured by the mighty moral power of a soft answer; for the Scripture has it, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."'

Try it, boys. The fighting principle has been

tried these many thousand years in the world, and everybody admits that the remedy is worse than the disease; in fact, that it increases the disorder. Anger begets anger, fighting makes fighting, war leads to war, and so on. Difficulties are neither healed nor cured by it. Persuasion is better than force.

 'CHATTERBOX' Volume for 1867, price 3s. and 5s.

Parts I. II. III. and IV. for January, February, March, and April 1868, are now ready,
price Threepence each.

Chatterbox.



PLAYING AT SINGING-CLASS.



ALL lessons are not agreeable, but there are few children who dislike the singing-lesson. All children do not like going to school, but most children enjoy *playing at keeping school*; and if, like the wise youngsters in the picture, they repeat the singing-lesson in their play, they will have pleasure and profit at the same time, for there is nothing like *practice* for learning to sing—both ear and voice are improved by using them. Even singers who have attained to high excellence in their art, and who can delight thousands in concerts and oratorios, yet give several hours a-day to practice. Therefore we say to all family *Chatterboxes*, By all means try and learn singing among your lessons, and among your games play at keeping school and running up and down the scales, and who knows but that some day you may be a Jenny Lind or a Sims Reeves!

THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE.

BETWEEN Sévres and Paris, not far from the road-side, in a wild, rough garden, stands a lonely house.

For a long time no one lived in it; its broken roof, dingy walls, and generally forlorn appearance, had given rise to the report that it was haunted. The washerwomen of Sévres, and the vegetable dealers, never liked to go too near it, especially towards evening.

A few months ago something new was seen in the dark building. In the early morning and late evening hours lights were seen moving about here and there in the deserted rooms. Curiosity overcame the superstitious fear of the passers-by, and they found out that the owners of the house had sold it to a Monsieur L—, a very reserved man, who had nothing to do with his neighbours, and was known to no one.

The house soon assumed a better appearance; the roof was slated anew, windows were put in, and at last such a very high wall was built round the whole property, that even the most inquisitive of the neighbours could not see over into the house. Of course they wished all the more to know something about the mysterious house and its inhabitants.

Monsieur L— increased these desires by his strange behaviour. He only went out once, or, at the most, twice a-week, and then at an unusually early hour; and then he pushed before him, with his own hands, a small black hand-cart! This cart was covered with a lid and provided with a lock, and resembled a huge coffin. Both the owner and his cart disappeared in the streets of Paris, and only returned home towards midnight. What could

that silent man have in that chest? How did he spend all those days during which he shut himself up in his dreary dwelling? Why did he shut himself up and conceal himself with so much care?

Several people watched at the high wall, in order to find out the mystery, and their trouble was rewarded. They heard strange and suspicious sounds, first like sighs, then like sobs, then like shrieks of pain; at last all was silent. What could those noises mean? Who was being tortured, perhaps murdered, in this haunted mansion?

From such questions suspicions arose, from suspicious reports; at last the affair was taken notice of by the police, who thought it their duty to search into the matter.

One day, as Monsieur L— was coming out of his well-locked and bolted door—at sunrise—two police-sergeants came up to him and demanded to see his house.

What will they find there? An ill-used wife, or the corpses of his plundered victims? or something more dreadful still?

The first room which they entered disclosed a terrible spectacle. The windows and the floor were covered with blood—there seemed to be no attempt to conceal the traces of murderous deeds.

And, what was still more strange and dreadful, Monsieur L— did not show the slightest concern or fear; he boldly looked the police-officers in the face—yes, he even smiled when he opened the second room to them.

What did they see there? Let our fair readers not terrify themselves too much! The room was full of young and old dogs, some hung up, some stretched on the floor; further on, upon ropes hung across the room, a great number of dog-skins hanging up to dry.

'You see, gentlemen,' said Monsieur L— to the police-officers, 'I am not such a very great criminal; I buy the dogs honestly at the market or elsewhere, I kill them, I dry their skins, I collect their fat, and then I sell it all. Their flesh, too, I find excellent; would you like to taste some?'

He showed them some cutlets which looked excellent. We do not know whether they accepted his invitation, but, as neither the killing nor eating of dogs is forbidden by the police, they soon took their leave, and explained to his inquisitive neighbours the strange trade and strange taste of the man who lived in the mysterious house.

J. F. C.

A CHRISTIAN'S REVENGE.

PAINFULLY toiled the camels over the burning sands of Arabia. Weary and thirsty were they, for they had not for days had herbage to crop, or water to drink, as they trod, mile after mile, the barren waste, where the sands glowed red like a fiery sea. And weary were the riders, exhausted with toil and heat, for they dared not stop to rest. The water which they carried with them was almost spent; some of the skins which had held it flapped empty against the sides of the camels, and too well

the travellers knew that if they loitered on their way, all must perish of thirst.

Amongst the travellers in that caravan was a Persian, Sadi by name, a tall, strong man, with black beard, and fierce, dark eye. He urged his tired camel to the side of that of the foremost Arab, the leader and guide of the rest, and after pointing fiercely towards one of the travellers a little behind him, thus he spake:—

"Dost thou know that yon Syrian Yusef is a dog of a Christian, a *kaffir*?" (Kaffir is a name of contempt given by Moslems, the followers of the false Prophet, to those who worship our Lord.)

"I know that the *hakeem* (doctor) never calls on the name of the Prophet," was the stern reply.

"Dost thou know," continued Sadi, "that Yusef rides the best camel in the caravan, and has the fullest waterskin, and has shawls and merchandise with him?"

The leader cast a covetous glance towards the poor Syrian traveller, who was generally called the *hakeem* because of the medicines which he gave, and the many cures which he wrought.

"He has no friends here," said the wicked Sadi; "if he were cast from his camel and left here to die, there would be none to inquire after his fate, for who cares what becomes of a dog of a *kaffir*!"

I will not further repeat the cruel counsels of this bad man, but I will give the reason for the deadly hatred which he bore towards the poor *hakeem*. Yusef had defended the cause of a widow whom Sadi had tried to defraud; and Sadi's dishonesty being found out, he had been punished with stripes, which he had well deserved. Therefore did he seek to ruin the man who had brought just punishment on him, therefore he resolved to destroy Yusef by inducing his Arab comrades to leave him to die in the desert.

Sadi had, alas! little difficulty in persuading the Arabs that it was no great sin to rob and desert a Christian. Just as the fiery sun was sinking over the sands, Yusef, who was suspecting treachery, but knew not how to escape from it, was rudely dragged off his camel, stripped of the best part of his clothes, and, in spite of his earnest entreaties, left to die on the terrible waste. It would have been less cruel to have slain him at once.

"Oh! leave me at least water—water!" exclaimed the poor victim of malice and hatred.

"We'll leave you nothing but your own worthless drugs, *hakeem*!—take that!" cried Sadi, as he flung at Yusef's head a tin case containing a few of his medicines. Then bending down from Yusef's camel, which he himself had mounted, Sadi hissed out between his clenched teeth, "Thou hast wronged me—I have repaid thee, Christian! this is a Moslem's revenge!"

They had gone, the last camel had disappeared from the view of Yusef; darkness was falling around, and he remained to suffer alone, to die alone, amidst those scorching sands! The Syrian's first feeling was that of despair, as he stood gazing in the direction of the caravan which he could no longer see. Then Yusef lifted up his eyes to the sky above him:

in its now darkened expanse shone the calm evening star, like a drop of pure light.

And like that star, the promise of the Lord, *I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee*, shone on the soul of Yusef. Man might desert him, his sun might go down, his water might fail, but God would never forsake.

Yusef, in thinking over his situation, felt thankful that he had not been deprived of his camel in an earlier part of his journey, when he was in the midst of the desert. He hoped that he was not very far from its border, and he resolved, guided by the stars, to walk as far as his strength would permit, in the faint hope of reaching a well, and the habitations of men. It was a great relief to him that the burning glare of day was over: had the sun been still blazing over his head he must soon have sunk and fainted by the way. Yusef picked up the small case of medicines which Sadi in mockery had flung at him; he doubted whether to burden himself with it, yet was unwilling to leave it behind.

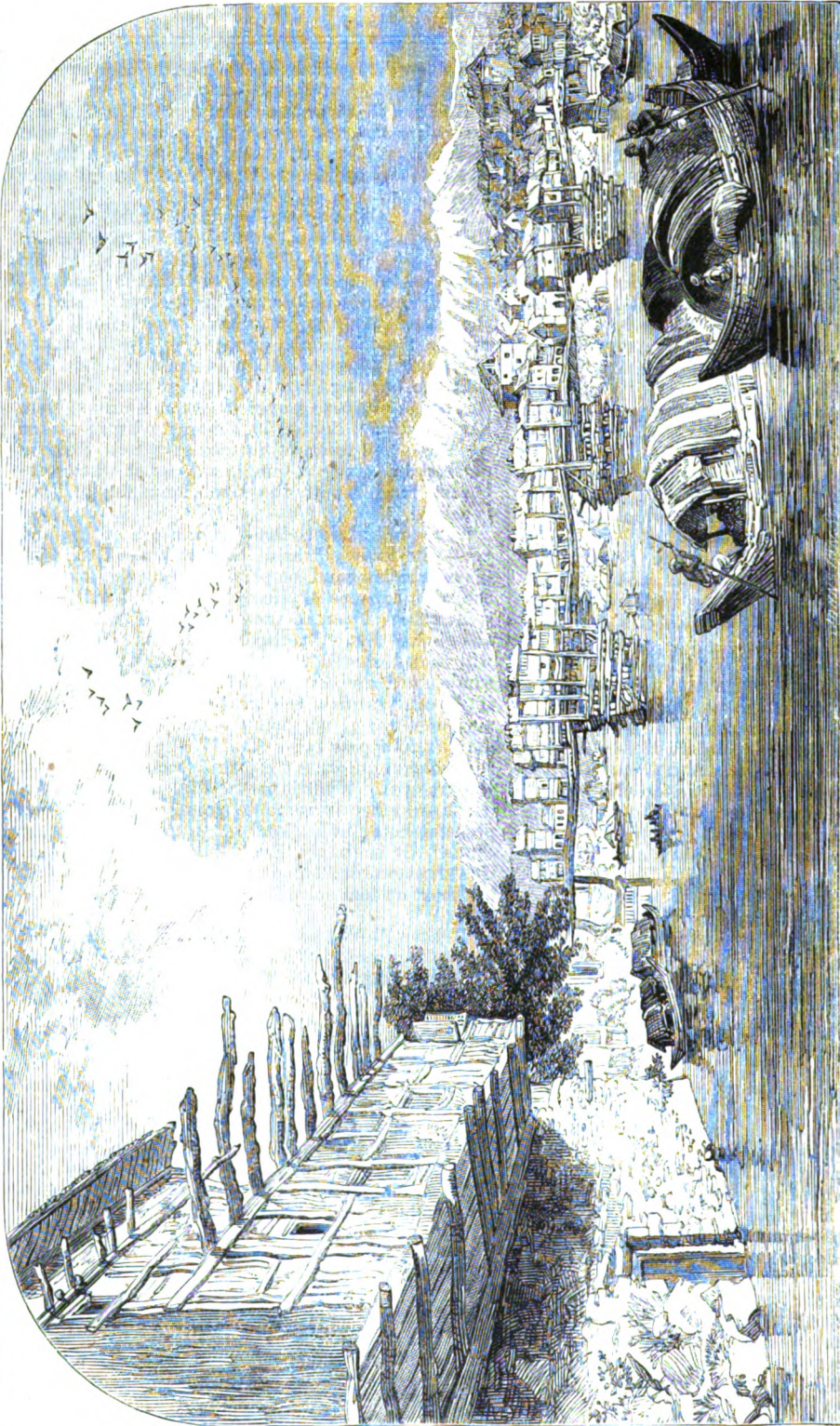
"I am not likely to live to make use of this, and yet—who knows?" said Yusef to himself, as, with his case in his hand, he painfully struggled on over the wide expanse of dreary desert. "I will make what efforts I can to preserve the life which God has given. But if," mused the Syrian, "it be His will that I should lay my bones on these barren sands, am I prepared and ready to die? I doubt if I can survive the heat and thirst through another day; if my hours indeed are numbered, am I fit to appear before God?"

A solemn question this, which we all should put to ourselves. What is the needful preparation for death, whether it come to young or old, in the peaceful home in England or on Arabia's glowing sands? It is simply, FAITH towards the Saviour, CHARITY towards all mankind. Yusef, as he searched his heart on that solemn night, felt that he had the first.

"I have Faith," he said to himself, as he gazed on the starry sky overhead; "I do believe from my heart that the Saviour died for my sins, and that He has forgiven and blotted them out for ever. I do believe in His boundless grace, in His everlasting mercy! But is mine the Faith that *worketh by love*? am I in charity with all men? do I—can I forgive even Sadi freely as I have been forgiven?"

Then came a terrible struggle within the heart of Yusef. Sadi's cruel face rose up in his memory, the flashing eyes, the sneering lip; Yusef thought of his cruelty and treachery, and felt fierce anger towards his enemy blazing up within. The Syrian could hardly refrain from calling on God to avenge his deadly wrongs. Long lasted Yusef's inward conflict with the spirit of hatred and revenge. Yusef had often repeated the Lord's Prayer, *Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us*; he knew that God will not pardon those who refuse to pardon; but could the Syrian forgive the man whose cruelty had doomed him to perish of thirst?

(To be concluded in our next.)



Bridge across the River Jhelum.

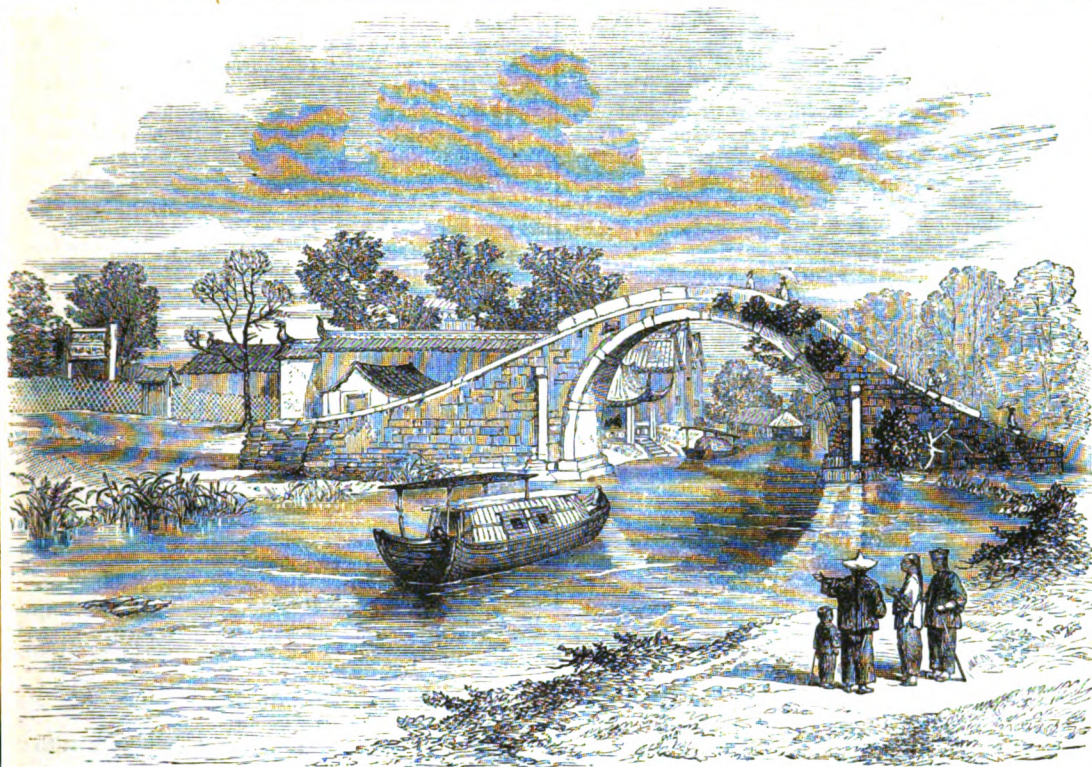
BRIDGES.

PART II.

WHO has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere? Most of us, no doubt, have heard of the vale, but not, perhaps, of the chief city of

Cashmere, Sirinagar. In this city are some very curious old bridges across the river Jhelum. Look at the bridge before you in the picture. Did you ever see such a crazy, tumble-down looking bridge before? The arches, if arches

they can be called, have bent beneath the weight of the houses which totter over them; the whole looking ready to fall down before the first rush of wind from the mountains behind. There are two rows of houses upon this bridge, which have



Chinese Bridge.

steps facing each other, as there were formerly upon Old London Bridge. The Sirinagar bridges are made of stone, timber, and earth, very carelessly laid together, without fastenings. Passengers have to be careful to avoid holes in the roadways, through which is seen the water of the river below.

The bridge in the next picture, which is a Chinese one, is very superior. It shows at once that the Chinese are much more civilised than the Cashmerees. Here there is an arch with a graceful curve, though it is raised too high out of the water to be very useful. The people have to go up and down steps in crossing it, which makes it quite impossible to take a cart over it. Still, it looks very pretty as it stands; and the slow river-boat, the odd buildings with dragons on the top, and the figures, make the scene thoroughly Chinese.

The bridge consists of but one single arch—a great feat to accomplish where the river is wide. There was a famous bridge-builder in Wales, about a hundred years ago, named Edwards, who began life as a poor lad, and who died an important man, having designed and built some of the finest bridges in the country. His most famous bridge is over the river Taft, at a spot where the river is deep and strong. A bridge was greatly wanted there, and when Edwards was asked if one could be built, he replied, 'Certainly.' He therefore built a bridge of three arches, the piers of which rose from the water;

but as soon as this was finished the Taft rose and washed it away. Its builder then tried again, and the second bridge was washed away by the flood in like manner. Like a brave man, Edwards tried again, and his third bridge, which springs from the rocks, above the reach of floods, remains to this day. It is a single arch of 150 feet span, and was for a long time the widest arch in Great Britain. Edwards was a self-taught man, and had never heard of the Rialto, a famous bridge in Venice, or seen any other bridges than the rude ones of his own country; yet his bridge, the *Pont-y-pridd*, is hardly behind in beauty, while it is much wider, than the Rialto. It spans the air like a bow, and looks so light, that one might almost suppose it was blown together, rather than built of blocks of stone.

W.

DUTY VERSUS A CAULIFLOWER.

(Concluded from p. 151.)

AND so Tiny dropped behind, very sulky at being so roundly abused; she walked slowly on, looking after her brother with knitted brows and cloudy eyes, until he was far ahead, and then she turned to the shops, looking leisurely at them all; till presently something distracted her attention, then, forgetting all about her wrongs, she gave a leap, and set off at a run, or rather at a dance, waving the radishes in

the air, but hugging the cauliflower, which was too large and too heavy to be trifled with.

As she scampered heedlessly along, she spied, on the other side of the road, Alan's hero, Captain Foster. Alan had seen him too, and had felt thankful that Tiny was so far behind. That young lady, however, having no misgivings whatever as to her own appearance—without a moment's thought, without glancing up the street, or down—fled across. There was a butcher driving down at the moment—driving as only butchers do drive; and before he could possibly have seen her—before any mortal hand could be even stretched out to save—the horse had struck Tiny, whirled her round, and dashed her on the stones: but she rolled, in God's mercy, from under the wheels. There was a rush of all the passers-by to pick up the child; but Captain Foster was the first, and he bore her insensible into the nearest shop, followed by an anxious crowd of women. They were very tenderly feeling her small arms and legs to see if any bones were broken, when Tiny, who had been merely stunned, suddenly sat up; and, after gazing round her in great bewilderment for a few moments, said, passing her fingers through her golden hair,—

'I've lost the cauliflower; some one please to find it.'

'Bless her little heart,' said one of the women; 'to think of the thought and care of that child: here's the colly, my little dear.'

One would hardly have thought that carefulness and forethought were the leading virtues in Tiny's character; however, so it now appeared.

The radishes being still safely and tightly grasped in one of Tiny's muddy little hands, her mind was now free to turn to the consideration of her injuries. Perceiving blood on her jacket, though she did not at all know whence it came, she set up a great roar: it came in reality from a slight cut on her head, where it was possible the horse's hoof might have struck her; but it had all passed so quickly, that no one could say how anything had happened for certain. The thing, though, that Tiny seemed to feel the most, and which made her most angry, was a bruise on her elbow, and a jagged tear in the sleeve of her new pink Garibaldi jacket, caused by her striking her arm as she rolled on the stones. When she saw her favourite garment torn and dotted with blood, she exclaimed, with the greatest vehemence,—

'I could scratch *any* body, I could, Captain Foster; Captain Foster, I say, who knocked me down?'

'Why, that man waiting at the door, the butcher,' said the Captain.

Tiny waited for no more, she seized her cauliflower, and dashing out, heartily belaboured the butcher with that weapon, shouting,—

'You've—spoilt—my—new—garry—you—horrid—man—you—. You—did it—a purpose—I saw you did'—with a blow after every word.

The butcher looked down with positive reverence at this young Tartar; and, when he got a chance, he said to the Captain, as he wiped his forehead, still pale and damp with terror for the consequences of his reckless driving,—

'There, sir; I'm more thankful for this 'ere larping than I've a bin for anythink for many a year. On'y to think of the sperrit of that little thing, sir, after what she've a gone through! I'm right down thankful, as if I was in church.'

Tiny might have been a little softened, if she had not heard him add, as he put on his hat, after throwing his handkerchief into it with a dab,—

'If she'd bin killed on the spot, 'twouldn't 'ave bin no more but what I deserve.'

But, as she took it that the butcher alluded to *her* deserts, and not his own, she again became frantic.

'Tell him to get away, Captain Foster, do! I don't want to see him, and I want you to carry me home.'

For Tiny, the excitement of chastising the butcher being over, began to feel rather weak and shaken; and, as she began to cry and sob again, the Captain lifted her up, and bore her off homewards, comforting her as best he could. She had no bat, for the cart-wheel had run over that, grinding it into the mud, and she had utterly refused to even touch it again: but she had the radishes still tightly grasped in her hand, and Captain Foster had the cauliflower, so it did not matter much.

'Your mamma must not let you go about alone again, Tiny,' said her bearer, as they proceeded up the street; 'you are not half steady enough.'

'Mamma never does let me,' said the child.

'But you are alone to-day.'

'Oh no, I'm not; I'm with Alan.'

'Then where is Alan?'

'Why, in front; he said he wouldn't walk with the cauliflower.'

The Captain made an impatient sort of noise, which Tiny thought must be intended for her, so she said, inquiringly, 'Are you cross?' and she received the answer, 'No: at least, not with you.' She laid her head down on Captain Foster's shoulder, and they spoke no more till they came within sight of Dr. Rivers' gate.

Here they saw Alan standing, with his back against the gate-post, and turned away from them. He had no misgivings whatever as to Tiny's safety, having, indeed, forgotten all about her, so he did not look round until he heard the Captain's footsteps close upon him; then, turning, he was indeed astonished. Here was this hero of Balaclava positively carrying the dreadful Tiny, with the cauliflower in one of his hands, and the radishes sticking straight out at the side of his head. He stared in blank amazement, till Captain Foster, who was looking sternly at him, said, 'Well, sir, is this your charge?'

'What is it?' cried Alan then, in great alarm; 'What is it, sir? Oh, Tiny! what's that blood?'

'Mine,' said Tiny, with some pride, as she sat up. 'It's *my* blood; and I've been knocked down, and run over, and no one knows how many of my bones are broke till pa looks: but I won't be put to bed,' she added, with a sudden recollection of the treatment common for fractured limbs.

Alan gave a gasp of relief. 'Oh! I really thought she was hurt. I was so frightened.'

'And so you ought to be,' said the Captain, severely. 'You were sent out in charge of this

child, and then, because you are too grand, or too lazy to look after her, you walk off home, leaving her to any danger that may be about. You ought to be both frightened and ashamed.'

Alan stood back as the Captain pushed open the gate and went in. He had nothing to say for himself; he was too much taken by surprise as yet, and so he slowly followed up the garden, standing a minute or two at the bottom of the door-steps before he could make up his mind to go in. When he did, he found that Captain Foster, having handed Tiny over to her mother, had entered the study, and was just telling Dr. Rivers how the accident had happened.

As Alan entered, his father turned round; 'So, sir, you have betrayed your trust, I find, and left your little sister to be run over.'

'She *was* so naughty, father, and she would carry that great lumbering cauliflower.'

'And what had that to do with your leaving her?'

'Why, I couldn't walk with that thing; people would think we had no one to carry home the vegetables.'

'What do you think of this, Foster?' said Dr. Rivers.

The Captain shook his head, and said nothing; he had given his opinion at the gate. Alan watched him anxiously, and, finding there was no reply, said, 'What do you think, sir?'

'Well, I suppose,' said the Captain, 'that you thought looking after your sister a very small duty: but I think, Alan, that a boy who neglects a small duty for the sake of appearances, would neglect a great one.'

'But was it a duty?'

'Did your mother tell you to fetch Tiny?'

'Yes: but—' he stopped, as he saw Captain Foster's shrug, which seemed to say that that 'yes' must answer every doubt.

'Well, sir, would you have liked it yourself?' Alan asked, after a pause.

'If I had a sister, I think it must be something more than a cauliflower that should stand between me and her safety.'

The Doctor here broke in: 'Well, the long and short of it is this, my boy: you are too cowardly to do your duty when it happens to be walking up our street here with a cauliflower.'

'Don't, father,' cried Alan; 'don't say that: ask any of the fellows at school if I am a coward, Captain Foster; and he turned to that gentleman, all red and trembling, 'If I were old enough—if I were in the army, and if I had been with you at Balaclava, I do believe I should have shown you, sir, that I am not a coward.'

'Balaclava!' said the Captain, lightly. 'Ah! that seems very grand, I know; but I also know that no man, even if he were a coward, could help himself there: it was like any other great excitement, it just carried you along with it. It was no true test of courage.'

'Then what can be?' asked Alan.

The Captain paused before he answered; but, finding that Dr. Rivers did not solve the question for him, he said, 'I think that glory is nothing but

an accident: but true courage is the thing to make a man do his duty through honour and dishonour, not thinking of what people will say, or what people will think, but only of what it is right to do. Your life will be one long heart-burning and disappointment if you live for man's praise, my boy—it will indeed. But you can remember, for your comfort, if you like, that—

"Not once or twice, in our rough island's story,
The path of Duty was the way to Glory."



IT IS BETTER TO WORK THAN TO BEG.

GENTLEMAN was once walking down one of the streets of P—, when a beggar loudly craved for a 'few coppers for a night's lodging.' The gentleman looked at the poor lad and inquired, 'Why do you not work? you should be ashamed of begging.'

'Oh, sir, I do not know where to get employment.'

'Nonsense!' replied the gentleman, 'you can work if you will.'

'Now listen to me. I was once a beggar like you. A gentleman gave me a crown-piece, and said to me, "Work, and don't beg; God helps those who help themselves." I immediately left P—, and got out of the way of my old companions. I remembered the advice given me by my mother before she died, and I began to pray to God to keep me from sin, and to give me His help day by day. I went round to the houses in the country places, and, with part of my five shillings, bought old rags. These I took to the paper mills and sold them at a profit. I was always willing to give a fair price for the things I bought, and did not try to sell them for more than they were worth. I determined to be honest, and God prospered me. My purchases and profits became larger and larger, and now I have more than *ten thousand crown pieces* that I can call my own.'

As the gentleman spoke, he took out his purse, and drew from it a five-shilling piece, and handing it to the astonished beggar, he said, 'Now you have the same chance of getting on in the world as I had. Go and work, and never let me see you begging again.'

Years passed away. The gentleman had forgotten the circumstance, until one day when travelling through P—, he entered a respectable bookseller's shop in order to purchase some books that he wanted.

He had not been many moments in conversation with the bookseller, before the latter, eagerly looking into the face of his customer, inquired, 'Sir, are you not the gentleman who, several years ago, gave a five-shilling piece to a poor beggar at the end of this street?'

'Yes; I remember it well.'



'You can work if you will.'

'Then, sir, this house, this well-stocked shop, is the fruit of that five-shilling piece.' Tears of gratitude trickled down his cheeks as he introduced the gentleman to his happy wife and children. He was regarded as their benefactor. The bookseller then recounted his history from the above eventful day. It was very similar to that of the welcome visitor. By industry, honesty, and dependence on

God's help, he had risen step by step from buying rags to selling papers in the street, then to keeping an old book-shop, and at last to be owner of one of the best circulating libraries in the place.

When the gentleman bade him farewell, the bookseller said, 'Thank God, I have found your words to be true, "God helps those who help themselves." "*It is better to work than to beg.*"

Parts I. II. III. and IV. for January, February, March, and April 1868, are now ready,
price Threepence each.

Chatterbox.



The Farmer and his Son.

THE FARMER AND HIS SON.



FARMER one day sent his son to work in a field which, for want of cultivation, was filled with thorns and brambles. The boy was frightened at the undertaking, and, sitting down upon a heap of turf, slept and idled away all the day. The father knew that his son's negligence arose from a kind of despair, which the greatness of his task had caused him, and taking him by the hand he said,—

‘Come, you shall see that the work I set you to do was not so very great. Clear first that piece of ground five feet long; then come to me, and I will set you another piece, and you will soon finish it.’

Do you ever feel discouraged in any employment by the number and greatness of the obstacles? Undertake them boldly, one by one, and thus you will in time vanquish them all.

A CHRISTIAN'S REVENGE.

(Concluded from p. 155.)

YUSEF knelt down on the sand and prayed: he earnestly asked for a spirit of forgiveness, and before he rose from his knees that spirit seemed to be granted, for he was able to pray for Sadi. Yusef's anger calmed down, and with it all thirst for revenge left him; he could ask God that he might at last meet his cruel enemy in heaven.

Struggling against extreme exhaustion, his limbs almost sinking under his weight, Yusef again pressed on his way, till a glowing red line in the east showed where the blazing sun would soon rise. What were his eager hope and joy on seeing that red line broken by some dark pointed objects that appeared to rise out of the sand! New strength seemed given to the weary man, for now his ear caught the welcome sound of the bark of a dog and the bleating of sheep.

“God be praised!” exclaimed Yusef, “I am near the abodes of men!”

Exerting all his power, the Syrian made one great effort to reach the black tents which he now saw distinctly in the broad daylight, and which he knew must belong to some tribe of wandering Bedouin Arabs: he tottered on for a hundred yards, and then sank exhausted on the sand.

But the Bedouins had seen the poor solitary stranger, and as hospitality is one of their leading virtues, some of these wild sons of the desert now hastened towards Yusef. They raised him, they held to his parched lips a most delicious draught of camel's milk. The Syrian felt as if he were drinking in new life, and was so much revived by what he had taken, that he was able to accompany his preservers to the black goat's-hair tent of their Sheikh or chief, an elderly man of noble aspect, who welcomed the stranger kindly.

Yusef had not been long in that tent before he

found that he had not only been guided to a place of safety, but to the very place where his presence was needed. The sound of low moans made him turn his eyes towards a dark corner of the tent. There lay the only son of the Sheikh dangerously ill, and, as the Bedouins believed, dying. Already all their rough, simple remedies had been tried on the youth, but tried in vain. With stern grief the Sheikh listened to the moans of pain that burst from the suffering lad, and wrung the heart of the father.

The Syrian asked for leave to examine the youth, and was soon at his side. Yusef very soon perceived that the Bedouin's case was not hopeless—that God's blessing on the *hakeem's* skill might in a few days effect a wonderful change. He offered to try what his art and medicines could do. The Sheikh caught at the last hope held out to him of preserving the life of his son. The Bedouins gathered round, and watched with keen interest the measures which were at once taken by the stranger *hakeem* to effect the cure of the lad.

Yusef's success was beyond his hopes. The medicine which he gave afforded speedy relief from pain, and within an hour the young Bedouin had sunk into a deep refreshing sleep. His slumber lasted long, and he awoke quite free from fever, though of course it was some days before his strength was fully restored.

Great was the gratitude of Azim the Sheikh for the cure of his only son; and great was the admiration of the simple Bedouins for the skill of the wondrous *hakeem*. Yusef soon had plenty of patients. The sons of the desert now looked upon the poor deserted stranger as one sent to them by Heaven; and Yusef himself felt that his own plans had been defeated, his own course changed by wisdom and love. He had intended, as a medical missionary, to fix his abode in some Arabian town: he had been directed instead to the tents of the Bedouin Arabs. The wild tribe soon learned to reverence and love him, and listen to his words. Azim supplied him with a tent, a horse, a rich striped mantle, and all that the Syrian's wants required. Yusef found that he could be happy as well as useful in his desert home.

One day, after months had passed Yusef rode forth with Azim and two of his Bedouins to visit a distant encampment of part of the tribe. They carried with them spear and gun, water, and a small supply of provisions. The party had not proceeded far when Azim pointed to a train of camels that were disappearing in the distance.

“Yonder go the pilgrims to Mecca,” he said: “long and weary is the journey before them; the path which they take will be marked by the bones of camels that fall and perish by the way.”

“Methinks by yon sand-mound,” answered Yusef, “I see something that looks at this distance like a pilgrim stretched on the ground.”

“Some traveller may have fallen sick,” said the Sheikh, “and be left on the sand to die.”

The words made Yusef at once set spurs to his horse; having himself so narrowly escaped a dreadful death in the desert, he naturally felt strong pity for any one in danger of meeting so terrible a fate.

Azim galloped after Yusef, and, having the fleetest horse, outstripped him, as they approached the spot on which lay stretched the form of a man, who seemed to be dead.

As soon as Azim reached the pilgrim he sprang from his horse, laid his gun down on the sand, and taking a skin bottle of water which hung at his saddle-bow, he began to pour some down the throat of the man, who gave signs of returning life. Yusef almost instantly joined him; but what were the feelings of the Syrian when in the pale wasted features of the sufferer before him he recognised those of Sadi, his merciless foe!

"Let me hold the skin bottle, Sheik!" exclaimed Yusef; "let the draught of cold water be from my hand." The Syrian remembered the command, "*If thine enemy thirst give him drink.*"

Sadi was too ill to know anything that was passing around him; but he drank with feverish eagerness, as if his thirst could never be slaked.

"How shall we bear him hence?" said the Sheik; "my journey cannot be delayed."

"Go on thy journey, O Sheik," replied Yusef; "I will return to the tents with this man, if thou wilt but help me to place him on my horse. He shall share my tent and my cup—he shall be to me as a brother."

"Dost thou know him?" inquired the Sheik.

"I know him well," the Syrian replied.

Sadi was gently placed on the horse, for it would have been death to him to have long remained unsheltered on the sand. Yusef walked beside the horse, with difficulty supporting the drooping form of Sadi, which would otherwise soon have fallen to the ground. The journey on foot was very exhausting to Yusef, who could scarcely sustain the weight of the helpless Sadi. Thankful was the Syrian *hakeem* when they reached the Bedouin tents.

Then Sadi was placed on the mat which had served Yusef for a bed. Yusef himself passed the night without rest, watching at the sufferer's side. Most carefully did the *hakeem* nurse his enemy through a raging fever. Yusef spared no effort of skill, shrank from no painful exertion, to save the life of the man who had nearly destroyed his own!

On the third day the fever abated; on the evening of that day Sadi suddenly opened his eyes, and, for the first time since his illness recognised Yusef, who had, as he believed, perished months before in the desert.

"Has the dead come to life?" exclaimed the trembling Sadi, fixing upon Yusef a wild and terrified gaze; "has the injured returned for vengeance?"

"Nay, my brother," replied Yusef, soothingly; "let us not recall the past, or recall it but to bless Him who has preserved us both from death."

Tears dimmed the eyes of Sadi; he grasped the kind hand which Yusef held out. "I have deeply wronged thee," he faltered forth; "how can I receive all this kindness at thy hand?"

A smile passed over the lips of Yusef; he remembered the cruel words once uttered by Sadi, and made reply, "If thou hast wronged me, thus I repay thee—Moslem, this is a *Christian's Revenge!*"

—By A. L. O. E. in *The Children's Paper*.

A VISIT TO KING THEODORE IN HIS CAMP IN ABYSSINIA.



GERMAN traveller in Africa and the East, Von Henglin, who has recently published a large work on Abyssinia, gives in a Leipzig magazine an interesting account of his visit to King Theodore's camp. He says:—

"On a former journey to Africa I had made Theodore's acquaintance, and had been received and treated by him with thorough Oriental hospitality. But my second visit took place under very remarkable circumstances; I met the king by his own invitation in camp in the midst of his army, engaged in a campaign against the Southern Gallas tribes. I shall pass over my journey thither, and its difficulties, only remarking that our route passed through most sublime mountain scenery, and that we were under the guidance of Rumba, one of Theodore's officers, whom he had sent to us for the purpose.

"After we had remained several weeks at Gondar, the capital of the Ethiopian kingdom, we, that is, Dr. Steudner and myself, proceeded to the lofty plateau of the Wolo country at the feet of the giant pine-clad mountains of Kolo and Dschimba, where the great part of the royal army, which had just received orders to advance southwards, was then encamped.

"The mighty columns of the army could only move slowly onwards. It was a mixed multitude of soldiers, servants, women, clergy, bearers, horses, beasts of burden, prisoners, and herds of cattle. On their swift mountain horses a division of the Schoan cavalry galloped by us, the riders enveloped in dark-brown woollen cloaks; at their sides hung a long dagger, over their shoulders a few lances, a round shield at the saddle-knot or on the left arm. The harness on their horses' heads is decorated with glittering and clanking metal plates, and the broad toes of the bold mountaineers alone rest in the ring-shaped stirrups. The mules of some of the higher officers follow in rapid gallop. A loosely hanging cloak covers their shoulders, and their white under-robe with its broad red stripe; a long curved sword projects on the right side from the girdle. These nobles are surrounded by numerous servants, armour-bearers, lancers, and musketeers, all riding past at quick pace.

"Now we meet the Coptic Bishop, Abema Salama, who is splendidly mounted. He wears a black turban and black burnous lined with red satin, and keeps some distance in advance of the native clergy, many of whom follow him. Their chief is the Etschege, who is the king's confessor. His head is surrounded by a white turban of immense size, and besides this, protected by a very imposing, variegated Indian parasol; his white under-robe his eminence has drawn up over his nose. He is attended by many Schoan monks, dressed entirely in leather; and by Amharic friars, with dirty sul-



The Coptic Bishop, Abema Salama, from a Photograph by the Rev. H. Stern (one of the Captives).

phur-coloured caps, all armed with fly-fans of horse-hair or with a cow's tail. Next comes a monk on foot ringing a bell, with a long train of bearers carrying the tables of the law of Moses, which are placed in every Abyssinian church, wrapped in different coloured cloths, and placed in gilded Indian chairs, together with the church cock, at whose morning crow the daily prayers have to begin.

'The sick and wounded in long white cloaks are borne in light bamboo litters, mothers carry their naked infants tied on their backs, or in baskets on their heads. A large number of Gallas prisoners, fettered like slaves, were escorted by soldiers; among them might be seen political criminals, generally free from chains, but with the stump of the foot or

arm which they had lost beneath the executioner's hand, stuck into a large horn cup.

'The light field artillery was dismounted and conveyed further on by mules and bearers. Herds of sheep and oxen, taken from the enemy, were driven along the roadside and fed on the trodden-down barley fields and scanty pastures. Four tame lions, belonging to the king, followed the horses, they enjoyed abundant food; but the highland climate, with its hail-storms, was by no means agreeable to these natives of the hot tropical forests, and they looked rather sulky and discontented.

'A camp tent of red cloth follows. The raising or fixing of this is a signal for a march or a halt, its door is always placed towards the direction of the



An Abyssinian Dwelling, from a Photograph by the Rev. H. Stern.

next day's march. Close to it, on the right and left wing of the centre, are set the tents of the queen of the Abema (Primate of the Abyssinian Church) and of the commandant of the camp; here, too, a place of honour was appointed for us; the church tent stands before the royal tent. Each division knows its distance exactly, and on every encampment keeps to its own place. Round the tents of the different commanders the troops are ranged in lines and circles, in tents made out of branches of trees and tall grass, which protect them pretty well from the cold and rain.

'At noon, on the 4th of April, 1862, we met with the outposts of the royal camp close to the main portion of the army in the district of Dschama-Gala. The high country, almost destitute of trees, was for miles covered with tents and huts, herds and flocks, horses, mules, and asses; thick clouds of smoke and mist hovered over the entire plain. The army was divided into long columns, which were marching off to the right and left to take up strong positions. On a small hill with a few trees in the middle, was the king's tent. Near it were placed some cannon and a broad belt of body-guards.

'There stood Theodore, surrounded by officers and priests, and surveying those who arrived through a telescope. It was not till towards evening that we had collected all our servants and baggage, and pitched our tents. Our guide, Rumha, had mean-

while gone to the king to deliver his report on his mission, and to announce our arrival. As the day was so far advanced, we did not expect to be received till the following day, and therefore had just sat down to our frugal supper when some officers, with Rumha, burst in and announced that his majesty was awaiting us.

'The necessary toilet was made with all haste, and by torchlight; my companion, Dr. Steudner, and myself, together with the artist Zander from Dessau, and the missionary Bruckhorst, proceed through the circle of body-guards to the royal tents. That in which we are received is about thirty-six yards long, and consists of thick double woollen stuffs; the interior is divided into two rooms by a curtain, draped with diverse-coloured materials, and covered with Turkey carpets. All was lighted with wax candles, and Theodore sat opposite to the chief entrance on a low couch, before him stood a small stool with a red cover. The master of the ceremonies introduced us, we stood waiting under the door till the king greeted us and invited us to approach nearer and take a place at his right hand. Theodore was simply dressed, and quite according to the fashion of the country, in a dress of loose white cloth with a red border, at his left stood his confessor, a few princes and officers. The king is forty-eight years of age, rather above the middle height, slim but strongly built, he has fine sharp

features, his complexion is a dark olive-brown, his forehead is high and majestic, his eye black, fiery, and yet grave and commanding.

"The first ceremonial congratulations were performed through the "speaker" (in the African language, the "mouth"), of the king in the Amharic language, and by means of an interpreter. Then a cupbearer gave us the drink of welcome—a crystal glassful of fine honey-brandy; afterwards excellent *tesch*, or honey-wine, went round till supper was announced. It was just the time of the Easter-fast, and the master of the ceremonies inquired whether we wished for meat, or would prefer a fasting dish, according to the custom of the country. I explained that we preferred the latter, and soon after there appeared a large basket hung with red cloth and filled with fine white cakes of *Tief* flour. In the middle of this basket, which also served for a table, there smoked and steamed a sauce of red pepper and peas. A similar basket was brought to the guests at the king's left, round which his second son, *Maschescha*, Prince *Hailu Meleket* of *Schoa*, Prince *Engeda*, and the commandant of the camp, *Bascha Negusie*, ranged themselves.

(Concluded in our next.)

A CLEVER BLIND MAN.

IN the year 1712, in one of the Fellows' rooms at Christ's College, Cambridge, sat three learned men discussing a knotty point over the winter fire. Two of them were antiquaries as well as scholars, and on the table before them lay a small drawer of Roman coins, concerning some of which the dispute waxed hot. Over one headless emperor, whose very name and date none but the initiated could guess at from the coin before them, the discussion grew especially fierce. It had been purchased as a rare and matchless gem by the elder of the two collectors, who both agreed as to its extreme value, but differed as to its exact date. Their friend by the fire took no part in the discussion, but at last when the coin was handed to him for examination and judgment, his answer was prompt and decided enough. Strange to say, he did not glance at the medal, but having felt it over very carefully with the tips of his fingers, he next applied it to his tongue. This done, he quietly laid the headless Augustus down on the table, saying as he did so, "50 B.C. or 88 A.D. ! the thing isn't worth a shilling; I doubt very much its being gold, and I'm sure it isn't Roman;" and the next day proved that he was in the right. The thing that had been shown to him and detected was a clever counterfeit, got up for the occasion of an antiquarian sale, just as Roman coins were dug up a year or two ago in making the Thames Embankment. Yet this keen judge was *Nicholas Saunderson*, a blind man, who had never set eyes on a coin, good, bad, or indifferent; having lost not only his eyesight, but even his very eye-balls, by the small-pox in 1682, when but a twelvemonth old. He was now *Lucasian Professor of Mathematics* in the first University of the world, a friend of *Whiston*, *Halley*, and *Sir Isaac Newton*, whose "*Principia*" formed one chief subject of his public lectures.—"*Blind People, their Works and Ways.*"



THE OLD SOLDIER.

ENRIQUE BOIS was an old French soldier, who served under *Napoleon Bonaparte*. He had travelled in Spain and Italy, had been present at the burning of *Moscow*, and at last parted with his general at the battle of *Waterloo*. For an old soldier he had not many wounds to show. A sabre-cut on his right arm, and a few other scratches, as he called them, were all that he had suffered. He was much attached to an old officer with whom he had served, and the sabre-cut on his shoulder was the wound that had saved his master's life. At the moment when a foreign soldier was about to strike his master he stepped between them, and received the cut on his shoulder. But no self-sacrifice on his part could save his master at *Waterloo*; the fatal ball from the musket of an English soldier had pierced too deeply. He saw his master fall, and hastened to carry him out of the field.

The poor officer lingered some time, anxiously inquiring how the battle went. At last, when he found that all was over, and he himself about to die, he said, "Henrique, you have been faithful to me for these many years; you have saved my life once, and I know you still would shield me again if need be, but the messenger of Death has conquered. Take this locket to my little daughter *Marie* in *Brussels*—it is the portrait of her dear mother; cut off a lock of my hair, and give it her also. Ask her to wear them both near her heart. Take this purse, it is all the money I possess: I have sacrificed all for the general. Then, if you love me, Henrique, you must take my little *Marie* to *Paris*. There is an aunt of hers living in the *Rue St. Martin*; she is my only sister, and with her *Marie* will find a home. Now I must die, Henrique; I fear there is no priest to shrive me, but you can say a prayer; you are a good man, although the priests always told me you were a heretic. My dear wife was of a *Huguenot* family, you know, and she died in peace."

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," said the old soldier.

"It does," the dying man replied, and soon all was over.

The battle was now well-nigh finished; the memorable rout of the French troops had begun, and Henrique, finding nothing more could be done, fled with the rest. He had not gone far before he stumbled and fell; a strong hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he was commanded to yield. At another time he would have died on the spot rather than give up to one of his enemies, but now his heart was sad, and the thought came over him about little *Marie*, and his noble soul sacrificed its bravery to its sense of duty. It would have been easier to die than to yield, but how could he obey his captain's last dying wish if he threw his life away? "Besides," he said, "these English are known to be fierce in battle, but generous conquerors; if

I can get brought before an officer who can understand French, perhaps he will help me.'

Presently a handsome young officer rode up, who listened to Henrique's story. 'Leave the prisoner with me,' he said to one of his men. Then turning to Henrique, he said in French, 'Remain with me, my good fellow: I will trust you, and I will stand your friend at Brussels.'

The young officer obtained a pass for our friend in case he might get lost in the confusion; and when they arrived at Brussels Marie was found.

Poor girl! she was all alone at an hotel, for her faithless maid had left her when she heard that the English were coming, and not a soul had pity upon her. Captain Fortescue,—for that was the officer's name, undertook to be answerable for all Marie's expenses, for the maid had robbed her of everything when she ran away; but Henrique showed the Englishman his master's purse, and declined the offer. However, at Captain Fortescue's request, the old soldier stayed a short time at Brussels, as the country was in so unsettled a state that he thought it was not safe to travel at present.

At the time of the battle of Waterloo there were many English in Brussels, and amongst these Captain Fortescue's mother and sister. These both felt deeply for poor Marie, and longed to help her, but felt that as her father had been killed by the English she might not like to accept their kindness. Accordingly they sent for Henrique, who was too much of a soldier to feel any personal animosity against the English. They each had fought their country's battles, and when fighting was over they could shake hands. He was too much of a Christian not to feel grateful for the kindness shown him, and too sensible not to feel that the kind care of so excellent a lady was needful for his charge.

It was therefore arranged that, if Marie consented, Mrs. Fortescue should go and visit her; if she were willing, she was to come and stay in their house, and in as short time as possible they would take her to Paris, whither they were going. Henrique was of course to be with the family, and watch and care for his young mistress.

And thus it was arranged. Marie was very sad and miserable, but the loving care of Mrs. Fortescue, and the sisterly affection of Frances her daughter, were of great comfort in the time of trial.

Marie often looked at her mother's picture and her father's lock of hair, and wondered what they would say if they saw her a willing prisoner with the English. She did not forget to pray constantly for guidance from above, and thought at last that the Father of mercies had given her a place of refuge, and she could not resist His will.

By-and-bye they all reached Paris, and sought out the aunt, but, alas! she was dead. Her will was found and examined, but she had not left any money to Marie or her father, for the old lady being a strong Royalist, did not forgive Marie's father for being a Republican and a follower of Bonaparte.

Poor Henrique was now in sad trouble. He had faithfully done his duty as far as it laid in his power. The aunt was dead, Marie had no home,

and he could not take her to Marseilles where his own cottage was. Still he felt he could never leave her. Marie had become exceedingly attached to her English friends, who had been her protectors in her great grief, and was not sorry to find they meant to stay some little time in Paris.

Marie was now to the Fortescues quite as a daughter, and when they returned to England she went with them.

Henrique also left his country to visit the inhabitants of that island that had proved so strong in battle. But the good man felt no bitterness, for he read in his New Testament the words, 'Love your enemies;' and he had certainly found in this case that his enemies were deserving of his love: and why? because they also had loved their enemies in return. He could not help thinking what a pity it is that duty to our sovereign and our country compels us to kill our neighbours.

So Henrique went to England, and stayed there four years as a faithful guardian of his master's child. But at the end of four years, he felt that his duty was done, for Marie was happily married to a brave English officer, and became, instead of adopted daughter, daughter-in-law to Mrs. Fortescue.

No sooner was Marie married than the old soldier set off for France. The Fortescues would gladly have kept him, but nothing would tempt him to stay. He thanked them all most warmly for their great kindness, but he said that he had other duties now to attend to in France.

They found out,—but not until after this faithful servant had gone,—that he had a wife and family in the south of France. He had not mentioned this to any of his friends, lest they should insist upon his leaving. His strong sense of honour induced him to keep a watch over his young charge till she did not require him any longer. When she was married, he felt his duty ceased.

In the picture we see the good old man, after a long and weary journey, enter the cottage in which he had formerly dwelt. Alas! not a soul was there. The wood for the fire stood at one corner of the room, in which many a frugal dinner had been cooked. A large waterpot full of water was standing by the window, and another lying down beside it.

The sun shone brightly into the window upon the old man's face, but his heart was sad within. He tried the inner door, but it was locked. 'Ah!' said he, 'poor Elise has gone to her rest, and I, old before my time, must finish my course in loneliness.' And tears trickled down that weather-beaten face.

Presently he heard the voices of children, and in the distance he saw two bright, merry little things trotting along towards the cottage. Behind them came a young woman with a distaff, spinning flax as she walked, a fine handsome young man with an elderly woman leaning upon his arm came beside them.

'Mother,' said the young man, as he approached the cottage, 'he may be alive yet; God alone knows.'

It was enough. Henrique's dear old wife was



The Old Soldier.

there, and his beloved daughter, Marguerite; and that young man! who was he?

Jaques Lefèvre, the blacksmith's son. He had married Marguerite, and these sweet little things were Marguerite's children. 'Bless the boy, he had then been faithful to his old playmate; well, he was a good lad; and one so kind to his mother-in-law must surely be a good man.'

Henrique approaches to meet them. The children look astonished as Marguerite rushes to her father's arms, and then makes way for her mother. All was indeed well. Old Elise had been persuaded,

almost for the first time, to leave the cottage to go and have a cup of tea with her son François on his birthday; and now they were returning before sunset to bring the old lady home and put the children to bed.

I will not attempt to describe the joy of that household, but will just say, that before that evening was over, the old soldier was seated with his wife by his side, surrounded by all his children. And the next day all the grandchildren came to hear his wonderful stories of foreign lands.

W. M.

Chatterbox.



An Abyssinian Soldier.

A VISIT TO KING THEODORE IN HIS CAMP IN ABYSSINIA.

(Continued from page 166.)



WE were specially commended to the care of an Indian, the chief of the royal artillery, and Rumha; after we had been supplied with water for our hands, placing our legs under us we pulled our basket as near as possible, and commenced our meal. With the right hand one breaks off a piece of the cake with which the basket is filled,

then dips it in the very piquant sauce and eats the morsel without any such instruments as forks or spoons. It is the duty of the courtiers to persuade the guests to eat, to choose out pieces for them, and even to stuff them into their mouths; and the malicious Rumha served my companion, poor Steudner, so quickly and skilfully with portions of red pepper sauce, that the perspiration soon ran from his brow and tears from his eyes.

'Supper over we had to take our places quite close to the king. He now conversed directly with us, and in Arabic, which he spoke with tolerable readiness; he asked me about the latest political affairs in Europe, the Suez canal, and my own experiences during the nine years since we had last met. He regretted that I had so seldom written to him, and called vividly to mind my first visit to him at the camp in Djenda, as well as my saying on that occasion that I considered him the then rather insignificant Prince Kasa—as the man who was destined to make a great kingdom out of Ethiopia and again unite all its princes under his sceptre. With real sympathy Theodore then inquired after my faithful servant and companion Caspar, who had spent a long time with him and afterwards fell a victim to the dreadful climate of Soudan. Finally, he reminded me that we had once drunk brotherhood together, and that he had not forgotten this, though fate had now given him the crown of Habesch; all that he could call his own belonged to his friends, and he desired that in all cases, and as long as we were in his country, we should remain his guests, and apply to him alone in difficulty.

'I found the king's appearance fresh and strong as formerly, but the busy and restless life in the camp had graven already many furrows in his brow, not less than the bitter experiences which he had suffered in political and domestic life. He is a soldier in body and soul, and from his youth has had no fixed residence. In battle he always takes his place at the head of his troops, and excels both as a horseman and as a first-rate shot.

'I have little to relate about the institutions and improvements which Theodore has introduced into Abyssinia, they are probably not very important, as, since his coronation as Negas of Ethiopia in 1855, he has been constantly employed in expeditions of

conquest, the object of which has been to win back the former portions of the kingdom.

'The king has, however, abolished the slave-trade, instituted new laws, tried to construct a new military road between Gondar and Schoa, and sent for European workmen to introduce useful establishments, manufacture, and cultivation. As a ruler and judge he is just on the whole, but terribly severe. All business of the government passes through his own hand. Every day petitioners and plaintiffs appear long before sunrise before the guards which surround his tent, with the cry, "Abet, Abet," and "Dschan hoi, Dschan hoi," ("Hear us, our Lord.") The king replies from the camp, listens to every petition, judges and administers punishment, grants pardon and distributes gifts.

'After the visit which we have described above was ended, we returned late at night to our tents. We had scarcely arrived thither, when some courtiers, in the name of the Negas, came and gave us a large horn full of honey-brandy, and some preparation made in Schoa, as a protection against the cold.

'On the 6th of April his Majesty granted us a formal audience. On the most elevated point of the camp, a couch, covered with gold brocades and cashmere, was placed upon large carpets; there sat the king, with head uncovered, wrapped up in a cloak embroidered in silk. Behind him stood two officers with great parasols. We were invited to sit down, and I asked to be allowed to offer his majesty a few presents which were borne by my servants. These consisted chiefly of weapons and carpets, and the king expressed himself very much gratified at the choice we had made. On his inquiry whether I had any special request to make, I replied that I only felt bound to offer his majesty my sincere thanks for his royal escort, and for all the hospitality which I had enjoyed, and to ask, that, as the rainy season was rapidly coming on, he would now graciously dismiss us, and give his consent to our departure from Abyssinia. The king replied that this should soon happen; but that we might remain his guests till an opportunity occurred for escorting us beyond the range of his enemies.

'On the 10th of April, the whole army retreated from Dschama-Gala, the Coptic festival of Easter was celebrated in Woro-Heimaus, and we were dismissed on the 25th of April, richly supplied with horses and mules, as well as with state saddles, silver shields, and gloves. Another officer now took Rumha's place and accompanied us to the boundaries of Galabat. At each station we had to provide fodder for the horses and beasts of burden, as well as sheep, butter, bread, and honey-wine for ourselves. On the 9th of June we reached Metemeh, the chief town of Galabat, a few days later the Egyptian territory of the province Gedaref, and thus approached our European home.

'Many stories are told about King Theodore's justice. When he restored the conquered kingdom to a condition of peace he published an edict by which all who had fought were ordered to lay down their arms and return to the occupation of their

fathers. Shortly after the publication of this edict, a band of highway robbers from Chasba appeared before him, and demanded the right of returning to the employment of their fathers.

"And what were your fathers, then?" inquired the king.

"Highwaymen," replied the petitioners boldly.

Theodore told them they would do a great deal better if they attended to agriculture and the feeding of cattle, as most of their countrymen did, for this he would give them ploughs and oxen, but the bandits kept to the edict, and would not be dissuaded from it.

"Very well then, do what you refuse to give up, keep to the occupation of your fathers," and he dismissed them.

"They started homewards rejoicing that they had frightened the Negas; however, they had not gone very far before they were overtaken by a troop of cavalry and cut down by their swords, while the leader of the company called out to them, "As you wish to keep to the trade of your fathers, we wish to do the same; our fathers were appointed by King Lalibela to clear the country of highway robbers."

"In Abyssinia, the family of a murdered man have the right of slaying the murderer, but they are generally contented with a compensation in money; if the culprit cannot pay this, he collects it publicly, accompanied by the head of the family of the murdered man, till he obtains the necessary sum for the purchase of his life.

"One day a soldier was brought before King Theodore, who had murdered two merchants.

"Why have you slain these two men?" asked the Negas.

"I was hungry."

"Could you not have taken from them what you required to satisfy your hunger, and then allowed them to pursue their way?"

"If I had not slain them," said the soldier vainly, "they would have defended their property."

"The king at once ordered both the criminal's hands to be chopped off and placed on a plate before him, while he exclaimed, "You are hungry, now then, eat!"

J. F. C.

ARTHUR'S WIFE.



THE bells rang out merrily from the tower of St. Stephen's, the old parish church of Brookland. There were grand doings at the park, the village shop was closed, the forge was put out at the blacksmith's, and the carpenter had laid by his tools. The old general owned the whole village, and his tenants were to have a day of feasting because Arthur

Beverly had taken to himself a wife. Arthur was not the eldest son, but he was a great favourite with the villagers.

When he used to return from the military college, he always took pleasure in home pursuits. He was

fond of his native village, and his return was always the sign for renewal of football, or cricket, or some other amusement. He so raised the spirit of the Brookland lads, that they were ready to challenge any village for miles round, and it was a rare thing if Brookland came off *second best* in athletic sports. Arthur, too, was one of those generous, unselfish fellows who seem to find their chief delight in making others happy. The old women at the alms-houses, who had known him from a baby, and whom he had visited with his mother when he was a child, were not forgotten by him when he became a man. Although he was a capital oarsman, and a first-rate 'bat,' yet on his return from Woolwich he did not consider it beneath him to bring 'Old Betty' a little packet of her favourite snuff, and 'Sally' some of 'that beautiful tea' which 'could not be got for love nor money, Master Arthur, at Brookland.' There was a story, too, that one day, when he was out shooting and a covey of birds in sight, he actually let them go because he found a poor little girl who had lost her way in the fields, and could not be satisfied until he had taken her to her friends.

No wonder then Brookland made a day of feasting when he was married to the orphan daughter of an old companion-in-arms of the General's.

'Poor, dear creature!' said old Betty, 'she will be happy now; she won't miss her father and mother with such a husband as Master Arthur.'

Indeed if any woman had happiness in married life it was Arthur's wife. 'I am too happy,' she would often say to Bertha, Arthur's sister, 'I am too happy, I have not a wish ungratified. This world, which seemed to me a blank when I felt I had not a friend who really loved me or cared for me, seems now a paradise. When my father was killed long ago in India, I felt wretched, but when my dear mother, who was all that I had left, was taken away, I was inconsolable. I have had kind friends since, but never until I knew dear Arthur did I feel anything but lonely. Now he is more to me than father, and mother, and friends, I am indeed happy.'

'Do not reckon too much upon earthly joys, they are fleeting at the best,' said Bertha.

The warning was not given too soon. Presently Arthur came in. Bertha got up and left the room, for she saw by his face he wanted to be alone with his wife. It was to break the news to her that his regiment was ordered to the Crimea, and in a short time he must leave her. This was a sad blow to poor Marion. A soldier's wife cannot expect to be always with her husband, but when he is ordered away she feels as keenly as other women the pangs of separation. Not very long after her husband had left her, she had a sweet little baby on whom she might lavish her affection. But, alas! before many days had passed, little Arthur, her sweet babe, was taken away to a brighter world, and Marion was sadder than ever. At one time her life was despaired of, but she rallied and gradually recovered.

A letter from her husband after the battle of the Alma cheered her much. He passed through the battle of Inkermann unscathed, and poor Marion



Bertha and Marion.

hoped and prayed that the war would soon end. But who can picture her despair when a letter came from Harry Steel, a Brookland man, who had enlisted into the same regiment, and was Arthur's servant? It was a letter to his mother, and ran thus:—

'DEAR MOTHER,—I hope you are quite well, as this leaves me at the present, thank God for it. I am sorry to say I have very bad news to tell you about my poor, dear master. Only last night I was on duty in the trenches, and the captain was on duty too, when we felt the ground move under our feet, and presently the earth broke away, and what should we see but a whole host of Russians who had been undermining us, and they came out of the hole like a swarm of wasps. There were twenty to one against our men, but we fought like lions. I saw three, one after another, fall under the captain's sword, but at last five got round him at once, and, poor fellow, he was struck down. Three were at me at the time, and I could give master no help. I should have been killed myself too, but just then a troop of our men came up at 'double quick,' and the Russians ran back into their hole like so many rats. As soon as all was clear we looked for the captain's body, but nowhere could it be

found. Some think the earth fell upon him after he was killed, and buried him, but we have searched and cannot find anything but his sword.'

This dreadful story was further confirmed by the Gazette, for amongst 'the list of killed, wounded and missing,' was Captain Beverly.

Poor Marion, in her delicate state of health, went nearly mad with grief. In vain Bertha begged her to try and be resigned, but Marion remained like one out of her senses. She did not shed a tear, or appear to notice anything. Bertha read to her and often knelt down and prayed with her, but all seemed to be of no avail. One day, however, she consented to go out as far as the churchyard to plant a rose-tree on the little baby's grave.

The sight of the little grave seemed to arouse her, and, as she looked at the little inscription upon the marble cross, 'Thy will be done,' she burst into tears, and, taking the arm of Bertha, she returned to the house.

After this she became more resigned, and when at last she was able to say upon her knees, 'Father,



not my will, but Thine be done,' she gradually recovered. The joys of earth had passed away, and now only heaven was in view. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away,' she said, 'blessed be the name of the Lord. Henceforth my life shall be His. It is all for the best, and by-and-bye I shall feel it.' Thus Marion bowed her head to God's will, and found peace. She had passed through the fire and was purified; but He who is able to do more abundantly than we can ask or think, had more mercy in store than Marion ever hoped for.

A short time after Marion had given up all for lost, she received a note written very badly:—

'MY DARLING WIFE,—Expect me home very soon. I have been wounded and taken prisoner, but am now released. I am writing this with my left hand. God bless you.

'Ever your own loving Husband.'

I will not pretend to describe Marion's joy and thankfulness; but will say this much—In a short time Arthur Beverley put his *one* arm around the neck of his beloved wife, and, as far as I know, is living with her now. Their happiness is great, and the nearness to death has softened both their hearts, and they live not only for earth, but for heaven.

W. M.

AN OLD TRAPPER'S ADVENTURES WITH BEARS AND RED INDIANS.

From the German.

WILL SHARP was an inventive genius whom I shall never forget. I made the brave fellow's acquaintance in Upper Canada, and after a lively Irishman, M'Culloch, had joined us, we wandered along the shores of Lake Superior to Northern Minnesota. We each had a good horse, which we used more to carry our baggage than to ride, an excellent double-barrelled rifle, powder, lead, tobacco, and the necessaries of life in abundance.

We settled down between the Mississippi and the Red River. There were mountains and prairies, woods and marshes,—a choice of everything, and plenty of game of all kinds. This district is left wholly to the trappers and Indians.

Will Sharp's inventive talent arranged a tolerably comfortable life for us in this wilderness. He not only made us hunt for the purpose of getting furs, but we had to boil tallow and turpentine, keep bees, and gather seeds from the woods and meadows. Will Sharp could make casks as well as build houses, plait baskets, prepare chemicals, or preserve fruits. In a word, he was a universal genius, and a modest,

good-tempered man too, a real treasure in this complete banishment from cultivated society.

With our axes and saws we erected, on a wooded slope by the side of a brook which ran down into the plain, a blockhouse which we surrounded with a respectable palisade, more to protect us from plundering Indians than from wild beasts.

We three settlers prospered for a long time in our wild kingdom. Our expeditions extended far into the Rocky Mountains and the Chippeway country, where the elk, the bison, the racoon, the sable, the wolf, the stag, and other animals, afforded us plenty of sport. But friend Bruin is at home there too, and always climbing about among the mountains and woods, enjoying fruit, honey, or even roots and the sprouts of trees, if he be very hungry.

One day, when two of us were roving about alone, Will Sharp brought home a young Indian woman who had attached herself to him, and would not leave him. I did not approve of the affair, for Bill Sharp had evidently enticed her away from the Chippeways. However, Will made her his wife, established a kind of family life in the blockhouse, and in due time a fine little boy was born, who made the rough trapper very happy. Henceforth the red-skins passed very frequently by us, and it was only their fear of our good rifles, which prevented them from attacking us.

At a sale at St. Paul's, Sharp purchased eight or ten old muskets. These he joined together and made of them a sort of infernal machine which he placed in the courtyard before the blockhouse, upon a pedestal which could be turned round so that it could command any side attacked, and could be placed at any elevation required. The machinery was as ingenious as Will Sharp himself. From this he promised us great things in case of a regular assault by the Indians, even if only one of us should be present. Even Will Sharp's wife was instructed how to charge this infernal machine. We tried the instrument whenever red-skins happened to be in the neighbourhood, and were rejoiced at the terror which they showed at its thundering reports.

Last spring when the first green was just appearing, McCulloch and I undertook a distant hunting expedition; Will was suffering from a bad hand, and so remained at home with his wife and child. He had been wounded by the bite of a young bear, and thereby hangs a tale. In a rocky hollow, about two gun-shots off from our settlement, there had lived for years a pair of old bears whom he had spared, because when, at the first sight of Father Bruin, Will had levelled his rifle at him, the old fellow looked so singularly good-tempered, threw himself on his back, and rolled so comically head over heels, that he had not the heart to kill him. These two animals had gradually become so accustomed to our voices, that they came quite close to us and never showed any evil disposition. We gave up all idea of having their skins, left them where they were, and often amused ourselves with them. Our friendly relations became still closer when a young bear saw the light, and over whom the old bear jealously watched. But this juvenile did not understand a

joke so well as his parents. Will, the intimate friend of Father Bruin, wished to make friends also with the son, and consequently received a severe bite in the hand. Whether the old ones troubled themselves much about it, I do not know. During the last winter, which was very severe, the bears often came to our blockhouse and were fed from our biscuit stores.

Well, the Irishman and I went to hunt. On our return we separated; I had shot very little, the Irishman nothing at all. While he went homewards with my skins, I made another short excursion to see if it were possible to bring some game back with me, and thus came down among the rocks on the other side of the Red Lake.

Suddenly I heard the hoarse neighing of a horse and a dull, angry growl. Above me in the misty air a few eagles were flying in circles. Following the sound I went through a pine-forest, at the border of which a prairie extended. Here I became the witness of a terrible scene of conflict—our bears—I plainly recognised the big old fellow by a bald place on his side—had fallen upon a Chippeway Indian. The dying horse had rolled over upon the ground, the she-bear had bitten him in the neck. The old bear, in whose body the Indian's broken spear was hanging, was throwing himself fiercely upon the man who was lying partly under the horse, and with the last effort of his strength was thrusting his hunting-knife into the bear's shoulder. With a dull sound the blow rebounded from the shoulder-blade, and in the next moment the poor red-skin was strangled and torn to pieces.

I wished to approach nearer, and called the bears by their pet names, but both ground their teeth angrily at me, and fixed their sharp claws more firmly in the bodies of both man and horse. However, I resolved that I would not go away till I had looked more closely at both man and horse; so I swung myself up into a tree and waited.

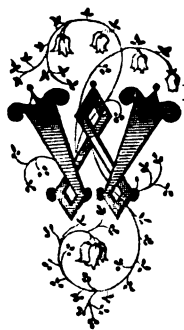
After about half-an-hour the bears trotted away with a low growl. Approaching nearer I recognised an under-chief of the Chippeways whom I had previously seen not far from our settlement. Fastened to his girdle hung a fresh and still bleeding scalp, on which with horror I thought I recognised Will's hair. I took the scalp, and with terrible forebodings hastened to our settlement. Here I found only a heap of smoking ruins and Will's corpse tied to a tree pierced through with many arrows. I discovered some of the bones of Will's child, but not a trace of his wife was to be seen.

I called in vain for my companion. I did not find him till next morning, and then in a thicket with one arrow in his eye and another in his back; he still breathed, but died soon after without ever being conscious again. Thus the red-skins had cunningly and brutally revenged themselves upon Will. The bears had in their turn avenged their friend, whether from attachment, or from hunger, or for some peculiar malice against the red-skins, I am not able to decide.

J. F. C.

THE KITTEN OF WINGENHEIM.

Adapted from the German by
J. F. Cobb, Esq.



E think of the river Rhine as a magnificent stream flowing between vine-clad hills and lofty mountains crowned with ruined castles, but it is not always so. In some part of its course it passes through a flat country, where the land being lower than the river, embankments are raised to keep the stream in its bed; sometimes after a thaw or heavy rain, the embankments are broken down by the force of the torrent, and then the floods cause great destruction both to life and property.

On the embankment which separated the village of Wingenheim from the Rhine, stood a troop of peasant boys. They were drowning kittens in the river. One kitten had just been thrown into the water. It rose up again and tried to save itself; but the merciless boys threw stones at the poor little animal. One of the stones struck its head. It sank down again in the water and disappeared, and the cruel boys raised a cry of delight. 'All right, that's done for, too; now then for the last one.'

A pretty little kitten sat upon the arm of a boy of about twelve years of age. All its brothers and sisters had been drowned in the Rhine. The cruel boys did not notice how pretty and gentle the kitten was, and in what a touching manner it begged to be spared. The hand of a cruel boy had already seized it. It spread out its claws to try and defend itself, but it was too weak to escape from the cruelty of the lads into whose hands it had fallen. But a deliverer suddenly appeared. A little boy with a piece of bread-and-butter in his hand, had just mounted the embankment, and at once took pity on the kitten. 'Give me the kitten,' he cried eagerly. 'Here, you shall have my bread-and-butter in exchange. I will take it home as a play-fellow for my little sister Annie.'

The promise of the bread-and-butter was tempting. The exchange was made, and Wilhelm, the kind-hearted peasant-boy, joyfully carried it to his home. The kitten, instead of lying dead at the bottom of the Rhine, had a comfortable bed in the cradle of the baby of three months old, who stared with delight at her new playfellow, and stretched out her hands towards it. Her brother stood by, and heartily rejoiced that his little sister took such pleasure in the kitten whose life he had saved.

A year had passed since that day. Little Annie and Griesel, for so her four-legged friend was called, had grown to be the best and merriest of friends. Griesel had indeed quite grown up now. Little Annie still slept much in her cradle, and could not walk much while her pet frisked about in the house and yard.

Black and dark fell the night upon the Rhine, whose waters, roaring loudly, rushed onwards. Two

men were walking on the embankment which separated the river from the village. They were exchanging serious words with each other. They had been placed here to watch the embankment, for the waters had risen very high and threatened mischief. In all the cottages of the village, though it was midnight, lights were burning. All the inhabitants were awake, as they feared that the embankment would break, and then their village would be flooded.

'I have never seen so much water before,' said one of the two watchmen. 'Will the embankment, which was so injured by the breaking up of the ice, be able to hold out against the violence of the torrent?'

'It must,' replied his companion. 'If it does not, then may God have mercy upon us and our village!'

The watchmen went on further. 'Do you hear?' said the first, as he ran hastily back to his companion; 'that sounds like a brook running at the foot of the embankment over the fields.'

The other listened. 'I think you are wrong,' he said at last; 'it is the rushing of the waves in the river which sounds like that.'

But this answer did not satisfy his companion. He ran down the embankment to discover whence the sound came. 'The embankment is breaking,' he exclaimed at last, in a terrified voice; 'God have mercy upon us; it is breaking, and the water is forcing its way through with all its might.' With these words he hastened to the village.

His companion hurried after him, and blew with his horn, which was the sign agreed upon, for the men of the village to hasten to help. At the warning sound there was terror and bustle in every house at Wingenheim. The men assembled at the magistrate's house, who ordered them at once to try and repair the broken embankment. The women, meanwhile, were to drive the cattle from their stalls to the churchyard, which was on a higher ground than the village. This was done. But when the men came close up to the embankment they heard a threatening, roaring sound. The magistrate exclaimed, 'Forwards, men! Forwards, before it is too late!' He urged them bravely on. They had not gone far before the water was up to their ankles. The roaring became louder and louder, the water rose higher and higher, and at last came up to their breasts.

'God have mercy upon us!' exclaimed the terrified men. 'The whole Rhine is coming upon us; let whoever can save himself!'

The crowd dispersed in all directions towards the village, in order to save as much as was possible from the flood. The storm-bell tolled forth its melancholy sounds through the dark night. Bellowing and moaning, the cattle, which had been driven from their stalls, crowded together amid the graves in the churchyard. Roaring and thundering, the waters of the river rushed down and enclosed the peaceful village in their cold arms.

Frau Barthel, a farmer's wife, had obeyed her husband and loosed the cows, calves, sheep, and pigs from the stakes, and driven them to the churchyard. On the way thither she heard how the waters were rising and coming nearer and nearer. She



quickly entrusted her cattle to a neighbour, and hastened home, where the maid, meanwhile, had awakened and dressed the children. When she reached the door, the maid with a child in each arm, waded through the water to meet her.

'Their father will bring the other two,' the maid answered to the mother's anxious inquiry, and then she hastened as quickly as possible to reach the safe churchyard. The father with difficulty drew the eldest boy out of the window. The doors could not be opened because the waters had risen to such a fearful height. He gave him over to his mother, and then climbed through the window back into the room in order, if possible, to save the youngest child. The mother hastened to convey her first-born to the churchyard with his brother and sister. Meanwhile the father tried with all his might to force open the door of the room where little Annie lay sleeping in her cradle.

But the floods had already barred the way and closed the door. The father, in anguish and despair, shook and struck the door with all his strength, but he could not make a way to his darling child.

Barthel was the last man who reached the churchyard from the flooded village. His neighbours had dragged him by force from his home where he would have been drowned, and brought him thither.

'Husband,' cried the agonised wife, 'where is our Annie?'

'I have not got her—the Rhine has!' replied the poor father, in miserable tones, and then sank down completely exhausted.

'Husband,' cried his wife, reproachfully, 'why did you not save our child,—our darling child?'

'God help my child,' said the poor man; 'I could not. But listen—listen!'

(To be continued.)

Chatterbox.



NOTHING BUT WATER TO DRINK.

By John Pierpont.

WHEN the bright morning star the new daylight
is bringing,
And the orchards and groves are with melody
ringing,
Their way to and from them the early birds winging,
And their anthems of gladness and thanksgiving
singing,
Why do they so twitter and sing, do you think?
Because they've nothing but water to drink!

When a shower on a hot day of summer is over,
And the fields are all scented with red and white
clover,
And the honey-bee—busy and plundering rover—
Is fumbling the blossom-leaves over and over,
Why so fresh, clean, and sweet are these fields do
you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to drink!

Do you see that stout oak, on the windy hill
growing?
Do you see what great hail-stones that black cloud
is throwing?
Do you see that steam war-ship its ocean-way going,
Against trade-winds and head-winds, like hurricanes
blowing?
Why are oaks, clouds, and steam-ships so strong,
do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to drink!

Now, if we have to work in the field, shop, or study,
And would have a strong hand, and a face clean and
ruddy,
If we'd not have a head that's addled and muddy,
With our eyes all bunged up, and our noses all
bloody;
How shall we make or keep ourselves so, do you
think?
Why, just by having nothing but water to drink.

THE KITTEN OF WINGENHEIM.

(Continued from p. 175.)



THE roaring of the furious floods had abated. The water in the village now stood on a level with the river. Nothing could be seen around but a waste of waters, which had buried the property of the poor people. Here and there a wall broke down, or the roof of a house fell in. And, meanwhile, the voice of a child crying could be heard quite plainly.

'That is my Annie, my darling child!' cried the poor mother, as she wrung her hands weeping and lamenting.

'And Griesel's;' so the children asserted with one voice. For the moaning cry of the cat was also heard. Further and further off sounded the cries of the little Annie. Even the ears of the mother, lis-

tening breathless and in despair, could no longer hear them. The cries of the cat were still heard for some time. They sounded like a dirge over the dying child. At last this sound also ceased. Slowly and sadly that horrible night passed away, and the grey dawn shed its pale light over a scene of mourning and desolation. Barthel and his wife sorrowed and wept bitterly. They had lost a most precious treasure of their heart—their child, their darling child.

It is written, 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.' So the little Annie had her angel too, who should watch over and protect her in the wild waterfloods. The Almighty God, 'who maketh His angels spirits, and His ministers a flame of fire,' sent His angels to guard this little child.

When the water rose higher and higher in the room, so that the cradle floated, little Annie was sleeping in sweet slumbers, and the cat lay in bed at her feet. At last the partition of the room fell down, but without hurting the child; the outer wall too, soon after gave way, and the cradle driven hither and thither floated out into the open air. The sleeping child then awoke and cried for her mother. She indeed heard the voice of her darling, but could not help her child. But the cat lay mew-ing and caressing by little Annie's side. It seemed as if it wished to tell her that she was not altogether forsaken. It rubbed its head against the child's face, and licked her. Annie became quiet again, the fresh night-air cooled her hot cheeks, and she soon sank into a quiet sleep in her floating cradle.

By degrees the cradle drifted into the Rhine. The waves raged around it, the wind blew and drove it on. Then hour after hour passed away. The cradle with the child was carried further and further from its home and the house of its sorrowing parents. At last it floated opposite to a great stone bridge, which spanned the waters of the Rhine, close to a town. Between the piers of this bridge the waters eddied in a wild and dangerous whirlpool, and threatened to swallow up the cradle, together with the child and its four-legged companion.

Meanwhile it had become broad daylight. A great crowd of people stood upon the bridge and watched with eager and compassionate eyes the ruins of destruction which the waves of the Rhine were bearing downwards. Doors, casks, tables, chairs, beds, and furniture, were carried along by the strong stream, all witnesses of the terrible desolation which the flood had caused in the neighbourhood. Among them floated the cradle so well known to us. All eyes turned towards it with anxious sympathy. At last they saw the child which slept peacefully in its bed without suspecting the danger, in which now more than ever it was placed. At the lower end of the cradle sat Griesel looking around with its sharp eyes.

When she saw the people on the bridge, it seemed as if she expected help from them. Louder and more piteous than ever rose her cries which seemed to beg for the deliverance of her little mistress. But it was too late to hold back the frail raft from the

bridge and to rescue it from the waters. It was quickly carried down the stream into the eddy between the piers. With suspended breath, the spectators gazed down on the little cradle-boat. A thousand arms would gladly have snatched it from the waters if they could. But it was too late, already it was drawn into the whirlpool. The foaming waves twirled it round in circles. The cradle rocked first to the left then to the right. A loud cry of terror arose from the lips of the crowd. It leaned over, and seemed as if it must upset, but the cat quickly sprang to the other side. The cradle again righted itself. The stream bore it on and carried it out of the eddying whirlpool.

'Saved! saved!' sounded forth with joy from all sides, as the cradle now floated gently onwards in calmer water. A boat quickly put out from the shore, and soon brought cradle, cat, and baby, safely to land.

The waters of the flood had gradually abated. The village of Wingenheim looked desolate and sad indeed. Many houses were destroyed and their remains had floated away, others were much injured and threatened to fall. The trees were broken or uprooted. The gardens and fields were covered with sand and mud. But the industrious inhabitants were soon hard at work repairing their dwellings and clearing their fields.

Meanwhile, Barthel went with his wife, children, and cattle, to stay with his brother-in-law, who lived some miles from Wingenheim, higher up the Rhine. The poor man had suffered threefold pain and loss during that night. Like his neighbours he had to lament the destruction of his house and the desolation of his fields; but he, moreover, had lost his child, his sweet little Annie. Then came the illness of his wife, which greatly grieved him. The fright, the cold, and the grief which the sorrowing mother had suffered at the loss of her child, had brought on a dangerous attack of inflammation in the eyes, which almost deprived her of sight. All the ordinary remedies had been of no avail. At last the family heard of a celebrated eye-doctor, who lived in a town about sixteen miles off, and who had performed many successful cures. They determined to go to this man and try his skill for the suffering woman. As soon as the roads were a little better, Barthel hired a cart, in which, with his wife and children, he journeyed to the town to see this doctor.

A small village lay between them and the town to which they were driving. Here they stopped to feed and rest their horses. Meanwhile they talked to the friendly innkeeper. But how they were surprised, when they heard from him that a child, together with a cat, in a cradle had been saved from the flood, and that they were both now in the town before them. Halting was no longer to be thought of, they quickly got into the cart again. With beating hearts the farmer and his wife gazed at the town. Oh! if it were only true what they had heard! If their Annie, their sweet child, were indeed saved, and they could again take her in their arms and press her to their hearts! But, oh! if it were not true, and if it should be

another and a strange child that had been saved, and they had rejoiced in vain! Then, indeed, must their pain and sorrow awake again, and with renewed power.

At last they came to the city-gate; and questioned the first persons they met. They confirmed the report, and added that both child and cat had been kindly received in the house of the very eye-doctor whom they had come to consult. They at once hastened to his house, which was pointed out to them. They ran up the steps, and soon stood in the room. The father, with beating heart and stammering lip, asked the question which so agitated them. Trembling in every limb; now hoping, now desponding, the mother stood beside him. The children gazed round the room. Then the door opened. 'Griesel! Griesel!' they exclaimed, with a loud cry of joy as the well-known cat came into the room. Griesel purred with delight, rubbing herself against the children, who stroked and caressed her. Now, too, they discovered the cradle which stood in a corner of the room. The blind mother heard her child's cry of joy. 'Annie, my Annie,' she cried, with trembling lips, as she recognised the well-known tones of her child's voice in the next room, from whence the kind wife of the doctor now entered, carrying little Annie in her arms. With joy she placed her on her tender mother's breast. All pain was forgotten now, only words and looks of happiness were to be heard throughout that hospitable mansion, as the kind doctor and his wife and their servants rejoiced with those who had so unexpectedly found their child.

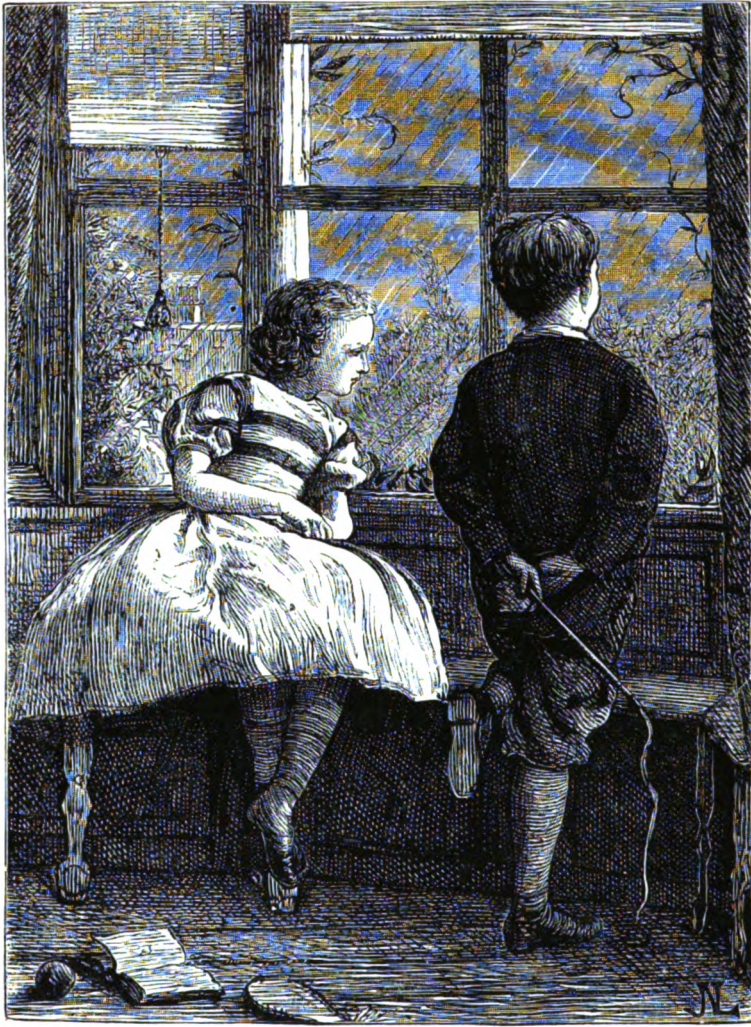
Our story is told. The house and fields of farmer Barthel look neat and cheerful again, and bear no traces of the desolation which had passed over them. His wife is quite well now, her eyes are bright and clear as before. Merry children play around her and rejoice her heart; among them is Annie, so marvellously saved, and who has now grown up to be a comely young woman. Griesel is long since dead; but over the farmer's house door at Wingenheim stands a stone figure of the faithful cat, who is still gratefully remembered; and Wilhelm often says, jokingly, to his mother or his sister, 'What a good thing it was that I exchanged my bread-and-butter that day, and saved the little kitten!'

THE RAIN SPRITE.

IT always does rain when I want to go out for a ride,' said Harry Douglas to his sister one summer afternoon. 'I do hate the rain, I wish it would never rain again; I am tired of books, and don't know what to do. I think I shall go to sleep.'

Harry then left the window, threw himself down upon the sofa, and was soon sleeping. By-and-bye Bessie, his sister, left the window and took up a book, every now and then watching her brother, who was tossing about in his uneasy slumber.

'I wonder what Harry is dreaming about,' thought Bessie, as she watched his face, and heard him from time to time uttering words that seemed to have no connexion with each other. Harry was dreaming,



and in his dream he found himself in a beautiful garden very much like his father's. Upon a rose-bush, just ready to fly, he saw the sweetest little creature he had ever beheld. It was about the size of one of Bessie's wax dolls, and had rosy cheeks, bright blue eyes, and long fair ringlets; its wings were bright and shiny, and sparkled like the spray of the fountain in the sunshine. The sweet little creature had a tiny waterpot in her hand, and when she held it down there came from it a most refreshing shower which watered the whole garden. Harry did not seem at all surprised at this, nor think it strange that so small a waterpot should contain water enough for the whole garden, because we are not often surprised at anything we see in our dreams. But presently he saw the pretty creature turn its blue eyes towards him with such a sad, melancholy look that he felt quite sorry for the

little thing, and said, 'Dear little fairy, for I suppose you must be one, why do you look so sad, and turn your eyes at me, and seem to reproach me so much? I am sure I would not hurt a hair of your head. You are the prettiest little thing I have ever seen. What a darling little waterpot you have, too! it looks like a large diamond. Oh! do wait until I come close to you and see you better, and your little waterpot.'

'No! No!' said the little fairy, whilst the tiny tears fell fast from her pretty blue eyes; 'no, I am going away at once, you will never see me again nor my waterpot, for you have just said you hate me, and wish I would never come any more. I am the Rain Sprite, and am sent to water the flowers, to fill the streams, the brooks, and the rivers. I make the corn grow and the fruit swell, and without me man would perish off the face of the earth, and

every living thing would be burnt up. I never pour out more rain than is necessary, and, although men grumble sometimes because I held out my little waterpot a long time, it is because of their ignorance, and because they do not know what is good for them. But now, as you hate me and wish me away, I go and shall never return.'

Harry was about to implore the little fairy to stay as long as she chose, and beg her to forgive him, when suddenly he felt intensely hot. The sun was pouring upon him its fiercest heat, and the fairy and her waterpot were gone. Harry made haste to get under the shade of a large oak, but he had not stayed there long before he saw the leaves begin to fall one by one, dry and withered to the ground. In a short time the tree was quite bare, and the sun's rays poured through and made him as hot as before. His lips began to be parched, and his tongue was quite dry; he longed for a draught of clear fresh water, so he ran to the fountain to quench his thirst, but to his dismay he saw the fountain had ceased to flow, and not one drop of water remained in the cistern. He now thought of the peaches and nectarines hanging upon the trees in the kitchen garden, and he opened the gate and hastened to the wall; but there he found all the trees withered and bare, and the fruit lying on the ground dried and shrivelled.

All this time the sun seemed to make him hotter and hotter; he pulled off his jacket for he could not bear it on any longer; the ground, too, was so hot that he could hardly walk.

'However,' he said, 'I will make one more trial, surely, I shall find some fruit in the orchard.' To the orchard he went, but alas! everything was dry and parched there. 'Perhaps I shall find some water in the house,' thought he, so he walked towards the house. On his way he met his favourite little pet dog Fido, panting with heat, and his tongue hanging out of his mouth; the dog looked reproachfully up into his master's face as if he would say, 'This is all your fault.'

When he got into the house he found there was no water, for the pump was dry. He then went to the dairy hoping to get a cup of milk, but the dairy-maid met him and said, 'There is no milk, Master Harry, for since you sent the rain away the cows have had no pasture, and have all died.'

He then went into the kitchen, and begged the cook to give him a crust of bread to put into his mouth as he could get nothing to drink; but the cook said, 'There is no bread, Master Harry; for since you sent the rain away the corn would not grow, and there is nothing to make it of.'

Harry now felt so hot, and weary, and faint, that he crept into the drawing-room and threw himself upon the sofa, and thought he must die. Whilst he was lying there he saw his sister coming to him. Upon her left arm lay the lifeless body of the Rain Sprite, and the waterpot was gone. He tried to speak, but his mouth was so parched that he could not utter a syllable. He now felt a violent trembling and shaking, and thought the house was falling to pieces, and he himself going through the floor. Suddenly he felt a severe shock which woke

him. Before him stood his sister holding her blue-eyed doll with its eyes shut in her left arm, and with her right she was shaking him.

'I thought I should never wake you,' she said; 'get up, Harry, the rain is over and the sun is shining so brightly upon your face. I wonder that did not wake you long ago.'

When Harry recovered himself thoroughly, he told his sister his dream, and made up his mind never to find fault with the weather again, or to complain of those things which God hath ordered by His providence, and over which we can have no control. When Harry's strange dream was told again, as the children had their evening chat with their father, he smiled at Harry's imaginary sufferings, but he said that the lesson to be learnt from the dream was a very good one,—namely, that God who ordered all things in heaven and earth, and maketh His sun to shine upon the evil and the good, and sendeth His rain upon the just and the unjust, knows better than His erring and sinful creatures what is for their good and what is not.

W. M.

A RIDE ON A WHALE'S BACK.

By Rev. Henry G. Johnston.



AT-TAT! 'Come in.' 'Captain Hinton presents his compliments to Mr. Johnston, and says that he has hoisted the Blue Peter, and hopes that he will come on board directly, as he intends to sail in a couple of hours.'

'Please to tell the captain that my traps are ready packed, and that most likely I shall be on board before him.'

The above dialogue between myself and the waiter occurred in the coffee-room of an hotel in Wellington, New Zealand, where I had taken up quarters previous to my departure in the barque *Belle Creole*, bound for Melbourne.

It was blowing 'great guns,'—blowing as it only knows how to blow in the neighbourhood of Cook's Strait, which is certainly the most 'windloved' spot in the circle of a sailor's experience. I hailed a shore-boat, and as the breeze was off shore, was quickly alongside. On gaining the deck I quickly came to the conclusion that *La Belle Creole* would no longer be classed at Lloyd's as 'A 1.' I perceived, too, that she was somewhat short-handed; the poop was deserted, and, as the spray from the driving gale had completely drenched the deck-house, the aspect of things in general was dismal enough.

I had just completed my survey when I spied the captain pulling up to the vessel in his gig. He was accompanied by three passengers—a Mr. Woods, a Mr. Plummer, and a venerable Nanny-goat. The two former were as pleasant fellow-passengers as it was ever my good fortune to meet. To make the acquaintance of our other fellow-passenger required

a little study and attention ; but, after the fright caused by a first trial of ship-life had subsided, a few tit-bits, such as broken biscuits, and the like, gradually established a firm friendship between Nanny and myself.

'Tumble up, tumble up,—Hand over hand with the capstan-bars,—Heave away, men, heave,—Come, Mr. Johnston and Mr. Woods, give us a hand in getting up the spanker.' Such were the orders rapidly given by Captain Hinton, and, as it was blowing a 'whole gale,' they were not easily obeyed.

At last, as the flukes of the anchor let go their grip on the holding ground, the ship sprang forward like a 'thing of life,' and being much too light in ballast, the way in which she heeled over to the tempest almost burying the lee topsail ear-ring in the water, was something fearful to witness.

But I fear lest the host of Chatterboxes may be getting impatient to know something about that which forms the title to this chapter, viz. my 'ride on the whale's back.'

'He is joking,' say some. 'The whale was dead,' say others. Now I have ridden on horseback somewhere in the Isle of Man, under the jaws of a whale, but my ride alluded to in the heading of this chapter was on a whale, not under its jaws, and on a live whale too, and that out in the middle of the ocean, and it happened in this wise:

About three hundred miles off Flinders Island, a glorious summer's morning found us assembled at breakfast in the deck-house of *La Belle Creole*. Captain Hinton, as master of the ceremonies, occupied his post at the head of the table. Mr. Plummer and Mr. Woods sat opposite me; whilst my elbow-companion was Madame Nanny-goat, and, if my memory were at all wanting in supplying her with her favourite delicacies on the table, I was immediately reminded of her wants by her fore-feet being placed on each of my shoulders. But our conversation and my attention to Nanny were both suddenly interrupted by a tremendous shock which caused a shiver in every timber of the old craft, and threatened to send adrift every article of breakfast ware. We were sailing about five knots an hour, and at the same moment as we felt the shock a mountain of water came over the bulk-head, sending a shower of spray to the fore-topsail, which it completely drenched. Our astonishment had not time to vent itself in words when again a most ominous sound struck on our ears,—'grate, grate, grate,' sounded along the ship's keel.

'Captain,' we all exclaimed, 'we've struck upon a sand-bank!'

'There are no sand-banks here,' he replied.

Our conjectures, however, were at once cut short by the man at the wheel crying out, 'We've struck upon a whale!' All of us at once rushed out, and leaning over the taff-rail were just in time to see the ship's keel slide off the whale's back. It seemed to us to be covered with blood and mud. The whale, when about a ship's length off, discharged a column of water through its 'blow-hole,' as a sort of return compliment for our uncourteous salutation.

In the course of many wanderings on the sea, and much intercourse with old whalers, I never have

heard of an adventure with a whale similar to the above, and in the hope that it may prove interesting to the readers of *Chatterbox*, I have given them the above account. The names of the ship-captain and passengers are all real, and I have no doubt if the two latter be still alive, and happen to see this chapter, they will readily recall the scene described in it, which occurred, to the best of my recollection, in 1854.

BLACK SNAKES.

A HAPPY child, a girl of ten,
When autumn's golden tints were glowing,
And yielding fruits from brake and glen,
From nature's bounteous lap o'erflowing ;

Went far into the tangled wild,
Her little pail with luscious treasure
Of berries ripe to fill—the child
Knew they would give her mother pleasure ;

And still the little maid went on,
And picked and gleaned till she grew weary.
She lost her way, the track was gone,
And, ah ! the wood was lone and dreary.

The land was not a land like ours—
From shingly mounds, and holes of hiding,
Leaving their trail on grass and flowers,
Snakes, many-striped, were often gliding.

A freezing horror chilled my blood
When first I heard what there befell her
Within that lone and darksome wood.
Alas ! the mother, who shall tell her !

The child ne'er saw her home again ;
And when the shades of eve were falling,
The parents sought for her in vain,
Their darling's name still wildly calling.

Kind neighbours came, the search was sped—
In wood, in wild, in brake, they sought her.
They sought in vain, till hope had fled—
The child was dead, and so they thought her !

Six wintry months had come and gone,
The earth was robed in summer glory ;
And then to mourning friends was known
The fearful sequel of my story.

Some youths who to the wilds had gone
Saw there a scene, the most appalling.
All o'er a spot they came upon
Were many black snakes, twisting, crawling—

Close by—a thing of dread and fear—
A little skeleton was lying.
They told the tale—soon far and near,
And all around, the news was flying.

As white and smooth as ivory lay
The bones, no speck of flesh remaining ;
Devoured ere it had felt decay
By swarming snakes, the young blood draining.

A little pile, all rusted brown,
Beside the small, white bones was lying.
'My child, my child!—it was her own !'
They heard the sobbing mother crying !

They fired the reptiles' hole, and then
 A hundred hissing snakes came swarming
 Out from the foul and fetid den,
 A sight most hideous and alarming.

Sad mother, weeping for thy child,
 A woeful mother shares thy mourning !
 'My son too strayed into the wild,
 I sought, but saw not his returning.

Oh, early lost, my son, my son !
 He strayed afar, in quest of pleasure ;
 But found, ere he his quest had won,
 The serpent-sting for promised treasure.

They told me, and I stood aghast,
 That on a spot where snakes were swarming,
 A form, 'twas his, they found at last—
 A sight of horror, strange, alarming.

A skeleton, a ghastly heap
 Of naked bones, 'twas thus they found him ;
 By snakes devoured in drunken sleep,
 The reptiles' holes yawned thickly round him.

Ah, pleasure-seeking youth ! beware
 The fiery curse your thousands doom
 To early death, disgrace, despair,
 The mind, the heart, the flesh consuming !

JANET HAMILTON.

A JUVENILE SERMON-WRITER.

ONE day, many years ago, a number of guests were staying at the country-house of a French lady, among them the clergyman of the place. To the regret of the company, he wished to return home very early, as he said that he had to prepare his sermon for the next morning.

'A sermon !' said the lady's son, a boy of twelve years old. 'A sermon ! tell me the text, and I will write it for you.'

Every one laughed at this proposal.

'Well, we will try,' replied the clergyman, in jest ; 'I can manage to stay a few hours longer here, and still have time to finish my sermon.'

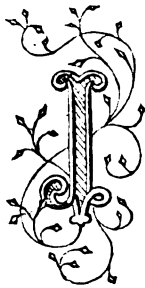
With these words, he gave the boy the text of the sermon, and he at once set to work, while the company, who only looked upon the affair as a joke, continued to amuse themselves, talking loudly around the sermon-writer.

When at last the clergyman said he must go, the boy handed him a paper with the words, 'Here is your sermon.'

The clergyman took the manuscript with a smile, and said, 'Well, now we will see what this beautiful discourse is like,' and he read the first few lines aloud in a pathetic sort of voice ; but he soon became more serious, and at last all the listeners were filled with astonishment and admiration, no one could understand how a boy of twelve years old could write down such beautiful thoughts.

The next day the clergyman really preached the boy's sermon. The lad who wrote it was Alphonse de Lamartine, the greatest living poet in France, and who, by the charm of his eloquence upon a savage mob, saved his country from a second Reign of Terror in 1848.

J. F. C.



BLESSBOCK AND YOUNG.

IF my young readers go to the Zoological Gardens, they will see three or four fine specimens of this South African antelope. Should they go soon enough, they will still find the contrast of colour between the young and its dam, which induced me to make the drawing, as it illustrates, in a remarkable way, the sometimes *total opposition* in colour of young animals to their parents. One is inclined to believe that it is done by the Creating Power for greater protection ; since the difference in coat would help to conceal the tender offspring from a pursuing enemy. Animals of prey always find the young and weakly an easier booty, hence they look out for them. But the spotted fawn is not so easily seen as its more uniformly-coloured mother : so in the same way the young blessbock would be more like in colour to the dry grass and sand around him, while the brightly-coloured, almost black and white full-grown animal is easily seen, and of course would engage the attention of the pursuer. Of course we can only in the greatest humility venture on such an explanation, as very often also *no* such difference exists between old and young animals.

But when we see so many instances which seem to invite the thought, we may perhaps further believe that in these cases some other means of protection are given instead of the one of which we speak.

All animals know how to take advantage of surrounding objects in hiding themselves. It requires considerable practice, for instance, to see a hare in her 'form.' I have been told that sometimes only a tutored eye can see the red-deer on the Scotch hills ; and that a tiger or leopard, asleep under a wild-rose bush in India, is only to be made out with the greatest difficulty. Even the bright blackcock can so place himself, that he melts into the trunk of a tree or the stick of a furze-bush ; but we find the weaker female a colour which entirely fades into the surrounding earth and heather ; while the tiny chicks, when first hatched, do so still more.

Many more examples like this could be named, and it will be a useful exercise for young minds to find out such whenever there is a chance ; but I hope this will always be done *without the gun or the sacrifice of life*. Nothing is more grievous to me than cases of stuffed bird-parents and their tiny broods, wasted in that way. One can study things without destroying them. A live bird flying away is better than a dead one with cotton and wire inside.

But where is my Blessbock ? I quite forgot him. Well, safe in the picture, I trust ; and putting him there does not kill him. As the young animal grows older, it becomes more and more like the parent, and the fawn-coloured face only shows dirty-looking patches, or streaks of the early hue.

I will name the chief differences between the two. The general colour of the young one is sub-



The Blessbock and Young, from Life by F. W. KEYL.

duced, and light in tone, while the adult is bright white and dark. The face of the calf is fawn with light cheeks, that of the dam white with dark cheeks. The young one's tail is tipped with white, the adult with black. The outer part of the nostril is light in the calf, and dark in the other, the inner part being reversed. The back of the adult is lighter than the sides. The sides of the young are

somewhat lighter than the back. Only in the insides of the ear and underneath the belly they are alike; but the adult has white legs, and the calf fawn-coloured ones.

The word 'Bless-bock' is Dutch, and means a buck with a white face. The white star or face of a horse or cow is called 'bless' in Dutch—'bless' comes, from a word which means pale.

Chatterbox.



WILLIAM AND BERNARD;

OR, INDUSTRY AND SLOTH.

From the German, by James F. Cobb, Esq.



THE July sun had risen over the woods, and the meadow, which lay hidden within it, was glistening in the morning dew; the little brook which ran through it sparkled merrily. A few alder-bushes divided the meadow into two portions, belonging to two different proprietors who lived in the neighbouring village. The white cows of the one were already grazing on the dewy grass, while Bernard, the cowherd-boy, lay stretched upon his sack spread out upon the ground before an alder-bush, and peeped now and then through the leaves; he was anxious to see the arrival of his companion William, who attended to the cows of the other farmer. At last a shepherd's cry and the crack of a whip was heard from the wood, and soon the frolicsome cattle bounded out from among the trees and ran out into the meadow. 'Ah! how he will stare!' said Bernard, with a contented chuckle, and peered through the bushes.

But William stood for a moment as if he were petrified, at the edge of the meadow, his merry cry seemed to have been suddenly stopped in his throat. 'Oh, my mills and wheels!' he exclaimed.

He listened; but the cheerful clattering which before had greeted him every morning was silent now. He hastened down the meadow to the brook,—the works of his boyish hand, all his pride lay in ruins. There, when his cows were grazing in the pastures, he had planned and built these little mills on many pleasant days: in several places the brook had been dammed up with turf and stones; gutters had been made through which the water rushed down and turned the mill-wheel which he had cut himself, on both sides of which and connected with it hammers were placed, which fell with a loud report on bits of broken earthenware, so that many a wood-gatherer in the adjoining forest had wondered at the strange sound which proceeded from the meadow. William's first business, as soon as he arrived with his cattle in the early morning, was to survey all his works throughout the whole length of the meadow; and his delight was, if all the wheels went merrily round, and every hammer had continued its appointed work during the night.

And to-day he had come with double eagerness; for yesterday evening he had accomplished his masterpiece,—an axle moved by a strong stream of water placed a saw stuck into the cleft of a board in motion, and the two wooden men who, dressed in coloured coats, were placed, one above, the other under, the board, holding the saw at both ends, bobbed up and down like two regular sawyers. It was a very dark evening when he came home with his cows, and he had dreamt at night about his two little men in the meadow. 'Whether all was going on right,' was his first thought when he entered the meadow from the wood.

Alas! alas! the two men were gone, the water dam torn up, axle and saw broken, the rags of the red coats were lying on the bank, and the other mill-dams all along the brook were pulled up and destroyed, the hammers taken up and broken; ruins and fragments were everywhere to be seen. With a sad gaze William beheld this desolation, then he sat down beside the path and cried. Every one's heart hangs upon his own creations, and so did the heart of this boy upon his self-planned and self-created trifles,—to him it was as if his entire happiness lay in ruins.

'Perhaps my moss hut too,' he exclaimed, and he jumped up and hurried to the margin of the forest. Yes, his moss hut, too, upon which he had worked for so long a time that under its shade and shelter he might be able to watch his flocks, was destroyed too; its posts and rafters were strewn about, and its moss scattered to the four winds.

'And my sun-dial?' he cried, and ran into the midst of the meadow; the post on which it had been fastened still stood; but the slate on which he had worked for weeks to draw the dial was torn off and lay in fragments around, the finger which had often told him when it was noon as well as the hour to return home, was gone altogether.

Thus, all the works of the little thoughtful, mechanical genius were destroyed, and he hung upon the neck of his favourite cow, who seemed to understand him, and stood quite still, as the boy sobbed and wept.

But through the alder-bushes which marked the division from the neighbour's meadow a pair of cold, cruel eyes gloated on the boy's sorrow. At last William came slowly up along the brook. Bernard closed his eyes as if he were asleep. William looked for him all through the neighbour's meadow, and at last he saw him lying behind the bushes, and came up to him. 'Bernard,' he said gently.

'Oh! let me sleep,' replied he, and turned round.

'Bernard,' he said again, 'all my works are destroyed; everything is broken up.'

'What works?' answered Bernard, pretending to gape.

'My mills and hammers, my new sawyers, my moss hut and sun-dial,' replied William, sorrowfully.

'If that is all,' said Bernard, 'I see no reason why you should have waked me up.'

'Bernard, don't you know who has done it?' asked William gently, but sadly.

'Ah! what do I know about your chattering mills and pumping men?' replied the other contemptuously, and threw himself upon the other side.

'Bernard, did you do it?' asked William, still more gently than before.

'What are all your tomfooleries to me? I would not move my little finger about the whole lot of them,' cried the other surlily, and jumped up as if he wished to fetch one of his cows who was grazing close by. William followed him and asked him again—

'Bernard, are you quite sure that you did not do it? No one else can have been here this morning.'

'Have I to watch who passes through the meadow in the night or in the morning?' replied Bernard, in

an insolent tone. 'I have got something else to do than that. Go and look after your own cows and leave me in peace!'

William went back sadly to his cattle, and Bernard grinned after him, then threw himself down upon his sack again, and sang in a rollicking voice somewhat in this strain:

'I have never done any good in my life,
And never mean to either;
One can see pretty well by the feathers I wear,
What sort of a bird I am.'

William walked along the brook-side, and gathered up all the fragments which might be useful if he should ever erect his broken works again, and hid them, as Bernard was now some distance off, in a secret place where the brook lost itself in the forest, for to-day he felt no desire to build anything new. But he kept as far away from his neighbour as possible, he confined his cows to the furthest and narrowest part of the meadow, that he might see and hear nothing of him; and sometimes after he had been quietly absorbed in his sad thoughts, he would sigh, and say, 'He did it—certainly he did it.'

To-day he only now and then carved at a wooden spoon, and gathered at the edge of the wood strawberries and whortleberries, both for the three-year-old son of the village blacksmith, whose house he passed on his way home; the child was already accustomed every evening, as soon as he heard the lowing of the first cow, to hasten out to wait for William, and stretch out his hands as if to ask if he had brought anything for him. But at the sight of Bernard the child always retreated, for he never gave him anything, but made ugly faces at him.

Whilst William was thus sitting cutting at the spoon, he suddenly stopped to listen, for he heard the sound of the hoofs of a horse on the road which came out of the forest, and shortly after he heard a voice,—

'Hallo, there! where am I?' quite an unusual sound in this lonely wooded solitude. He hastened towards the place, and saw from a distance that a horseman had stopped there, who was calling out again to Bernard, 'Tell me, my lad, where am I?'

'In the meadow,' replied Bernard, carelessly, without getting up from his sack upon which he lay stretched, with his elbows stuck in the ground, and his chin resting on all his hands.

'Yes, yes, in the meadow, I see that,' said the horseman, smiling, as he did not know whether to impute the boy's answer to stupidity or impudence; 'but in what meadow?'

'In the Fränke meadow,' replied Bernard, still in the same position.

'Well, that may be its name,' said the horseman; 'but to what parish does it belong?'

'To ours,' was the reply.

'Excellent answers one receives here!' said the horseman. 'I will once more ask you another question; are you acquainted with a lead-mine somewhere in the mountain known by the name of Morgensegen?'

'Yes,' replied the lad, comfortably stretched out. 'How far is it from here?'

'A good pipeful of tobacco off.'

'A very exact inclination!' exclaimed the horseman; 'but, tell me, can you direct me to the way thither?'

'Yes,' yawned Bernard, without moving.

'Well?'

'Up through the thicket, then to the right, past the stone quarry, then over the Durrbach, then by the fox's oak, then past the place where last year the ox gored the shepherd to death, then —'

'Stop!' cried the horseman; 'your directions may be all very well for yourselves, but not for me. But listen to me; I have been riding about the whole morning, up hill and down hill, and have got so confused, that I cannot find my way at all. Will you come a short distance with me till I am quite clear as to the direction of the mine? Well, will you?'

'No,' muttered the lad.

'Why not then?'

'I have no time.'

'No time?' replied the horseman. 'In this meadow, deep in the forest, none of your cows will run into the corn. Now, come; be obliging.'

'No; no one has told me that I am to show the way to other people. I don't want to, either!' replied Bernard, as carelessly as before, and still in the same lazy posture.

'Now listen to me, lad!' cried the horseman, angrily; 'you ought to be painted from head to foot, and your picture sent to the Exhibition.'

'You can do so if you like,' replied the lazy fellow.

'Or, better still, your breakfast and supper should be served to you with a horsewhip.'

'Ha! ha!' grinned the boy.

'Good sir, come, I will show you the way so that you may know it quite well;' thus, quite unexpectedly, did the gentle voice of William meet the stranger's ear; quietly and modestly he had approached during the conversation. The horseman, surprised, turned round and said,—

'My good lad, will you? then I won't waste any more words upon this surly fellow. But where have you come from in this wilderness?'

'I am taking care of the cattle down there in the other meadow; they belong to Schäfermeyer of Willigshein, a good hour from here.'

'Willigshein!' said the stranger. 'Now I know that I have come a long way out of my path; still, I know what part of the world I am in. Then you will be so good as to come?'

'Willingly, sir, and at once,' replied William. 'Bernard!' he cried down to his comrade, 'will you now and then give half-an-eye to my black and white cow; she sometimes takes it into her head to stray into the wood; the others are quite safe; do you hear?'

'All right—go along,' murmured the other, grinning through his fingers.

'Look you, lazy dog!' cried the horseman, before he turned off into the forest with William, 'you might have earned this piece of money,' and at the same time he held up a silver coin.

(To be continued.)



Gold Diggers.

above Melbourne, in Australia. I had lain for ages concealed under a rock of quartz, when all at once the pick of James Green—a ne'er-do-well in England, who had emigrated to 'try his luck' abroad—broke the rock above me into

The STORY of a LUMP of GOLD. PART I.

THE place where I first saw the light was on the banks of a river some hundred miles

pieces, and revealed me lying there in the light of day, an irregular-shaped nugget of shining gold.

At first I did not know what to make of the strange things around. Though very near to my

birthplace, they were all new to me. The scene was a valley, with a river, flowing between banks which rose into hills, on the tops of which I could see trees.* Upon almost every spot there were men engaged in digging, picking, and boring the ground. The river was turbid and muddy, and in it, up to their knees, stood other men washing and cleaning earth. Some blackened stumps of trees on the river banks, showed where fires had been, and there were a few log-houses in sight.

I had to take a hasty glance at all this, for Green, the man who had found me, began soon to cover me up again. I concluded by this he did not want me, but I was deceived, for in a few hours he returned and lifted me up with his hand. I could not see the hills nor the trees now, and guessed that it must be night, and that the man wanted to keep me secret.

I next found myself in a sort of long leather bag, in company with many other pieces of gold, some mere grains, others larger, but all smaller than myself. This bag was worn by the man round his waist both by day and night, except when it was taken off to receive fresh pieces. By the extra care he took of his belt, I concluded that we, pieces of metal, were valuable.

When the belt was quite full and as heavy as he could carry, I found myself one day undergoing a different motion to that which I usually felt. There was less noise around, and the 'pick, pick,' of the axe seemed to have ceased altogether. Noises of a different kind, however, by-and-bye began — shrieks, laughter, chattering, which seemed to come from above. I was puzzled what they could mean till I heard Green say, 'Bother the birds, they quite stun me;' and then I knew that the sounds came from the 'laughing jackass,' the parrot, and the bell-bird. So I knew that we must now be in the forest, and that Green was making a journey.

One day there were other sounds — the voices of men, the tramping of feet, and the report of a pistol. Green received a shot and fell backwards, and of course I fell with him. The robbers searched his clothes, took away his belt, and then went on further into the wood, leaving their victim lying senseless on the ground, bleeding from a wound.

In an hour or so they stopped, made a fire, sat down about it, and began to divide the spoil. There were five men in all — four white men, similar to those I had seen at the diggings, and one with a dark skin, who was only partly dressed. One of the men said, 'Mates, it seems to me that here are about a hundred ounces of gold. A good deal of it is dust, and we can easily measure it into four parts; that will be twenty-five ounces a-piece — above a hundred pounds in money.'

Another answered, 'Yes; about that; and a good morning's work.' Then taking me up in his hand, he continued, 'I have taken a fancy to this lump here; it cannot weigh above six ounces. If the rest consent to let me have it, I will make it up to them, by taking the smallest share.'

'Agreed,' said the others; and so I passed into the possession of a new owner, who, putting me into

his pocket, said further, 'We will now part. I shall return to Melbourne. We all must keep this affair quiet. After all, it is only what each of us would have suffered if we had been alone instead of in company.'

'Of course,' said another, and as to the man we left lying on his back, he is all right by this time, and can go back again to the diggings for more gold.'

At this there was a general laugh, and my new owner, calling the native to 'come with him towards Melbourne,' made signs of leaving.

The others took different directions, and so the robbers parted.

(To be continued.)

A FABLE FOR YOUNG READERS.



ONCE there was a benevolent fairy who thought that her people had done wrong in confining all their gifts to mankind who had long since ceased to be worthy of their glass-slippers, magic rings, wonderful mirrors, and pretty little luck-pence; her heart burned to be of service to the brute creation. So she stepped up to a cow which was grazing by the way-side.

'Cow,' said she, 'what do you wish for most in the whole world? If you will tell me you shall have it.'

The fairy was not much bigger than a grasshopper, and the old cow thought it was very presumptuous in her to pretend to have so much power.

'However, there is no telling,' thought the Cow, 'for those little flies that torment me so much are a great deal smaller than she is.'

Then the Cow said, 'If I might have my wish, I would be a bird. I do not like to be tied up in the barn every night, and never to be allowed to go but into one pasture. The birds have no troubles; they are free and happy. They can fly away from danger, and in winter they can warm themselves by the sun. They are at liberty to go all round the world, and gather information from every country. I am weary of this life of slavery and sameness.'

When the fairy heard these words, she touched her with a little wand, and the Cow changed to a bird, and flew merrily away.

Soon after the fairy met a robin, and she said, 'Pretty Robin, what should you most like in the world?'

'I should like to be a whale,' said the bird; 'I think it is very degrading to be such a little mite of a creature as I am; I always look on everything large with envy. Besides, I should like to live far down under the water, because I should be safe there; hawks could not find me, nor the stones of cruel boys reach me.'

The fairy thought he was a foolish bird, but she did as he wished her; and he plunged into the water with a mighty noise.

As the fairy stood by the sea-shore she saw

* See the picture.

another great whale afar off, and she jumped into a tiny shell, and went to the Whale to ask him if he were happy,

'No, I am not,' replied the Whale; 'but I am sure I should be if I had been made a horse, instead of being a whale. Those beautiful creatures do not have to wait upon themselves; they are fed and tended, and their coats brushed to shine like the sun. No harpooners pursue them; they live in plenty and die in peaceful old age.'

'It is very strange,' said the fairy, 'that every one should be unhappy where God has placed them; how true it is that each one knows his own sorrows better than those of another!'

She granted the Whale his wish and flew away, well contented that she had that day done three benevolent actions.

The next year the kind-hearted fairy sought out the creatures she had changed, and asked them if they were very happy.

'Oh, I was very silly,' said the Cow, 'when I changed the petty troubles I had known and tried for greater ones I had never heard of. I was a fool to think there was more freedom in the air than on the earth. I have lived in perpetual terror of the hawks and the stones. Oh, I wish I were a cow again!'

The fairy changed her to a cow, and the grass tasted sweeter to her than it ever did.

Upon inquiry the fairy found that the others were as unhappy as the cow had been. The Whale, wounded by sword-fish and pursued by harpoons, was longing to breathe the sweet air of heaven once more, and to build its nest among the green summer boughs; while the Horse, whipped and goaded during the day and tied up through the night, longed for the freedom of the waves again.

And thus it is with mortals. Every one wishes to be what he is not. The poor man thinks that poverty is peculiar in its trials and temptations; he thinks that, if he were rich, he would never more be troubled with care, but, not knowing that the rich man is often weary of a world that has no new excitement to offer, embittered by ingratitude, and sickened with the heartless flattery of contending heirs. Contentment is the whole of wisdom. Mortals cannot escape a mingled destiny. For wise purposes there is a drop of bitterness at the fountain; it mixes with all the waters of life; and, whether we drink from an earthen or a golden cup, we cannot escape our portion of trouble.

AN ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

AMONG the many great forests of East Russia, the largest is called the *Johannisburg*, which is not far from the Polish frontier. It is fifty miles long and twenty broad.

It was a cold winter evening. The sun had long set, and the moon was obscured by a thick veil of clouds, when a sledge drove through the dark and silent forest.

'It is very late, dear husband,' said a lady's voice in the sledge, 'and still we are not yet out of the

narrow by-roads and in the great highroad. I am more and more afraid that we have lost the way.'

'We must not fear the worst, wife,' answered the gentleman sitting beside her.

'Give me the reins, Hans,' he said to the coachman, 'and light the lanterns.'

But Hans tried several times in vain to light them while he got down from the sledge and his master held the reins, for a furious wind began to shake the tops of the trees, and flakes of snow whirled about in wild confusion.

'Ah! well, there is no need of the lamps, for there is the old acquaintance, wife, past which I have driven often and often on my way from the town to our estate; I greet you warmly;' and the gentleman, who was about fifty years old, and whose upright appearance and military bearing showed him to be an officer, stood up, took off his fur cap, waved it high, and saluted a large, stately pine, whose branches hung heavily down with their weight of snow.

'Keep to the left, Hans, and hold the chestnut tightly in. Though the road is not visible for the snow, there need be no fear now, if you only keep to the left.'

'Very well, sir.'

The sledge proceeded. The captain, wrapped up in his fur cloak, his cap drawn down over his ears, stroking his moustache, and quite at ease again, sat beside his wife, who leaned in fear on her husband's shoulder, also wrapped up in a warm fur, for the air was terribly cold. The storm howled fearfully, the snow fell thicker and thicker, the forest grew darker and darker.

'Don't you see any light, Hans?'

'No, sir.'

The captain opened his cloak, pulled out his watch, and tried to see the time.

'We have driven two hours already; hum—I can't make it out at all—Hans, no light yet?'

'No, sir.'

'Pull up the horses.'

The sledge stopped. The captain alighted, and looked all round. It was a dreadful moment for the lady sitting in the sledge. Calmly, with anxious countenance, the captain looked up at the trees which stood on both sides of the road in forms which could now scarcely be discerned. The impatient horses stamped in the snow, the storm raged more and more furiously, the snow-flakes fell in thicker masses, the cold became even more intense.

The captain's wife sank back in the sledge as he whispered to his servant, 'We have completely lost our way!' for by her husband's manner she guessed the import of his words.

'Be calm, dear wife; do not be frightened. I hope that we shall soon reach *Adamsheide*, and then arrive home early in the morning.'

The captain got up in the sledge again. 'Hans, drive on; I hope our good fortune will——' but he could not finish his sentence, the storm had increased to a hurricane, it drowned his voice, but brought with it a distant, peculiar, wailing tone.

'Almighty God! be with us to help us!—Wolves! wolves!' cried the lady.

'Be calm, dear wife, be calm. Drive on, Hans, with all speed!' and the captain struck the strong horses with his stick, so that the sledge darted forward; but quicker still the storm bore on the howl of the pursuing wolves, growing louder and louder.

The captain pressed a kiss upon his wife's forehead, hid her deeper in the sledge, and drew from the pocket of his cloak two horse-pistols. He examined them, they were well loaded.

'Now, God be with us, dear wife! It will all be well, I trust. It is a long time since I have faced an enemy. Let the greedy fellows only come, I will riddle their coats for them, so that they will get more than they bargain for.'

The grim wolves did not keep them waiting long. Taking long leaps, they sprang up behind the sledge; the eyes of the dreadful brutes glowed like balls of fire through the darkness. Onwards flew the sledge; nearer and nearer came the wolves; already they were howling close to the unfortunate travellers, and the old soldier's fingers were itching to fire off one of his pistols at the beasts; but, as he had only two charges, he must save these for the last extremity.

Then a large, powerful wolf sprang upon the back of the chestnut horse; a flash—a loud report—the horse and wolf together sank to the ground—the sledge stopped. An awful howl—a piercing shriek from the terrified lady—all this in one moment.

The well-aimed shot sunk into the wolf's head, but it had also wounded the horse's hind foot, and caused him to fall; a violent gust of wind threw the sledge over, and the captain's wife suddenly saw behind her the other pursuers. Deliverance now was only possible if the sledge could be put right again, for three of the hungry wolves had rushed upon the fallen horse; the others were looking, some for the sledge, some for the grey horse, who was defending himself with violent kicks.

'Oh!—my husband!'

The captain, standing ready for the battle, turned round, and saw his wife sink into a fainting-fit, and close by her a huge wolf, who had reached the back of the sledge and was holding on to it with his teeth. In a moment the captain sprang behind him and fired off the second pistol at the wolf. The darkness and the excitement this time caused him to miss his aim, and the wolf was just about to spring upon the unfortunate lady, when a blow from the butt-end of the pistol struck his nose, and he fell down howling and bleeding.

At the same moment the brave Hans righted the sledge, and, with his master's sword, cut the traces of his fallen horse, and then sprang on the back of the other horse and urged it on by voice and whip. The grey horse, excited by the howling of the wolves and the cries of the coachman, started off with the sledge and its occupants over the snowy ground. The wolves threw themselves furiously upon the horse which had been left to them for a prey, and, whilst they greedily fought over the flesh of the poor beast, those who had so mercifully been delivered hastened onwards.

It proved that they were not far from the inn at Adamsneide, the people of which had heard the pistol-shots, and come out with lanterns and torches;

so that, in an hour after their terrible adventure, the captain and his wife sat by the warm fire in the inn, and both thanked God for their deliverance from such a horrible death.

J. F. C.

"IF I SHOULD DIE BEFORE I WAKE."

LITTLE Willie's mother, being in a hurry, put him to bed one night without his saying his prayer.

"Are you asleep, brother?" said he.

"No," was the reply.

"Let us get up and pray, then."

"Why, it is all dark, Willie."

"Never mind, we will take hold of each other's hand, and then we won't mind the dark, and you know God can see as plainly as if it were light."

"But it's cold," said Frank.

"We'll soon get warm when we get back into bed. Will you come, brother?"

"Mother said it was no matter, she said she'd hear us in the morning."

"Maybe God will not take care of us till morning if we do not ask Him, brother. Will you come?"

"Mother knows best," said Frank; "and she said never mind."

After a while, Frank asked, "Where are you, Willie?"

"By the bed, brother; I will pray for you too."

When he got into bed again, Willie said, "I wish you'd pray too, but I asked God to take care of you to-night, and I think He will. Brother, if I should die to-night I would not be afraid. I don't think it's hard to die."

"I do; I never want to die. I don't believe there's any kites or tops in heaven," said Frank.

"But nurse says the angels have crowns of gold and harps, and they play such beautiful music."

"I would rather spin my top than play tunes on a harp," said Frank.

"It is praising God. Oh, brother, if you would only pray, you would love to praise Him."

The next morning mother asked, "Where is Willie?"

"He's asleep yet," said Frank; "I spoke to him, but he did not wake."

"Then I will keep some breakfast warm for him; I do not think Willie is well."

After telling a strange dream, Frank said, "When I awoke his eyes were only half closed, that made me think at first that he was awake, and his lips were parted. I whispered, 'Willie, Willie!' but it did not wake him. Then I laid my hand on him, but he was so cold. So when I found he did not get warm all night, I put the bedclothes tight around him, and did not try to wake him again."

A strange story this. The mother's heart understood it. She ran to Willie's bedroom, and found him cold and pale in death.

He lay down to sleep—and woke in heaven!





A FOX IN A TRAP.

CUNNING animals, like sly people, do not always escape, as our picture shows us. The fox is the most cunning as well as the most mischievous of all animals. No hens or chickens are safe from him unless well protected or under cover. He is so sly, that he always avoids open fields by daylight, and hides among rocks or thick brushwood, thus the huntsman's chase for the fox is not always successful. He outwits dogs and avoids shots, so that farmers and others are obliged to have resort to different plans for capturing their mischievous foe, and traps are frequently set in places where Master Reynard is likely to pass.

In England, the fox is generally protected, that he may give sport to the hunters, but in other countries it is not so; and when the huntsman sets out at dawn on a dewy morning in June or July

with his gun under his arm, and goes to inspect his traps, he rejoices if he find a scene such as that which our artist has depicted with so much skill.

Here is an old fox caught in the trap with four of her young ones around her, who have been attracted to the spot from some distance by her piteous moaning, but, alas! the cubs can render no assistance to their poor mother. The forester is delighted, but it is a sad sight. The poor animal is suffering great pain, and is utterly exhausted; her reddish brown eyes, so sparkling in health, are now fixed and dull. The little foxes too, are distressed at their mother's sufferings; she tries to escape, but all in vain. He is a kind man who with a couple of blows puts the poor fox out of her misery.

J. F. C.

Chatterbox.



'Wear a Smile.'



WEAR A SMILE.

HIGH will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make everybody around you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is immense, if you will only show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, by cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy. Which will you do?

If you will take an old man's advice you will wear a pleasant countenance; let joy beam in your eye, and love laugh on your lip. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and throughout the day when about your daily business.

WILLIAM AND BERNARD.

(Continued from page 187.)

ALL right—I hear,' grunted Bernard in the same tone as before, as he stretched his hands behind his head, and raising a gruff shout, kicking his legs into the air, he sang,—

'One sees by the feathers I wear
What sort of a bird I am.'

William beckoned to the horseman, and went on first; the rider threw the reins over his horse's neck and followed. It was slow work up the stony path, and the horseman had plenty of time to chat with his guide, and was pleased with his good tempered and sensible answers. He soon knew the little story of his life, from his birth to the present moment; that his name was William Herwarth; that he had never known his mother; that his father, a poor wood-cutter, had lost his life two years ago; that since then, during the winter half of the year, he boarded with a good, kind aunt, and then could go to school, while during the other half of the year he kept Schäfermeyer's cattle, and then took his Catechism out with him into the meadow; but that, although the other children went to school all the year round, at the last examination he had received a prize from the pastor, as a mark of his satisfaction, a large picture, and two books in red bindings, and that the pastor had promised to allow him to receive his first Communion next Easter, although he wanted seven months of being fourteen years old.

While he was relating all this, the road turned round the summit of a hill, from whose pine-clad sides jagged masses of rock peeped out.

'This is probably the stone quarry which your comrade mentioned,' said the horseman. 'But tell me what sort of a fellow is that. Does he attend school diligently in winter, and in summer take his

Catechism out with him, and at examination does he have pictures and books given him as a reward for his industry?'

To all these questions followed a hesitating 'No,' by which it could be remarked that William was sorry not to be able to say 'Yes.'

'And what is the lad's name?'

'His name is Bernard Vierkant.'

'Well, do you find him a pleasant companion?'

William was silent and sighed.

'No! you don't get on with him?'

'Oh, yes; pretty well,' said William.

'Tell me, then,—the lad interests me so much that I want to know more about him,—are you good friends?'

Then William's face looked very sad, and he told the stranger about all the pretty things which he had made to amuse himself with when he was not learning his Catechism; about his mills and hammers, his red-coated sawyers, his sun-dial and moss-hut, and what pleasure he had had in them all, and how that morning, when he first came into the meadow, he had found them all destroyed; and how he could not believe that any one, except Bernard, had done it, for that late yesterday evening everything was in the best order, no one could have gone into this wilderness during the night, and early in the morning, too, no one could have been there before him.

'Shame upon him!' exclaimed the stranger; 'shame upon this wicked, mischievous destroyer of another's happiness! My lad, you should have told me this down below in the meadow, I would have made my horse whip dance upon the lazy back, the long ears of the good-for-nothing fellow! Shame upon him! he would rather lie yawning upon his sack than move hand or foot to make such pretty things, and then he will not allow you the delight of watching those works which you have planned with a thoughtful mind and executed with skilful hand! Shame! But I must praise you for knowing how to make such employment of your time in this solitude—this will keep you from bad thoughts, and also teach you many a handiwork which afterwards may turn out to your advantage. Go on with such things! Continue to learn diligently, do your duty to God, be kind to every one, as I have found you to be to-day—and you will see that you will prosper, but I cannot prophesy much good of your comrade. What did you say your names were?' he said, after a pause.

'William Herwarth and Bernard Vierkant,' replied the boy.

'And both from Willigshein? Well, I shall make a note of it,' said the gentleman, as he stopped his horse, took out a pocket-book, and wrote a few lines in it. 'Who knows? I may hear something more of you another time, and how you are getting on in life. I come from time to time into this neighbourhood. I shall be very much pleased, should I hear that William Herwarth has grown up to be a good man, and is living in prosperous circumstances; but, on the contrary, should not be surprised to hear that nothing good or honest has grown out of Bernard Vierkant. Perhaps, too, it

may happen that I might be able to do something for you. Don't forget my name; I am the proprietor of the mines and works, Mr. Scharfenstein, from the town of Bachstein.' William looked up respectfully at the horseman; the name was well known in the country; and that very mine, Morgen-segen, with several others, belonged to him.

'When you think I can do you any service, only apply to me. Now, as well as my thanks for your kind guidance, accept this Austrian florin.'

William resolutely refused to take the money, then the horseman let the florin fall in the road, galloped off and exclaimed, 'Pick it up then.'

William did so, and ran after him with it. 'I shan't take it back,' laughed the gentleman; 'you must keep it now, whether you like to or not. Go back to your cattle; I know the country now, I can't lose my way. Good-bye, good lad. Thank you once more. I hope we shall meet again.' He then rode off, and was soon out of sight among the oaks.

William trotted happily back through the forest, conscious that he had done a kind action, thinking, too, of the florin which he had unwillingly taken, but which he was not sorry to possess, and with a cheerful face he emerged from the bushes which bounded Bernard's meadow. Bernard, for the sake of change, had betaken his lazy bones to this remote spot, and lay there looking too weary to move or do anything,—but that meanwhile he had not been so lazy, William soon found out.

William went up to him, and with a merry face praised the kind gentleman whom he had accompanied.

'Well, did he give you a bad sixpence?' replied the other carelessly, without moving.

'No, a good florin,' was the contented answer.

'Well, you can buy some red rags for those dolls of yours! I could easily earn a couple of shillings if I chose. I didn't want any charity.'

At the mention of the dolls William's bright countenance became clouded again. But he restrained himself, and said, 'My cows down there in the meadow are all right, I hope?'

'Look after them,' answered Bernard, grinning, and making ugly faces after him as he hastened away.

At the boundary hedge William stood still, and looked over his meadow. Fright took possession of him; quickly he ran down to the furthest end which stretched into the forest—nothing was to be seen of his cows! He went all round the outskirts of the forest, but he could not see them. Breathless he ran back to Bernard: 'O Bernard! my cows are gone!'

'Indeed!'

'Bernard, where are my cows?'

'Do I know?'

'Bernard, why did you not look after them for me? I asked you to do so.'

'Do you think I could hold them by the tails? You should have stayed with them, and taken care of them.'

'Bernard, where are they?'

'Do you think I have got them in my pocket? Feel!'

'Bernard, do come and help me to look for them!'

'Ha, ha!' laughed he, 'to whom do they belong,—to me or to you? My master never told me to run after other people's cattle. Call your friend the horseman back, he will help you to look for them! Go along!'

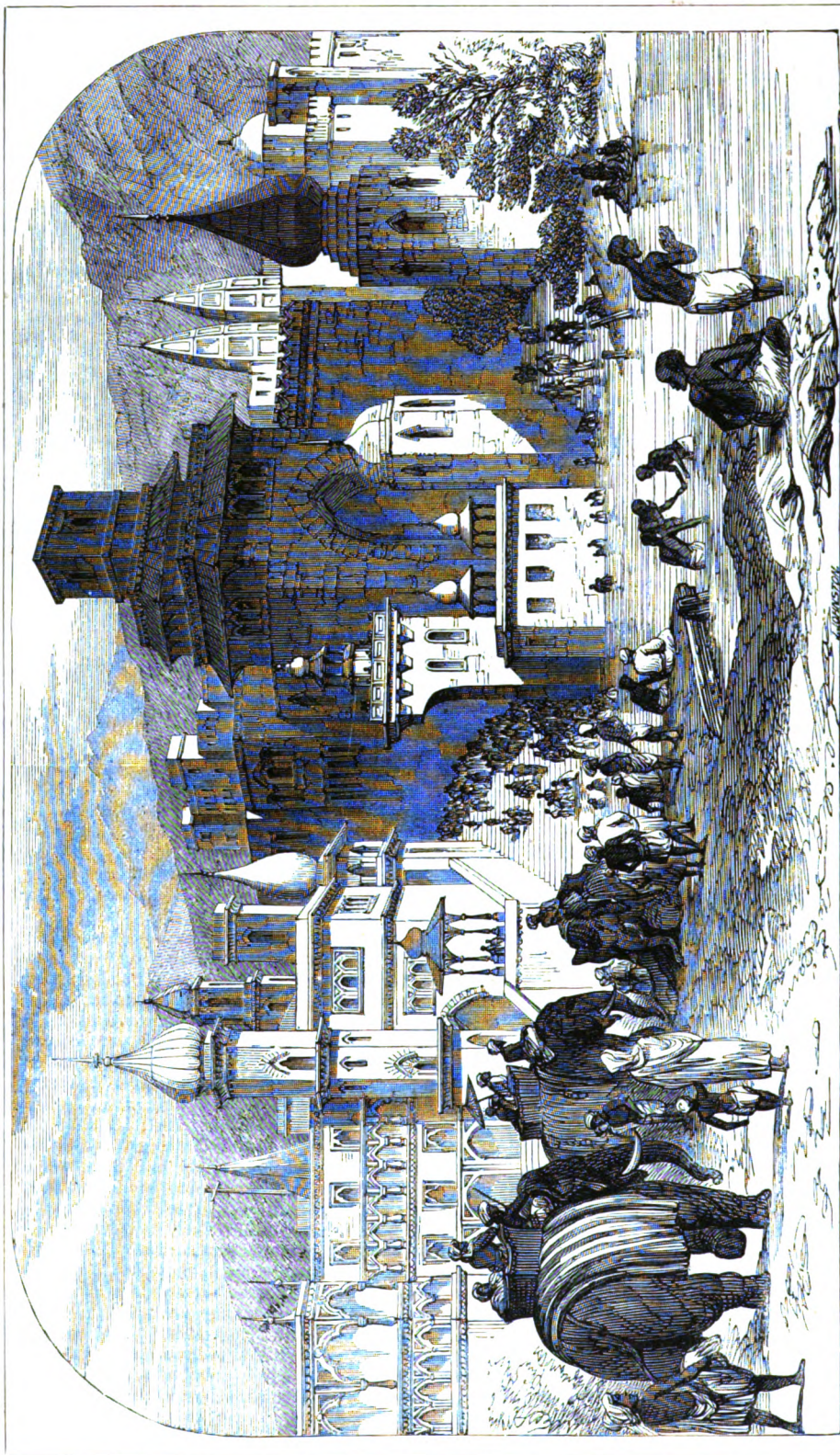
Thus Bernard mocked him, and never moved, except to stretch out his legs and to hum his favourite song, 'I never did any good in my life.'

William hurried away, and ran into the forest, first in one direction, and then in another, to the tops of the hills, into the thickets, along paths and where there were no paths—back again to the meadow, and again into the wood—but all in vain. He ran; he stood still; he listened; but of his cattle he could not see a trace. His knees tottered, his cheeks burned like fire; he had to sit down on the stump of a tree to rest. Sadly he leaned his head on his hand and sighed: 'It is all his fault, may God pardon him! He has driven the cattle out into the wood. Certainly he has done so!' Then he jumped up again, and searched further on. It did not matter to him whether he had been to that place before or not. He looked up at the sun; it was already far below the trunks of the trees; night was coming on, and all his running and seeking had been in vain; he felt that he must go home and confess to Schäfermeyer honestly what had happened, and to ask people, either by night or in the early morning, to go and search for the cattle. William turned in the direction of the village, still looking out on all sides, but he could see no sign of them.

The nearer he came to the village, the heavier was his heart. In his thoughts he pictured the threatening form of his enraged master. At the first house he wished to turn back again. But he went on, and came to the blacksmith's house, to whose little son he generally brought something when he came home. The child stood as usual in the way, and held out his hand to him. 'The little one has been standing here for an hour,' cried the mother from the door, 'and expecting you ever since he heard the lowing of your cows. What have you been doing to be such a time behind your cattle?'

When William heard this, a hundred pounds weight seemed to fall from his heart. 'God be praised!' he exclaimed, and promised the child, for whom he had brought nothing to-day, a whole armful of beautiful things to-morrow, and hastened home. He cast a hasty look round the stable: his cows all stood in good condition at the manger, and he heard with amazement that they had been quite anxious about him at home, when his cows came home without him. After the mischievous Bernard had driven them far into the forest, the cattle had grazed about here and there, and towards evening, when they had had enough, they took the well-known road to the village and their stable. William might have been silent about the whole affair, but he honestly told his master, who, to his joy, did not say a word of blame. He ended this day so full of trouble with a prayer of thanksgiving, and slept a calm and healthy sleep; but Bernard, I fear, quite forgot his evening prayer.

(To be continued.)



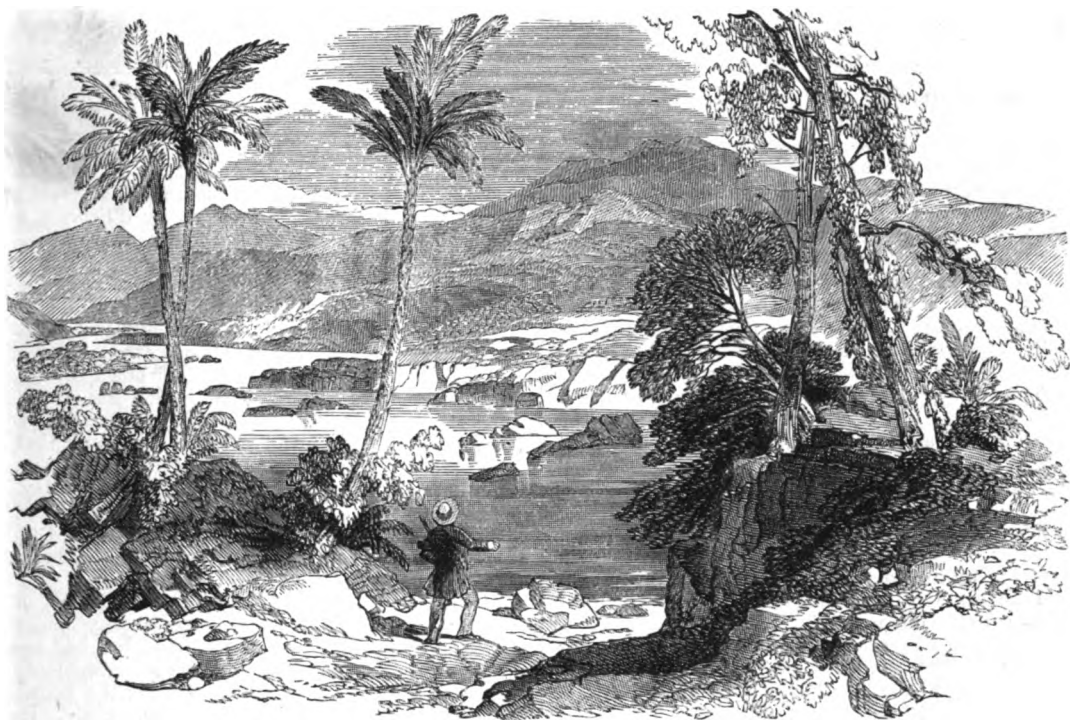
like Athens of old (Acts, xvii. 16), Hurdwar 'is a city wholly given to idolatry.'

The great object of worship is the river Ganges, which is a mile wide at the spot. The poor people believe the river to be a goddess, and pay it the honours which are due alone to the Creator. There is also a pool of filthy

water at the back of the town, which is called the 'Pool of the Sun,' into which men and women in vast numbers plunge to wash away their sins. A *fakier* has turned this to advantage. He has made a cave in the hill above the pool, and he persuades the people that their washings are useless unless they will also worship a sacred

HURDWAR.

HURDWAR is a city of Upper India, placed just where the great river Ganges issues out of the mountains into the plains. It is a well-built town of sandstone, and the chief buildings, like most Indian ones, are handsome; but,



The Creek.

idol which he has in his cave, and he contrives to get much money, which the foolish people present to his idol. To reach the cave where the fakeer dwells, each pilgrim has to mount three ladders.

Hurdwar is comparatively quiet for eleven months in the year; but in each April a great *mela*, or religious fair, is held, to which many thousands of heathen throng to bathe in the Ganges, and in the Pool of the Sun, and to worship Vishnu. It is impossible for us to understand the influence the Hurdwar fair has over these multitudes. It makes them quite mad for a time. The last day of the *mela* is the great one, and from midnight to midnight the Brahmin priests are busy muttering proverbs over the bathers, and receiving their gifts. Many of the people, however, prefer to present their offerings to the Ganges direct, and throw into the river ear and finger-rings of gold, besides precious stones and much money. These things are not lost, for the artful Brahmin priests contrive to fish most of the articles up again when the pilgrims have gone. The river is very clear, and the jewels and coins can be seen lying at the bottom.

The steps leading down to the bathing-place, which is called 'the Ghat,' are shown in the picture. These are called 'the Stairs of Vishnu.' They are sixty in number, and have been lately rebuilt in consequence of an accident, in which four hundred and thirty people were crushed in their haste to bathe in the holy river.

The pilgrims include, also, many little children, who are thus early taught to believe in the goddess Gunga. These have never heard of the Saviour, and of the true 'Fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.'

W.

THE STORY OF A LUMP OF GOLD.

(Continued from page 189.)

PART II.



Y new owner, whose name was Brown, a sturdy, thick-set man, of middle age, no sooner parted from his friends than he said to his companion the native, 'Sambo, we must leave the beaten track through the bush, and strike to the left. It will not do to go on to Melbourne this way. You know the country well, and you have got my axe. We may have to do a little clearing for ourselves.'

So the two turned out of the path, and plunged into the bush, which for some time was easy to thread: but by-and-bye they came to a deep valley which had a watercourse at the bottom, and here their way became difficult. The wood was in this part very dense indeed, and the character of the trees and plants, owing to the presence of water, had quite changed. The native had now to use the axe in earnest to make a passage through the prickly bushes which barred up the way, and to cut the trailing roots of trees which ran above the ground forming traps for unwary feet. Beautiful tree-ferns drooped their long leaves overhead, and on either hand were trunks of great trees covered with yellow flowers. The screech of the parrots and the ha-ha-ha—he-he-he—ha-ha-ha of the 'laughing jackass' bird, were now louder than ever.

Presently the worst part was over, and, as the men began to rise to the opposite bank, the vegetation of the bush resumed its former character—tall

gum and wattle-trees, with opossums looking out of the branches, and bandicoots peering from the roots or running timidly across, and now and then a snake rolled away, hissing as he went.

In a short time the travellers came out of the wood upon an open plain, across which in the distance rose up a column of grey smoke.

'What farm is that?' said the man to his guide.

'Johnson's Run,' replied the native.

'Well,' said the other, 'I think I shall not want you any longer, Sambo. I can now manage for myself. If you like you can have that axe as a reward for your services. And so, good-bye.'

Thus they parted. The native plunged again into the bush, while Brown went on across the plain to Johnson's Run, where he arrived just as they were sitting down to supper, of which he was invited to partake, and he did justice to the fresh steak and 'damper,' without a single prick of conscience to tell him that he was a thief.

After supper a conversation arose between Brown and his host, who asked many questions: 'Where did he come from?—Where was he going to?—Was it to the diggings?'

Brown replied that 'he was not going to the diggings,' which was true; but he added that he was on his way to Lancaster Plains, which was false.

'Lancaster Plains!' said the host. 'What are you going to do there?'

'Get work,' replied Brown; 'I am told they want men there.' This was another falsehood. He never meant to go to the place he mentioned, and he only said so to deceive the other, in case the robbery should be inquired into.

'I did not know that anything was doing at Lancaster Plains,' said the farmer. 'You had better stay here, man. We want a shepherd: it is a good offer.'

'No, thank you,' answered my owner, 'I must do as I have said; besides, I am expected there.' This was a falsehood again — one generally leads to another.

After this, he went to bed, for in Australia a stranger never makes a call at a lonely farm without being asked to stay for the night. After he had retired, the farmer said to his wife, 'I don't like that man. There is something wrong about him. Why, it's perfect starvation at Lancaster Plains for an opossum, much more for a man.'

When the party at the farm arose next morning they found the stranger missing. Brown had risen before daylight, and started. His object was to get on to Melbourne; but he did not take the nearest way in case of pursuit, but wandered on carelessly towards the coast, sleeping and feeding at shepherds' huts at nights.

On the fourth day after he left Johnson's Run, he came suddenly upon a fine piece of water, like a wide river, with rocks in its bed. He guessed it to be (as it was) one of the numerous creeks which open out of Port Phillip Bay; and journeying onward he came to the open sea before night. He reached Melbourne at last by following the coast round for some miles.

(To be continued.)

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A true Incident in the French Revolution.



AMONG the many victims of the French Revolution was Victor d'Erbeuil, a rich banker, the owner of two splendid houses, and of several estates in the neighbourhood of Paris.

He was a man who took no part whatever in politics, and was quite indifferent to monarchy and republic: he cared only for his business, and for the pleasures which his wealth afforded him. So he cautiously kept out of the way of everything that might in the least compromise him with the government of the day.

But riches alone, the possession of a carriage, even elegant attire, were sufficient at that time to cause a man to be suspected. D'Erbeuil relates his story in the following words:—

'It was on the 27th of November, 1793, when in the evening I was sitting at supper in my family circle, and reading several letters which I had received in the course of the afternoon. Suddenly there was a violent ring at the door of the house. To his inquiry the porter received the reply, 'In the name of the law!' He hastened to open it. I heard heavy steps and the rattling of arms on the stairs. I took a light and anxiously hurried into the ante-room, when I met the inspector of the district and four men of the National Guard, with a written order for my arrest from 'the Committee of Public Safety,' and who were instructed to imprison me at St. Sulpice. They scarcely gave me time to put on my coat and boots, for I was sitting in my slippers and dressing-gown. They hastily sealed up my desk and the doors of my office. I was then ordered out, and conducted through the dark night and a terrible snow-storm to the public prison. After a wretched night, passed in an overcrowded dungeon, I was taken before the tribunal of the district, in the first story of the building over the prison. The crime of which I was accused was that I had honoured a bill of exchange of 10,000 francs drawn by a certain Marquis of Florency, an emigrant at Coblenz, who had placed a large sum in my bank, and had not had time to withdraw any part of it before his flight. This was considered as supporting and assisting the enemies of the public good, and so I was condemned to the dreadful punishment of the Lamps.

'This barbarous torture was only used in special cases. The gaolers who escorted me from the tribunal were cruel enough to explain to me the particular circumstances under which I was to die. Cuts were to be made all over my body, into which wicks soaked in oil were to be placed, and then all these torturing lamps were to be lighted, and I was to be burnt to death.

'My gaolers led me into a remote apartment, in order at once to carry out this barbarous sentence. On entering I perceived a disgusting smell, caused by three similar executions, which had been per-

formed here a few days before. They rudely undressed me. I was then to be laid upon a table in the middle of the room, and my hands and feet were bound to the four corners, in order that the terrible operation might be the easier performed.

'The love of life, and fear at such horrible tortures, gave me strength. I struck three of my tormentors down to the ground, but their number was too great. I was overcome. Already I lay stretched on the table; my feet were bound to it; I saw the wicks, the oil, and the knife in the hands of the executioners; when it was suddenly announced to the director of the execution that his daughter had fallen into a fainting fit, and gave no signs of life. She was his only child, and the man who saw blood flow in torrents every day hung with his whole soul on her, his darling. As he lived in the building he went away, and ordered the execution to be postponed till his return. In a quarter of an hour the order came to take me back to the prison. I was taken into a little room, the clean and neat arrangement of which made it seem a paradise in comparison with the dungeon in which I had passed the previous night. A gaoler brought me some food and a bottle of wine. But the uncertainty in which I was did not allow me to touch much of it. When I broke the loaf of bread I found a note in it, with the following words plainly written by a female hand,—“Do not despair, for there are still kind and grateful hearts in France.” The next morning the director appeared with a countenance which promised most favourably.

'Six years ago I had saved his daughter in the Bois de Boulogne out of the hands of a thief, and, without troubling myself to inquire her name, I had put her into the first cab which I could find, and had sent her home. Emilie—such was the girl's name—had recognised me during the trial. By the tidings brought to her father of her danger my execution was put off. It was not difficult for her to persuade her father, through his influence with Marat and Danton, his intimate friends, to get my sentence of death changed into banishment for life. Three days after I found myself, together with my family, and as much of my property as in my haste I could change into money, at Dover. I remained in England till the end of the Reign of Terror, when I returned to Paris. One of my first steps was to seek out my deliverer. I could not find her. Her father, one of the Jacobins, had fallen under the guillotine two years before. Emilie had gone to their home with a German family, whose name I could not discover. The advertisements which I put in some of the most widely circulated German papers remained without result, and I was unable to show my gratitude as I wished.'

J. F. C.

THE NAME OF GOD.

A HANDBILL circulated at the doors of the Paris Exhibition contained the following list, written out, in the distinctive characters of forty-eight languages, by the well-known philologist, Louis Burger:—

THE NAME OF GOD IN FORTY-EIGHT LANGUAGES.

Hebrew, <i>Elohim</i> or <i>Eloah</i>	Olala tongue, <i>Den</i>
Chaldaic, <i>Elah</i>	German and Swiss, <i>Gott</i>
Assyrian, <i>Ellah</i>	Flemish, <i>Gord</i>
Syriac and Turkish, <i>Alah</i>	Dutch, <i>Godd</i>
Malay, <i>Alla</i>	English and Old Saxon, <i>God</i>
Arabic, <i>Allah</i>	Teutonic, <i>Goth</i>
Language of the Magi, <i>Orsi</i>	Danish and Swedish, <i>Gut</i>
Old Egyptian, <i>Tent</i>	Norwegian, <i>Gud</i>
Armenian, <i>Tenti</i>	Slavic, <i>Buch</i>
Modern Egyptian, <i>Tenn</i>	Polish, <i>Bog</i>
Greek, <i>Theos</i>	Polacca, <i>Bung</i>
Cretan, <i>Thios</i>	Lapp, <i>Jubinal</i>
Æolian and Doric, <i>Ilos</i>	Finnish, <i>Jumala</i>
Latin, <i>Deus</i>	Runic, <i>As</i>
Low Latin, <i>Dier</i>	Pannonian, <i>Istu</i>
Celtic and Old Gallic, <i>Diu</i>	Zemblian, <i>Fetizo</i>
French, <i>Dieu</i>	Hindustanee, <i>Rain</i>
Spanish, <i>Dios</i>	Coromandel, <i>Brama</i>
Portuguese, <i>Deos</i>	Tartar, <i>Magatal</i>
Old German, <i>Diut</i>	Persian, <i>Sire</i>
Provençal, <i>Dion</i>	Chinese, <i>Pussa</i>
Low Breton, <i>Doue</i>	Japanese, <i>Goezur</i>
Italian, <i>Dio</i>	Madagascar, <i>Zannar</i>
Irish, <i>Die</i>	Peruvian, <i>Puchocama</i> .

STOOP!



ENJAMIN FRANKLIN, when a young man, visited Dr. Cotton Mather. When the interview was ended, the doctor showed him by a back way out of the house. As they proceeded along a narrow passage, the doctor said to the lad, 'Stoop! Stoop!' Not at once understanding the meaning of the advice, Franklin took another step, and brought his head pretty sharply against a beam that projected over the passage.

'My lad,' said the divine, 'you are young, and the world is before you; learn to stoop as you go through it, and you will save yourself many a hard thump.'

Yet it is not an easy lesson to learn,—the art of stooping gracefully, and at the right time?

When a young man stands before you in a passion, fuming and foaming, although you know that he is both unreasonable and wrong, it is folly to stand as straight, and stamp as hard, and talk as loud, as he does. This places two temporary madmen face to face. Stoop as you would if a tornado were passing. It is no disgrace to stoop before a heavy wind. It is just as sensible to echo back the bellows of a mad bull, as it is to answer in the same tone the ravings of a madman. Stoop gracefully, and, amid the pauses of the wind, throw in the 'soft words that turn away wrath.'

When reproved for an error you have committed, for a wrong you have done, for a neglect chargeable against you, *stoop!* Do not try to justify or excuse a palpable fault. This only increases the wrong. This only excites greater wrath. *Stoop!* If you say mildly, 'I know I was wrong, forgive me,'—you have stolen away all your complainant's



'Stoop! stoop!'

thunder. I have seen this tried with the happiest effect. A friend came to me once with a face black with frowns, and with fury all bottled up ready for an explosion, because I had failed to fulfil a promise. I foresaw the storm, and took both his hands in mine as he approached, simply saying, 'I am very sorry, I forgot, pardon me this time.' What could the man say? He 'kept the cork in his bottle,' and I escaped a terrible blast.

How much more easily and pleasantly we should get through life, if we knew how and when to stoop!

But when tempted to do a mean thing, or a wrong thing,—when solicited to evil by companions or circumstances, then, *don't stoop!* You may give up your own personal rights if you will; you may give 'coat and cloak' to an unjust demand,—sometimes even this is necessary,—to stoop in silence to an injustice. It may be done without disgrace or guilt. But never stoop to a meanness, to a base deed. Never stoop to pick up a forbidden object, the possession of which righteously exposes you to scorn or to censure.

☛ 'CHATTERBOX' Volume for 1867, price 3s. and 5s. richly gilt.

London: WILLIAM MACINTOSH, 24 Paternoster Row.

STRANGEWAYS AND WALDEN,

[28 Castle St. Leicester Sq.


Chatterbox.



WILLIAM AND BERNARD.

(Continued from p. 135.)

CHAPTER II.



ULL ten years have passed since our last chapter. The scene is a badly constructed bye-road which, as a new highroad has recently been made in the neighbourhood, is now very little travelled upon. On a grassy bank by the road's side a young man—dressed in a blue smock-frock with white shoulder-knots, such as waggons wear in Germany—is sitting; far behind him lies his felt hat much bent and crumpled, and a few yards further on his whip with a broken handle. The man is resting his head in both his hands, and is staring vacantly into the hollow which yawns close to his feet, an old long-forgotten quarry, overgrown with weeds and nettles; formerly, when the road was more frequented, it was protected by a strong wooden paling; now, dangerous as the place was, it was left quite open. And what was this man gazing at so fixedly down below?

At the bottom lay an overturned cart, and the load, which consisted of blue slates, lay scattered about among the broken pieces of the cart. By the side, still entangled in the harness, lay the horse, apparently dead. The man who was sitting by the roadside was motionless as a statue, only now and then he grasped his left foot with his hand, and moaned as if in pain; he tried to unfasten his shoe-lace, but his hands sunk down helplessly, and he again placed them under his head. After some time he began to weep bitterly, and said sadly to himself, 'Now I am as poor as Job! All my savings are at an end. For how many long years have I saved up every penny to purchase this horse and cart that I might carry goods, and so earn my honest living. There lies the poor beast dead—come to a miserable end! There lies the cart, shattered into a hundred pieces! Then, too, I shall have to pay for the loss of my load. The slates which I undertook to take from the mine to the overseer's house lie scattered and broken. And I am sitting here, and cannot move my limbs through pain and weakness, for the wheel has crushed my foot. I cannot even look after the dead horse, and the cart, and the broken goods! And not a soul is to be seen anywhere near to help me; nothing living is likely to pass to-day along this lonely road. And I cannot move from this place to ask for help! What will become of me then? I don't know. But He who is in heaven knows,' he added, and looked up sorrowfully. 'He has given, and He has taken away. He will care for me too, now the very poorest of mankind, as He cares for the smallest bird which is flying over my head.'

At this moment a lark flew up from the edge of the quarry and sang its cheerful song. To the poor man it sounded like a voice of sweet comfort, and he looked after the happy bird as long as it was

in sight. Then he thought he heard afar off a waggoner's cry. He looked round—nothing was to be seen; but distinctly the cry was repeated, and at last he saw a waggon drawn by an ox turn a bend in the road; from its black colour it was evidently a coal-waggon such as was often to be seen in this forest. The waggon came slowly on, as if it were heavily laden; but when it at last arrived it proved to be empty, for the waggoner was standing up inside leaning over the front, with his arms hanging carelessly over the side, a short pipe in one corner of his mouth, which did not hinder him from singing out of the other,—

'I have never done any good in my life,
And do not mean to, either.'

Our poor friend gazed up to him, and exclaimed, 'Oh, God be praised, an acquaintance! Bernard, is it you?'

'Why shouldn't it be?' replied the waggoner.

'Oh, now there is help!' cried the other.

'Help—how so?'

'Why, look what a misfortune I have had!' cried the poor fellow, and pointed down into the quarry. 'My horse shied, and became unmanageable. I seized the reins, but he dragged me with him, I could not keep him back, and this old post here, the last remnant of the former palings round the quarry, I have to thank that I was not drawn down too, and am not lying dead down there beside my poor horse. But the wheel went over my foot, so that I cannot move. Horse, waggon, and goods, all are gone. Now, Bernard, help me as much as I can be helped: you are the first to meet me, I must depend upon you.'

'Help you?' he replied, resting upon his arms.

'My dear Mr. William, why, then I should have to go to school and study for a doctor for bad feet and dead horses, and also the trade of a cart-builder and saddler to mend the waggon and its harness, and learn witchcraft to put your broken slates together again. If you will wait here patiently till I have done all this, well and good, but, till then, farewell! Go on, Hans!'

'Bernard, pray stop!' cried William. 'You will never desert me! for who else can I expect in this lonely road?'

'Oh, wait for the little grey man in the fable, who will bring you a new horse with him, and put golden spokes into your broken cart. Go on, Hans!'

'Bernard, do not mock at me in my distress!' cried William; 'do stop; pray get down and give me your hand, and help me, down into the quarry, so that I may see if my poor horse is really dead, and what can be done to the cart and the slates. I beg of you, do come!'

'I have no time, Mr. William; I and my ox are in a great hurry,' replied Bernard. 'The crows may look after the carcass down there!'

'Bernard! you must—you must help me!' cried William, imploringly. 'You may want help yourself some day, if such a misfortune was to happen to you.'

'Aha! my ox could never become so gay and

flighty,' laughed he as he took the pipe out of his mouth, and put it in the pocket of his blouse. Then he took out a piece of bread and bacon, which he began to cut with his pocket-knife, and then ate with much deliberation. Meanwhile, so far as his full cheek would allow, he addressed William as follows:—'Yes, yes, Mr. William, this comes from aiming too high! As if it were not good enough for you to serve the farmer, you must have a cart and horse of your own! Now the loss is your own too. If my ox was to be killed, my farmer would be the loser; he would have to get a new one. But my Mr. William always had such lofty ideas. He wished to be his own master, to take loads for merchants backwards and forwards to the town, and earn a sack full of money, and then to walk about in slippers and drink red wine.' Then he took a good draught from his flask. 'Yes, yes, the slippers would be good now for your crushed foot; but the money-sack, that was with you in the cart, and lies broken among the stones. Ha! ha!'

'Bernard, do not add your mockery to my trouble! Come, and help me; let us see whether we cannot somehow patch the cart together, drag it out, and put the remains of the slates in it—'

'I have no time,' replied the other, still cutting and eating his bread and bacon.

'Bernard, then you can fix my cart behind yours, and take me with you, that I may find people and—'

'Oho, Mr. William!' said Bernard, looking more unfeeling at him than his ox did. 'Oho! do you think that my ox has not had a heavy load enough, and wants another? Why, he and I wish to stretch our weary bones upon the straw. Do you think I am going to grope about for hours in the quarry, and then drag the cart out, and then give my ox an extra load with all those slates? My master never told me to do that. Help yourself, I can't help you!'

With these words he threw the bearskin over the waggon's side, took a long draught from his bottle, filled and lighted his pipe, and called out, 'Go on, Hans! forward!' and the waggon slowly lumbered away.

William wrung his hands after him.

'Bernard, do not leave me alone in my trouble!'

But Bernard leaned comfortably over the waggon, blew thick clouds of tobacco in the air, and went on. After he had gone some distance, he turned round and cried, 'Look, this grand horseman who is coming along this way will help you; such gentlemen have more time than the likes of us!' and he went onwards. His song was still heard in the distance—

'One sees by the feathers I bear
What sort of a bird I am.'

William let his head sink wearily into his hands—the last words which Bernard had mockingly called to him could give him no hope, for he might well suppose the stranger would not trouble himself about him, and from a fine gentleman such work as pulling out the cart was hardly to be expected. Indeed, he scarcely thought about Bernard's last words, and looked hopelessly down into the depth below.

The horseman came up, a young man of about thirty, and rode past him. But he turned round, and said, 'What is the matter with you, my good fellow?'

'Alas! sir, I have had a terrible misfortune,' replied William, without looking up.

'How? tell me,' said the gentleman, and pulled up. 'But, no, I do not need to be told, I see already, the cart and horse down below are yours. Your horse has shied, and gone over into the quarry. Are you hurt yourself?'

William pointed to his left foot, which was giving him great pain. The gentleman alighted, tied his horse up to a tree, knelt down, unlaced William's shoe, looked at the wound, and said, 'The injury is serious: it will take weeks to heal it, but the foot will be saved.'

Then he opened his carpet-bag, took out a shirt, tore some strips from it, and bound up the foot with it like a clever surgeon. He then slit the shoe up to the toe, and put William's foot carefully into it.

Then he climbed down into the quarry among the stones. He cut the traces in which the horse was entangled, and cried up, 'Alas! the fine beast is dead; his wounds are not great, but he has probably been choked.' Then he looked at the cart, and cried up, 'My friend, the builder will have two days' good work upon it; if it had not been so broken, I would have harnessed my horse to it, to drag it from this place. As to your load,—the slates,—more than half are unbroken; but how can we get them away from here? You must let them lie till we get further help.'

The stranger now came up, and said, 'Was the cart your own property?'

'Alas! yes, sir,' sighed William; 'my only property, and my only means of earning a living.'

'And the load yours or another's?'

'Alas, another's! to whom I shall have to replace it, sir.'

'Well, a cartload of slates is not a cartload of silver. But, now, get up on my horse—you can't remain here; we must make for the next village,—you want rest and a doctor.'

'Oh! a doctor,' sighed William; 'I have only a few pence about me, sir, and very little at home.'

'I can help you with a few, so don't trouble yourself about that, you must have your foot healed,' said the stranger. 'Now come along.'

'That would never do, sir,' he replied. 'You need your horse yourself.'

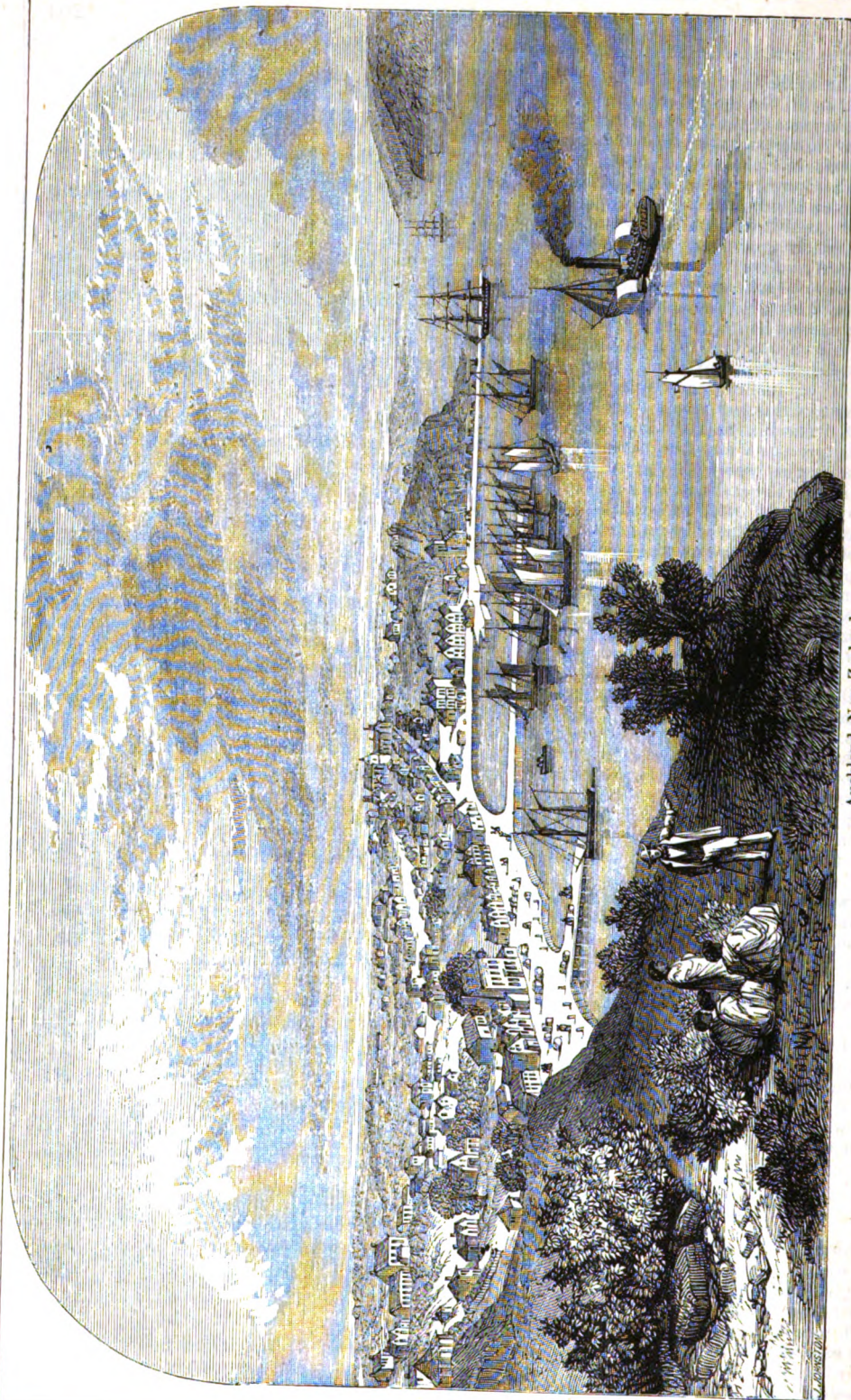
'But you need it more than I do, so say no more about it. Tell me, whilst I am getting the horse ready, what is your name, and where do you come from?'

'My name, sir, is William Herwarth, and I was born at the village of Willigsheien, and am the son of poor people.'

'William Herwarth of Willigsheien!' repeated the horseman, and rubbed his forehead as if he were thinking about something. 'It seems to me as if I had heard that name before somewhere.'

'It is scarcely likely, sir,' answered William.

(To be continued.)



Auckland, New Zealand.

THE STORY OF A LUMP OF GOLD.

(Continued from page 198.)

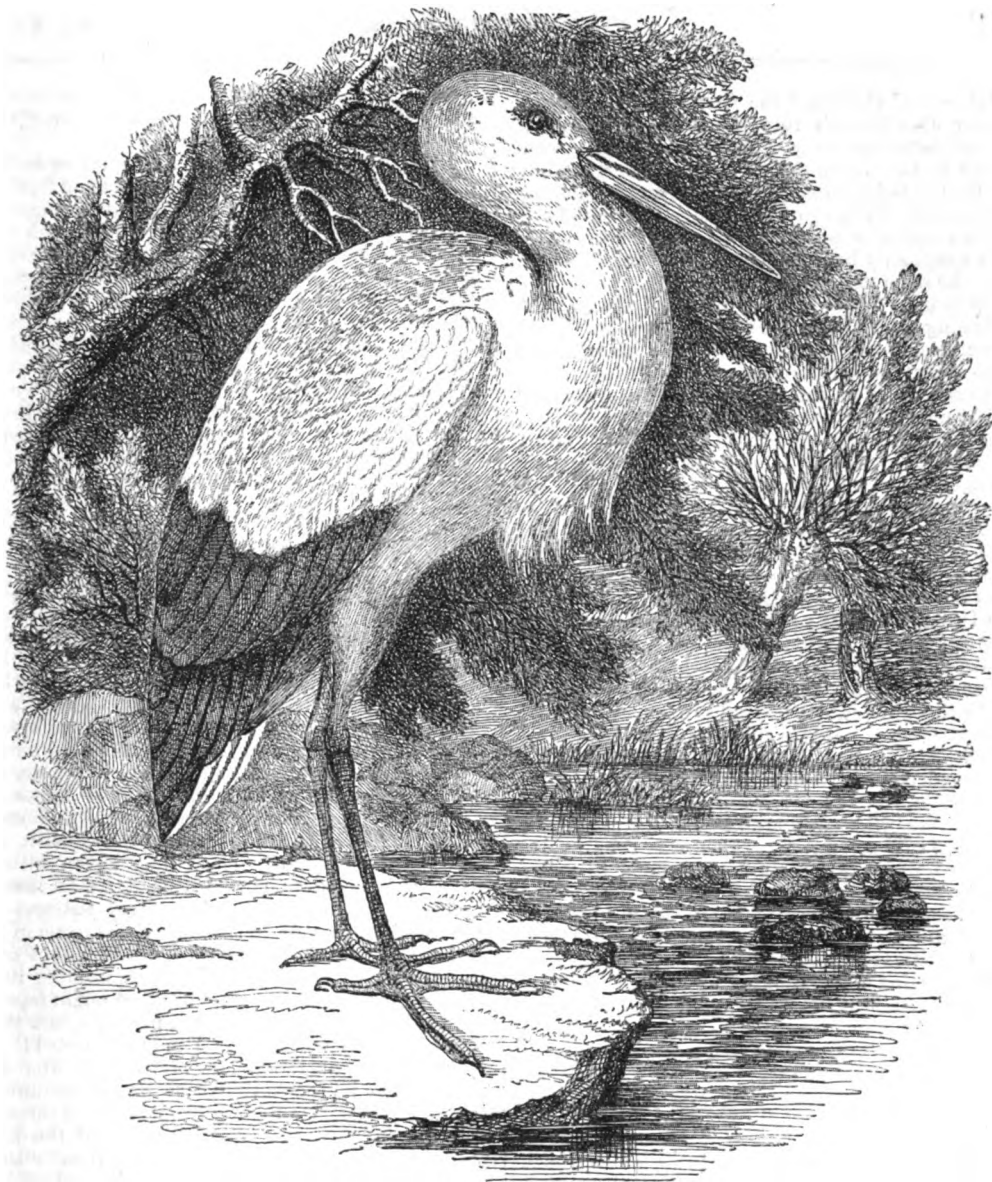
PART III.

ALL this while I had been lying folded up with

my companion grains of gold in the middle of a big handkerchief which Brown wore round his neck. Gifted as I am with a knowledge of all that goes on in my presence, I can assure those who read this history that I am as pained

as a lump of gold can be at the wickedness and deception of my master.

At Melbourne his first act was to go down to the harbour, and learn what ships were sailing shortly for England. There was one in port



The Stork.

named the 'Peveril Castle,' the captain of which wanted sailors, as most of the crew which had brought her out had deserted their ship and gone to the diggings.

Brown found out the mate of the ship, and in a short time engaged himself as a seaman to help to work the ship home. After this he warily turned into the streets of the town, and entered an inn for refreshment. He was served with what he wanted, and while he was seated there, he overheard a conversation between two men at another table, to the following effect:—

'Have you heard,' said one man, 'of that robbery in the bush?'

'What robbery?'

'The one mentioned here in this newspaper. A man named Green was found lying bleeding in the bush, who stated that he had been attacked and robbed by four men. It seems he was directed to a place called Johnson's Run by a native, who had an axe with him. The same native had stopped his wound with something that grew in the forest, so that Green was able to find the Run by himself.'

'That was kind of the native,' said the other; 'some of those black fellows would not have minded casting their boomerang in such a case, in hopes of getting what the robbers had left behind—a knife, perhaps, or something.'

'It seems,' continued the first speaker, 'that the farmer at Johnson's Run thought the robber had himself been there only a little time before. A man, whom he had suspected of having done something wrong, left before breakfast one morning on his way to Lancaster Plains to work. Mr. Johnson offered him a shepherd's place, but he would not have it. It is most likely he was one of the robbers, and perhaps the same man that fired the shot.'

On hearing these words Brown got up, paid his reckoning, and walked back to the harbour. There he went on board his ship, and made his mind not to go ashore again before the vessel sailed.

He saw the mate and the captain on deck. 'Who is that man?' said the captain to the mate.

'A landsman that I engaged to-day to help work the ship. We can't get sailors now; all of them are at the diggings, and we must take what we can. He is a strong man, and will soon learn his work.'

'I suppose it must be so,' said the other; 'but I don't half like these landsmen. I am afraid that fellow now has been up to no good, or he would not be so ready to ship himself off.'

If I could only have spoken then, as I am speaking now, Brown would not have got away so easily from Australia, but I could do nothing.

The 'Peveril Castle' sailed, and in about a fortnight's time put into Auckland in New Zealand for more passengers. It was intended to stop there for two days, and the men were allowed to go on shore the second day for a few hours. Brown went in one of the boats, and as I never quitted him, I went too.

When the bell rang in the ship for the men to return, all went back but one. That was Brown. He suspected that the captain looked upon him as a bad character, and as soon as he got on shore he hid himself; and, as he wished it should, the 'Peveril Castle' sailed without him, and Brown saw her leave from the hills above Auckland.

'Never mind now,' said he, 'I am safe.' He did not know then that he had left safety for perils. I did not know what was coming either.

(To be continued.)

STRANGE ANECDOTE OF A STORK.

A TAME stork lived quietly in the courtyard of the University of Tubingen, in Suabia, until Count Victor Gravenitz, then a student there, shot at a nest near to the College, and probably wounded the stork in it.* This happened in autumn, when *foreign storks* begin their periodical migrations.

In the next spring a stork was observed on the roof of the College, and its incessant chattering gave the tame stork to understand that it would be glad of its company, but as its wings were clipped the tame stork could not have got to the roof if it had wished. The strange stork, finding its invitation unheeded, after a time descended, first to the upper gallery, and by degrees to the courtyard.

The tame stork went out to meet the other with a cheerful note, when the stranger attacked him with the utmost fury.

* It seems strange to shoot at a stork in Germany where they are so much cared for.

For that time he was driven away, but came again and again; so that during the whole summer these skirmishes went on between them.

Next spring, instead of a single stork came four, who alighted suddenly in the courtyard and furiously attacked the tame stork, who defended himself as well as he could, but of course he would have been overpowered had not a number of turkeys, geese, and other fowls brought up in the courtyard (and who had become attached to the tame stork), rushed upon the intruders and put them to flight.

There seems no doubt that the enmity of the wild storks was caused by their thinking that the shot of Count Victor had been suggested by the tame bird Joe! We are sorry to add that in the third spring not one, but twenty storks arrived in the courtyard, and before his body-guards could gather round him they killed poor Joe.



A HEROIC DEED.

VIOLENT east wind, descending from the mountains of the Taurus over the islands of the Archipelago, had lashed the waves of the Mediterranean into a mass of white foam. Now and then huge waves, like enormous mountains of crystal edged with snow, dashed down upon the deck of the French frigate, the *Albatross*, and there broke in streaming torrents, or sometimes in their fury they rushed with one bound over the deck without stopping, covering it for an instant with a mass of angry waters. At

a moment when some of the crew were on one of the yard-arms, one of these furious waves swept over the deck, then withdrew with a roar, forming itself into a whirlpool, in the centre of which might be seen for a moment an uplifted arm, a pale face, and then the terrible cry was heard, 'A man overboard!'

It was one of the sailors of the ship who was carried away by the wave just as he was mounting the rope-ladder. On the cry being repeated through the captain's speaking trumpet, some of the men rushed to unfasten the boat at the vessel's side, whilst a courageous comrade jumped overboard to render help to the poor fellow in the water.

He reached him, raised him up, but then began a dreadful scene—a fearful struggle. The drowning man, in his convulsive efforts, seized hold of his deliverer, and clung with an iron grasp upon his choking throat and upon his arm, and the waves still rolled on, still broke in masses of foam with deafening roar, boiling over the heads of the sailor and his deliverer.

At this moment Marc Reynaud appeared on the deck, he had heard the noise, the cries, the signal; he saw across the green waves,—across the white foam, a small dark circle in the midst of the furious billows which at that moment were about to swallow up two victims; his lips trembled, for a second his eye closed, and at the same moment there arose in his heart an instinct which impelled him to jump

over also, to struggle and contend down among those billows also, to help those unhappy men if possible, to die with them, perhaps. And immediately, amid looks of surprise and admiration from all the spectators of this scene, the young Algerian colonist threw his coat down upon the deck, sprang on to the balustrade over the paddle-box, cast a glance over the boiling expanse of sea,—over the black sky, and then disappeared beneath the waves.

He was cutting his way through the water, swimming, struggling with the waves. He had reached the spot where the two victims were sinking.

By a great effort of strength he came up to them, seized the half-dead sailor by his hair, then he offered his shoulder to the other, who had still strength left to lean upon it.

But this was too much for any human strength; the young man dragged down by his double burden, was struggling in vain,—swimming in vain, he no longer advanced, he only succeeded in keeping the heads of his two companions above the waves, while his own exhausted chest was rapidly becoming incapable of breathing. It seemed that very soon all three would sink for ever, drowned in the sight of their sorrowing friends in the ship, who gazed on them pale and transfixed with terror.

But the boat was at last let down into the sea, the captain had jumped into it himself. A few vigorous strokes of the oar soon brought them to the spot where the two sailors were being tossed about, where Marc still feebly kept up, but still was swimming. A quarter of an hour after, all three were brought upon the deck of the frigate, where the young man, whom the excitement of the moment had sustained till now, sank down in a long faint. J. F. C.

THE PEDLAR AND THE MOUSE.

VERY many years ago a poor pedlar was going through the Bohemian forest towards Reichenau. He was tired, and sat down to eat a crust of bread, the only thing he had with him to satisfy his hunger. While he was eating, he saw a mouse creep out from under his feet, and at last it sat down opposite to him, looking as if it expected something from him. He good-naturedly threw it a few crumbs, much as he wanted all the bread himself. When the mouse had eaten it, he gave it some more, till all the bread was gone, so that it had quite a good meal. Then the pedlar got up to get a drink of water from a spring close by. When he came back, behold! a gold piece lay upon the ground, and the mouse was just coming with a second piece, which it laid down and ran away to fetch another. The pedlar went after the mouse, and saw how it went into a hole and fetched the money out from thence; so he took his stick, opened the ground, and found there a great treasure of old gold pieces. He took it out and looked after the mouse, but it was gone.

Then, with great joy, he carried the gold to Reichenau, distributed half of it among the poor, and built a church with the other half. This strange legend is engraven upon a stone tablet, which may be seen any day in the Trinity Church at Reichenau in Bohemia.

GALILEO.



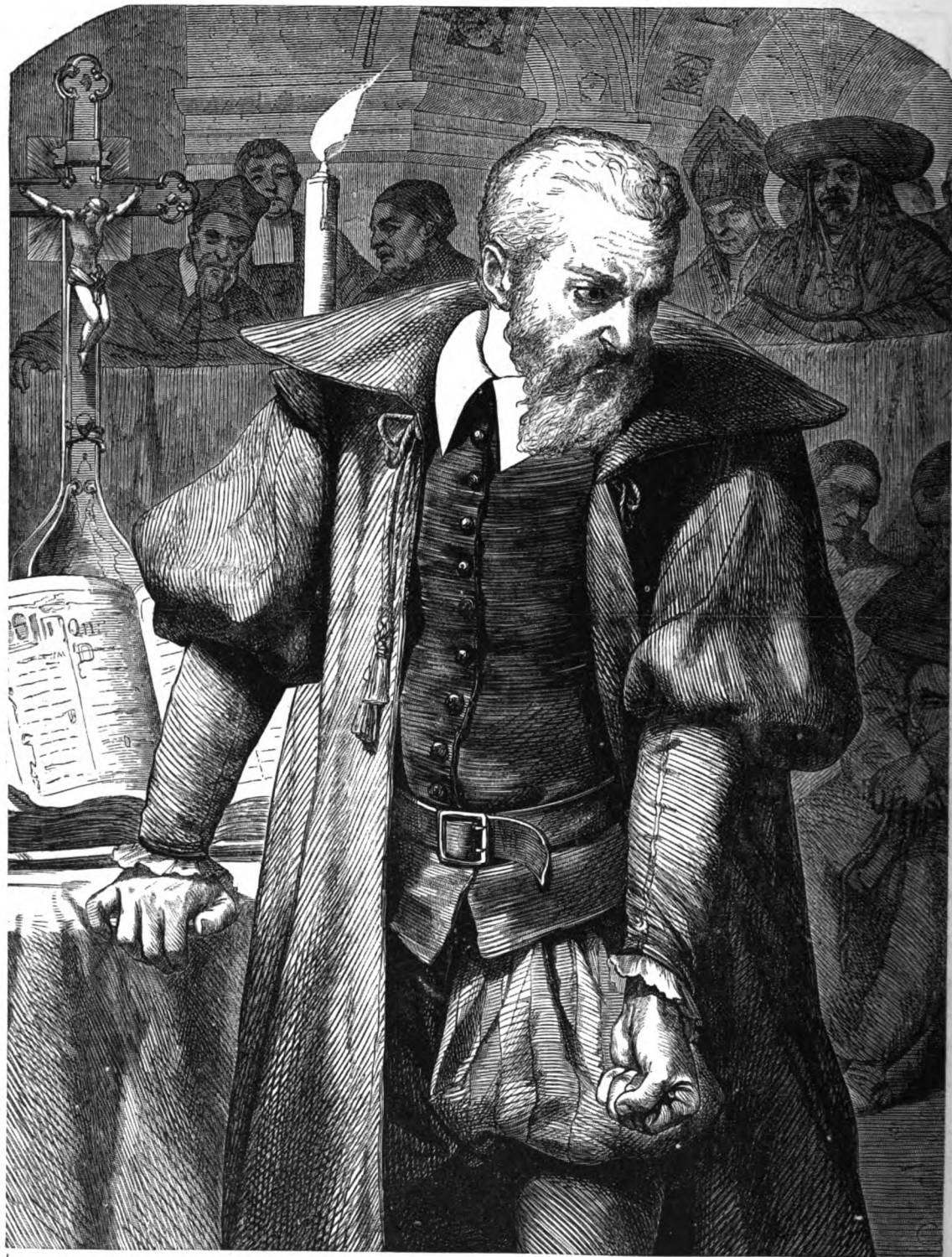
GALILEO was a great philosopher, the son of an Italian nobleman, and was born in 1564. When a boy, young Galileo, like Newton and many others who became illustrious men, used to amuse himself by making toys and little machines, but the pleasure did not prevent him from learning languages, music, drawing, painting, and so forth.

It was intended that he should study medicine, but his love for mathematics was greater than for the study of medicine, and therefore he was permitted by his father to follow the studies which pleased him best. At the age of seventeen he entered the university of Pisa, and in eleven years afterwards he became the chief teacher of mathematics in the university of Padua, and after having filled this office for six years he was re-elected for six years more at a yearly salary of three hundred and twenty florins—nearly three times the sum which he received at the beginning of his engagement.


When he was forty-five years of age, he heard of the invention of the telescope, and he immediately began to make one for himself. He succeeded in making an instrument about the size of an ordinary opera-glass, which magnified three times, and with this he carefully studied the heavens, and made several discoveries.

This little instrument he presented to the Doge of Venice, which so pleased the Doge that the Senate gave him the chief place in the University of Padua, with a salary of one thousand florins. Galileo lost no time in setting to work to make another telescope much larger than the first, and which magnified thirty times. With this new instrument he made many more discoveries. Galileo, like other great men, was not without enemies, and, in consequence of many of his teachings being different to those already believed and taught, he was summoned to appear before the Court of Inquisition, to answer the charge of teaching his pupils that which was then believed to be wrong, namely, 'that the earth went round,' and 'that the sun did not move.' In order to avoid being imprisoned he was compelled to swear that he would neither teach nor publish the theories which gave offence to his judges. But, it is said, that after having sworn he stamped his foot on the earth, and in a low voice exclaimed, 'I feel it moves, nevertheless.' This scene is the subject of our picture.

At the age of seventy-five he became totally blind, during which time he was visited by several of the greatest men of the day, including John Milton, the poet. Although Galileo was much afflicted by blindness, deafness, rheumatism, and other ailments, he persevered in his studies till within two months of his death, which took place in the seventy-eighth year of his age. A beautiful monument in one of the churches of Florence marks the place of his burial, near to the tombs of Michael Angelo, Dante, and other great men.



'I feel it moves, nevertheless!'

 'Chatterbox' Volume for 1867, price 3s. and 5s. richly gilt.